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MAY, 1960
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How to Read a Travel Folder

End of Night

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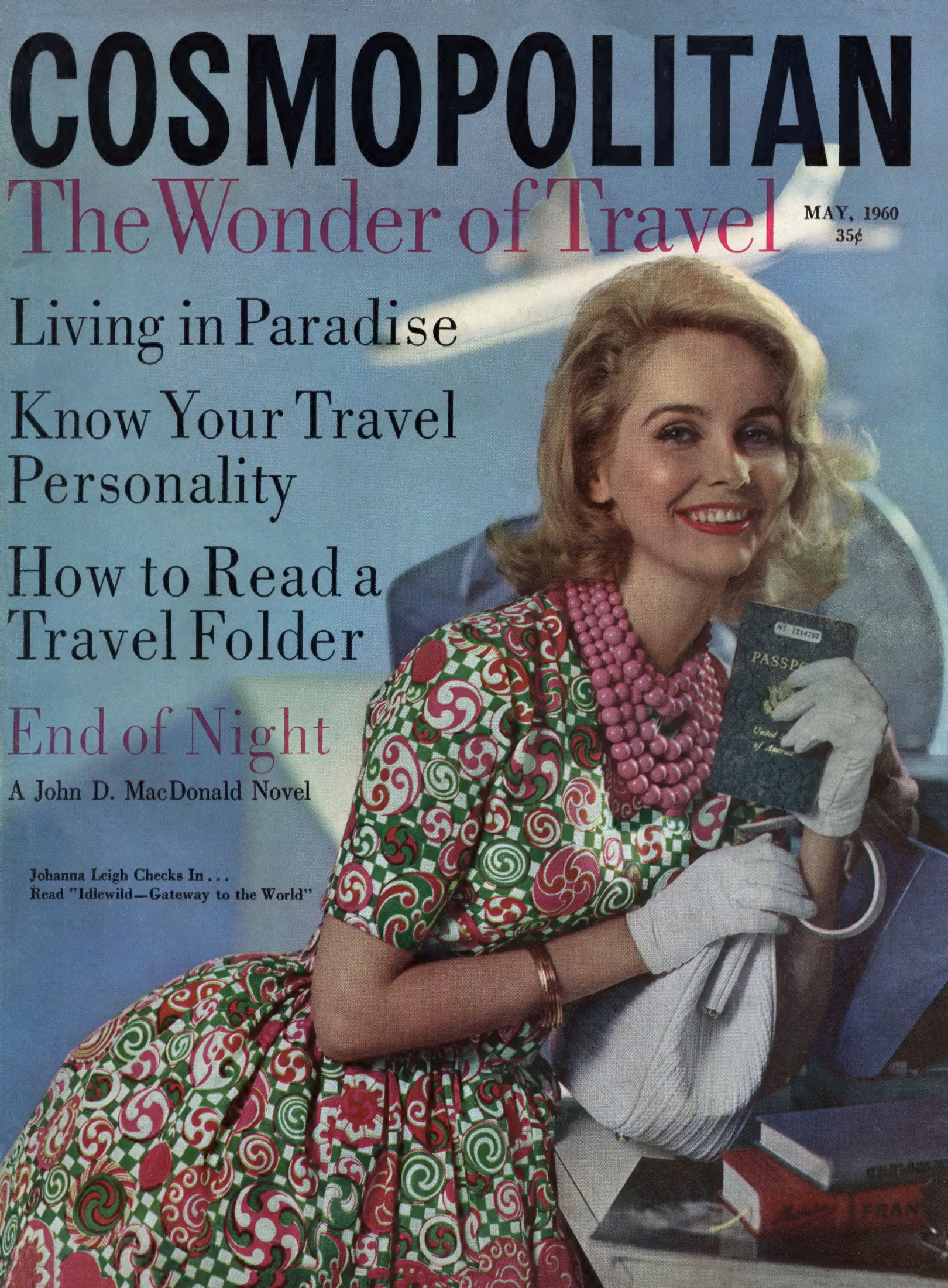

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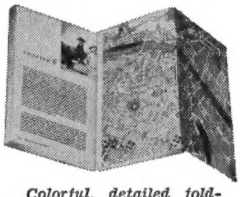

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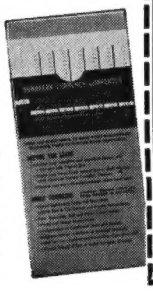

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COSMOPOLITAN®

MAY, 1960 Vol. 148, No. 5

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OUR COVER—*Vivacious fashion model Johanna Leigh's green eyes sparkled with pleasure when she was told she'd been selected to adorn our "Wonder of Travel" cover. "Just the thought of travel excites me," said Johanna—and with good reason! In August, 1957, she left Idlewild Airport for France, "for a two-week vacation, that's all." Once in Paris, she discovered the charm of the sidewalk cafés, and a fashion editor seated nearby promptly discovered Johanna. "Those two weeks led to two wonderful years of modeling, my French actor husband, André Toscano, and our beautiful little son, Merrill." Asked about future trips, Johanna replied, "I hope to visit my family in Boston. I'd love to fly to California. Of course, we intend to return to France. Today, I'm in New York; tomorrow—who knows?"*

Cover costume by Donald Brooks of Townley.

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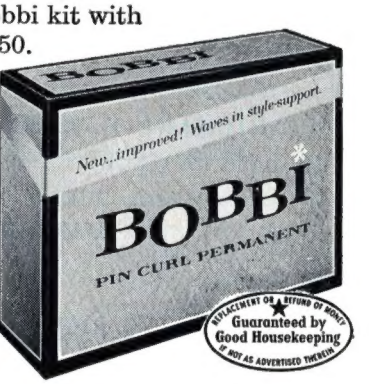

WHAT GOES ON AT COSMOPOLITAN

On the Road to Everywhere

That scribe jotting down notes at the pottery market at Bhatgaon, Nepal, is our roving contributing editor, Richard Gehman. Dick didn't actually rove into this bit of the Himalayas—he took a plane trip that was

Notes on Nepal by Richard Gehman

more like an airborne bobsled ride, playing touch and go with snow-covered peaks. But our hardy writer made it without a nervous collapse, and on page 74 he describes this once-forbidden kingdom, where there is a seven-year-old living goddess, and dogs, crows, and brothers are sacred on certain days.

Sad to say, the writers we send to far-off places often end up with a Charley-horse from riding donkeys, or eyestrain from viewing life from a camel's hump. But at least we don't send them so far underwater they get the bends.

Will Come, Is Coming, Has Come

Philip Roth, whose story, "The Good Girl," appears on page 98, claims he dreamed it up because he wanted to go to Europe. "Please sell it for me," he wrote his agent, who received the letter and manuscript on a Wednesday. "I will be in New York Tuesday to pick up the check." We read the story, Roth arrived, picked up the check, and left for Rome.

Hardly had he gotten there than his self-confidence received dramatic justification: he was named winner of the 1959 National Book Award for fiction. One literary pundit has called Roth "one of the coming younger writers." We disagree; Mr. Roth is not coming—he's here.

An "A" for Us

"Don't Push Your Child Too Far" and "Multi-Million-Dollar High School Dilemma" were two of the articles that appeared in our September 1959 issue, "Thirst for Knowledge"—which won an Education Writers Association citation.

We love receiving citations, and there in Atlantic City is Mrs. Phyllis Tillinghast (below, left), Director of our Education Department, accepting it with a smile from Miss Terry Ferrer, Education Editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* and Vice President of the Education Writers Association.

We never could figure out where people find old copies of COSMOPOLITAN (surely not *that* many people go to dentists), but we're still getting comments on the "Thirst for Knowledge" issue, ranging from kudos for "The Hectic Race

Accolade for our Education Issue

Harrity—Off for more fun in Europe.

for Higher Learning" to readers' ideas on "What's Happened to College Humor?"

What to Take Along on a Trip

Samuel Johnson once said, "He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him. So it is in traveling—a man must carry knowledge with him, if he would bring home knowledge."

This bit of Johnsonian wisdom is engraved on the façade of the Union Station in Washington, D.C. We think it applies perfectly to our world-traveling author, Richard Harrity, who carries with him background knowledge ranging from where Lord Byron fought for Greek independence, to what hours an English pub is open.

Harrity has been making jaunts abroad for the past five years, all the time sending us carefree accounts of his adventures. In fact, his just-published book, *Fun in Europe*, is a collection of his choice COSMOPOLITAN travel articles and is about as far a cry from the laborious type of travel book as you can get. He's just taken off on another COSMOPOLITAN assignment, to visit thirty-six countries. We expect him back in November, but who knows? Luckily, Harrity isn't physically carting his knowledge home—he's mailing it. You can, therefore, indulge yourself by reading a Harrity article in COSMOPOLITAN each month. Start by turning to page 50 and reading Harrity on Madrid—everything from what happens at swank cafés on Sunday, to how it feels to pat the building in which Miguel de Cervantes lived. **—H. La B.**

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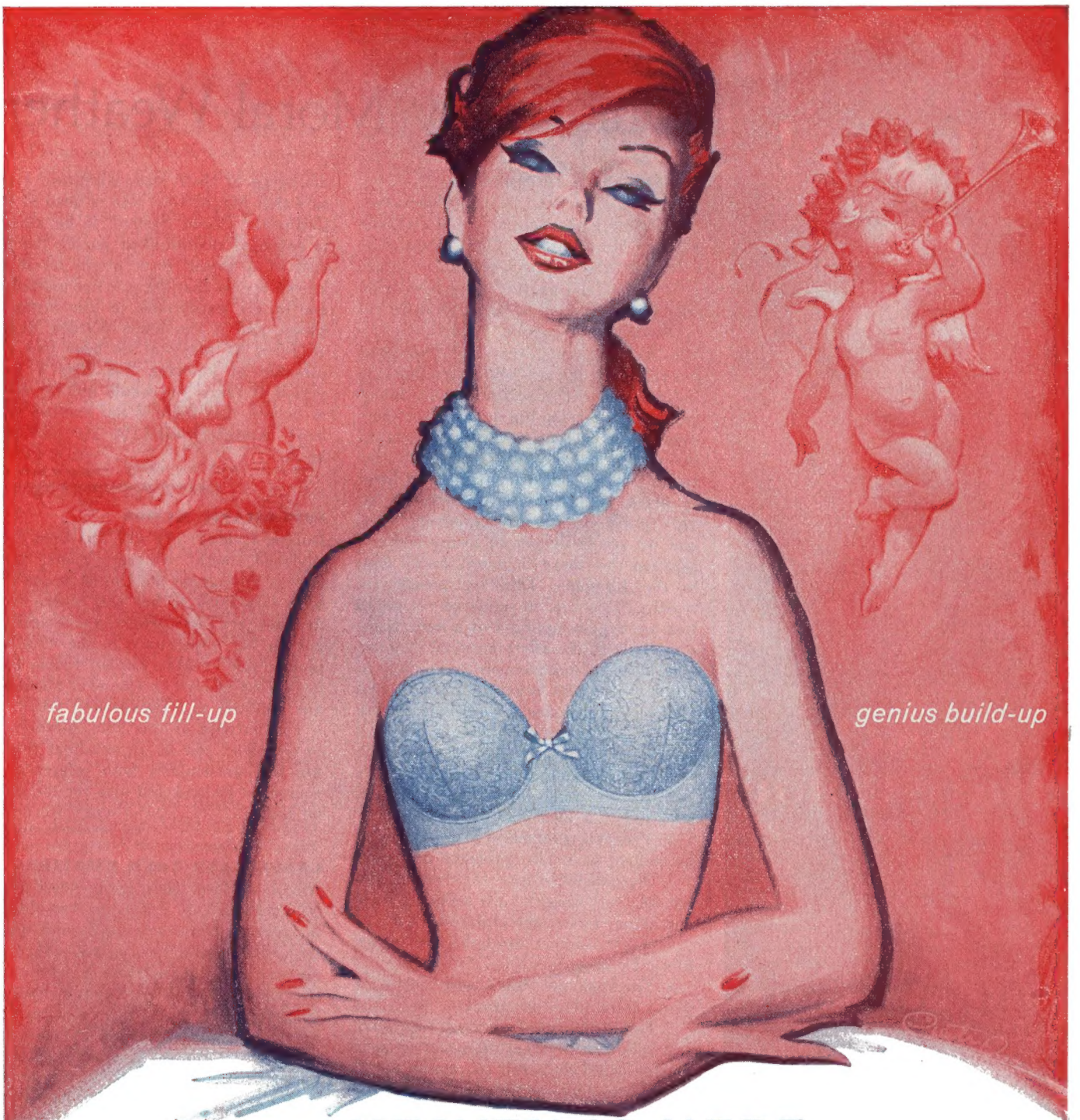

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OUR READERS WRITE

Our Foggy Moral Weather

MISFITS AND MURDER

Dowagiac, Michigan: By coincidence, two friends and I were talking along the lines of your March article, "Our Moral Climate," the day before I read it.

My mind had already been busy with what could be done to fight moral decay, both adult and juvenile, locally.

It has been my contention that good old-fashioned honesty and uprightness is fading from the American scene. Many persons, in chasing the dollar, close their eyes to the fact that they are indulging in petty dishonesties. The line between honesty and dishonesty is no longer black and white but blurred to an ugly gray. No one trusts anyone else, and we are in danger of losing our civilization due more to moral decay than to the Russians. Thinking people are realizing this and, in scattered communities, are beginning to put up a fight. However, I think the effort must be made at local levels simultaneously everywhere.

I had in mind organizing a corps of old-time "Vigilantes." Yesterday, I outlined a few necessary duties for such a group:

1. To attack moral decay in themselves.
2 Enlist parents into adopting a common code for teenagers.
3. Parental guidance—one member to be trained to handle guidance problems.
4. Narcotics division—to ferret out and handle (very roughly) the sellers of dope and liquor to teenage children.
5. Fight against unwholesome books, films, TV programs.
6. The Vigilantes could raise money for youth recreational programs.
7. Establishment of a college loan fund.

I believe a national organization such as this could do much to combat moral decay. —MRS. B. J. LAMBERT

PRISON PROTEST

New York, New York: An article in the March issue of your publication entitled "Family Prison" has been brought to my attention. Without getting into the subject as a whole, I would like at this time on behalf of this Association to express regret at the reference made to the prisons at Joliet, Illinois, and Chino, California. As a matter of fact, if the reference is intended to convey the impression that conjugal relations are permitted quietly and unofficially at these institutions, that is a statement that is most untrue and deserves vigorous protest.

We know that we are on firm ground when we state that both institutions are in the hands of highly respected administrators who do not operate underhandedly or with any idea of deception in the discharge of their responsibilities. I am sure that Mr. McGee, who is head of the California Prison System, if he agreed to conjugal relationships during the period of a prison term would let it be known openly that the practice existed at one of his institutions, in this instance, Chino, and if you knew Warden Ragen of Joliet as many of us have had the pleasure of knowing him over a long period of years, you would quickly come to believe that there is not another man more straightforward in his job than he is. —E. R. CASS

GENERAL SECRETARY,
THE AMERICAN CORRECTIONAL ASSOCIATION

DIPLOMATIC KUDOS

Dublin, Ireland: My wife has been overwhelmed with congratulations from friends throughout the United States who have forwarded to her tear sheets from the February COSMOPOLITAN commending her on her appearance in the excellent photograph by Max Coplan (some have been kind enough to comment about my fine qualities as a background prop).

The purpose of this note, however, is to commend you on an excellent reporting job, particularly with reference, of course, to Ireland, but also for the piece on Italy. —SCOTT MCLEOD

U.S. AMBASSADOR TO IRELAND

CANCER AND YOUR EMOTIONS

New York, New York: In the April article "Cancer and Your Emotions" I would like to correct several references and quotations attributed to me and my work. I did not say and I never would say that "I am positive that psychotherapy slows the course of cancer." As part of a research program into the relation between personality and cancer, I am exploring this possibility among others. I told the reporter that in some cases it seemed as if psychotherapy was related to the slower growth of a tumor, but that much further research is needed before one can be sure.

In another reference, I believe there was a misunderstanding in the use of the terms *psychotherapy* and *psychoanalysis.* I am quoted as saying that I knew of only two cancer patients who had been treated with psychotherapy. Actually I know of well over 150—but only two who were treated with orthodox psychoanalysis. Also, I was somewhat disturbed by the use of the phrase, "The patient confessed to his psychotherapist." This is quite foreign to my professional orientation.

Incidentally, of the three case histories referred to as from my files, one was unfamiliar to me. Obviously it came from some other source.

—DR. LAWRENCE LeSHAN

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED BIOLOGY

Look what's up at Warner's!

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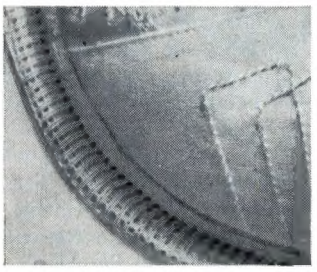

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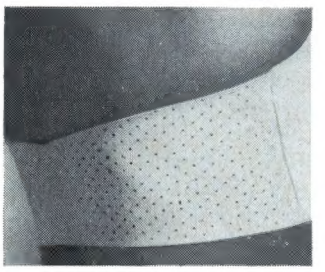

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Young Lady Away From Home

At the age of eighteen, Juliet Mills has already established herself as an actress in two countries. She has accomplished this feat by being attractive and amusing as the adolescent in the hit, *Five Finger Exercise*, first in London and now on Broadway. As a member of a noted and much-traveled theatrical family, Juliet is used to being constantly on the move. Her father is John Mills, English stage and screen star, remembered for his fine performances in *Great Expectations* and *In Which We Serve*, among others, and who has just completed making *The Swiss Family Robinson* for Walt Disney on Tobago Island in the Caribbean. Juliet's sister Hayley, thirteen, has just finished playing the title role in Walt Disney's new film, *Pollyanna* (on location in California). Her brother Jonathan, ten, has been traveling back and forth between Sussex and Kent on his family's five-hundred-acre farm, which straddles the two English counties, trying to make up his mind whether he, too, wants to be an actor and see the world, or work as a farmer at home. But no matter how frequently show business activities may separate the Mills family, they always manage to get together for anniversaries and important holidays.

"Last Christmas, for example," explained Miss Mills, "I had to be in New York City with the play, so Mummy and Hayley flew in from the West Coast, Daddy and Jonathan jetted over from London, and we all shared a happy holiday on the island of Manhattan."

Careers Across the Sea

"The family is now back in England," continued Miss Mills, "but they call me on the transatlantic telephone every Sunday afternoon and we all have a brief chat, exchanging news and talking about our farm, which we all love. Our house, built in 1400, is whitewashed and has big black beams, and roses climbing all over the door. When we talk on the phone, we all take a great interest in each other's careers. We talk about the picture my father is going to make with Sir Alec Guinness, and how Hayley positively will not be allowed to appear in *Lolita*, and my mother's writing. She used to be an actress, and when she came to America in the late thirties she was offered a seven-year contract by M-G-M, but turned it down to go back to England and marry Daddy, then a sergeant in the British Army with a large ginger mustache. Mummy then turned to writing in her spare time and has had three plays produced in London; her latest novel, written under her maiden name of Mary Hayley Bell, has just been published in America by E. P. Dutton. It's all about Mummy's trials and tribulations with Hayley, Jonathan, and me on our farm."

Miss Mills, a petite ash blonde with a pert, pear-shaped face, has wanted to act ever since she began to toddle and talk.

"When I was eleven months old, I made my first motion picture appearance in *In Which We Serve*, as my father's infant *son*," said Miss Mills, smiling. "And since my mother and father and my aunt were actors and my godparents are Vivien Leigh and Noel Coward, there just didn't seem anything else for me to do, but act."

She attended the Elmhurst Ballet School, which teaches a regular scholastic curriculum as well as courses in drama and dance, from the time she was nine years old until she graduated at sixteen.

Friedman—Abeles

English actress Juliet Mills can play *Five Finger Exercise* with one hand tied: To portray a teener on stage, she just acts her age.

"I am a terrible Trojan and can't stand not to be busy, and when I was at Elmhurst, I danced and wrote and produced my own plays and appeared in others."

One of the parts she played at school when she was fourteen was that of Alice in *Through the Looking Glass*. A London producer saw and liked her performance and engaged her to enact the same role in a Christmas pantomime in Chelsea.

During her vacations from school, her parents wisely balanced her intense interest in the world of make-believe with some down-to-earth work on the farm. Juliet was given the chore of milking the cows every day, for which she was given a pound ($2.80) a week spending money.

Toes and Fingers

On the day she graduated from the Elmhurst Ballet School, the producers of *Five Finger Exercise*, who had seen her play Alice in the Christmas pantomime two years before, asked her to audition for them, and she got her first speaking role and her first real break on the London stage.

When she repeated her performance in New York, her greatest thrill did not come from the excitement of a Broadway first night or from reading the reviews praising her acting—it came at a party she attended with her mother a few days later.

"Henry Fonda was supposed to be at the party," exclaimed Miss Mills, "and I am one of his greatest fans. I was so thrilled as I looked around for him and so disappointed when I didn't find him. Then someone patted me on the shoulder, and as I turned, there he was. 'I've been chasing you all around the room,' said Mr. Fonda, 'to tell you how wonderful you are in the play.' I nearly swooned."

Her main acting ambition at the moment is to be Juliet on the stage. "All the Juliets I've seen," she explained, "struck me as being too busy trying to be young. The tragedy of Juliet to me is her complete innocence and youth and the vulnerability of youth. Ellen Terry played Juliet when she was seventeen. I believe that only a very young actress can convey the true meaning of the role."

But even more important than her acting aspirations is her desire to marry and raise a family of her own when she gets

(continued)

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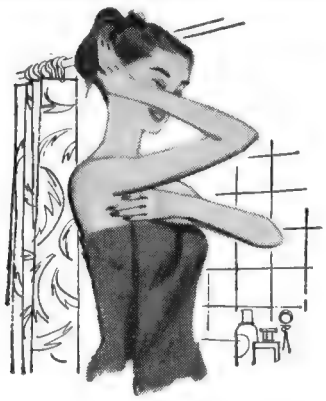
The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."

Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Perstop*. So effective, yet so gentle.

Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ARRID CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

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It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic ARRID with Perstop* actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.

49¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants

Theatre (continued)

a little older and the right man comes along.

"When I do marry," she said, "I want it to last forever. I have a perfect example in my parents. They're still in love after nineteen years, which is pretty good. Furthermore, when I marry I shall put it before my career just as my mother did."

Juliet continues to improve her acting technique by attending sessions at the Actors' Studio twice a week, and dreams of the day when she will be reunited with her traveling family at their Sussex House Farm in Kent. —RICHARD HARRITY

MOVIES

Brigitte All the Way

Babette Goes to War is a frank and funny comedy in the Gallic manner. As a girl working simultaneously for British Intelligence, the Free French, and the Gestapo, Brigitte Bardot makes the most fetching lady spy since Mata Hari. English subtitles.

The Mountain Road. A magnificent adaptation of Theodore White's novel about the uses and abuses of power. James Stewart stars as head of a World War II demolition team who finds the complexities of command—and of China, where the action takes place—more baffling than he anticipated. —R.H.

RECORDS

Billy May Goes Latin

You've undoubtedly heard the joke about the bellboy in the Miami Beach hotel who went racing through the corridors in the dead of night, rousing the sleeping guests with the cry, "Fire, fire, cha-cha-cha!" This story only serves to illustrate the enormous proportions the cha-cha craze has assumed.

In the right hands, the application of cha-cha rhythms can be witty, delicate, and compelling. Fortunately they fell into the right hands when conductor-arranger Bill May decided to superimpose a Latin point of view onto a group of purely U.S. folk tunes in his new album *Cha Cha! Bill May* (Capitol, ST1329, $3.98). The folk tunes include such all-time great swing standards as "In the Mood," "Tuxedo Junction," and "Flyin' Home," as well as a few of the world's best-known big band themes: Stan Kenton's "Artistry in Rhythm," Claude Thornhill's "Snowfall," and many more, all done with great humor.

This album represents a departure for Billy May, who has always been a superb arranger (you may recall his work with Glenn Miller and Charlie Barnett), but

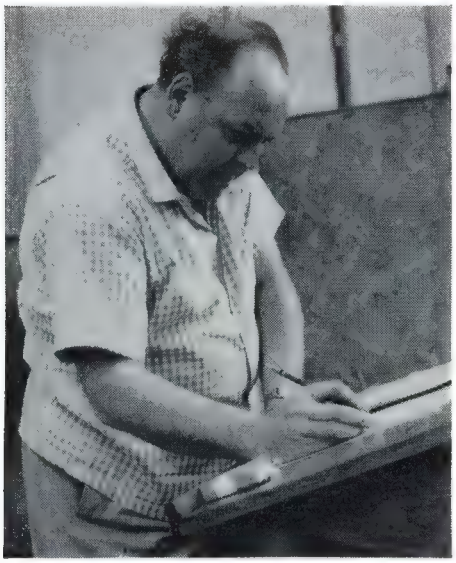
who in recent years has devoted all his energies to conducting and arranging for such TV shows as "Ozzie and Harriet" and to getting fat, both of which pursuits have met with complete success. But the success isn't the personal kind he deserves, merely, I'm convinced, because the timing hasn't been quite right. Some years ago he made some LPs for Capitol with a big Lunceford-type band. They were great. He toured the band for a while but it was during that period when big bands were anathema, meaning no dough, so he sold it to Ray Anthony and returned to the more lucrative and less soul-searing studio work in Hollywood.

We're glad he's back on his own, and you will be, too, when you hear this delightful album, cha-cha-cha.

Some other choice discs:

That Happy Dixieland Jazz, Jimmy McPartland (RCA-Camden, CAL 549, $1.98). An unusually exciting large band, playing some inordinately original arrangements by Dick Cary, proves there is still the possibility of freshness in a style that has, until now, been trapped in the quicksand of musical clichés. Here at last is refreshing Dixieland, played by such masters as George Wettling, Cutty Cutshall, Harvey Phillips, Ernie Caceres, and Bob Wilber.

Love Without Tears, Sid Ramin and orchestra (RCA-Victor, LPM 2013, $3.98). Another entry with the emphasis on freshness and originality. This time the show tune gets a break: "My Ship," "It's Love," "Bye Bye Baby," "Quiet Night," and eight more wonderful songs are handled with wit and élan by the young man who did the orchestrations for Ethel Merman's current smash, *Gypsy*. Here is a group of love songs that are gay and humorous. You didn't think it was possible? Well, just listen. —MEGHAN RICHARDS



Bill May, cha-cha-cha.

Swiss Family in Disney's Zoo

Lizards, lions, and zebras steal scenes from humans in this made-in-the-Caribbean version of a classic fantasy. By the time filming was over, even starlets had grown fond of snakes.

BY JON WHITCOMB

Remember the most famous family in literature? Any youngster can list its members by heart: Father Robinson, a Swiss pastor; Mother Robinson, his wife; and sons Fritz, Ernst, and Francis. They are The Swiss Family Robinson, whose adventures have enthralled millions since 1813.

Swiss Army chaplain Johann Wyss probably never dreamed that the story he wrote for his sons' amusement would grow into a classic. It was a short tale he penned, about a resourceful shipwrecked family who lived on a fabulous island with just about every kind of animal in the world—as exotic as Kipling but as practical as a scouting manual. William Godwin did the first English translation, and his poetic son-in-law, Percy Bysshe Shelley, might have embellished the script as well. One Mme. de Montholieu, the first French translator of the book, took matters into her own hands. She not only changed the original ending, but also added some of the best-loved episodes—for example, the adventure with the boa-constrictor that swallowed a donkey whole. Alteration followed alteration and the tale of the Swiss Family Robinson grew from a family treat to a world-wide favorite.

It was made into an American movie in 1940, but it remained for Walt Disney, father of Fantasyland, to give the story its full treatment. But where could even Disney manage Great Danes and penguins together, keep tigers and boa-constrictors on cue, and handle a crew of pirates as well? Last winter, I visited the crew on location in Tobago, British West Indies, and found the answer.

JANET MUNRO'S TOOTHACHE cost Walt Disney $35,000—he was forced to alter production schedule while Janet was flown to a dentist.

Beauty on a Beast

I was standing on one of the beaches of that sunny Caribbean isle when I saw actress Janet Munro coming toward me.

Janet is a small bundle of British charm with close-cropped auburn hair and green, triangular, sequinlike eyes. In the film, she plays Roberta, a castaway pursued by pirates and protected by the Robinson family. She rode up to me on a zebra.

"Hello, there!" she said. The zebra turned its head and glared at her. Miss Munro yanked the rein.

The zebra trotted off down the beach toward the Panavision-Technicolor movie cameras filming *The Swiss Family Robinson.* Covering the scene from another angle was a TV camera crew. Both groups were aiming their lenses toward the sea, where boatloads of pirates were spilling helter-skelter into the surf, and racing ashore. These dripping ruffians were actually British stunt men, scarred and rakish in black hats and clanking gold jewelry, eyes taped in a slant, skins coffee-colored from the baking sun and body make-up. Leading the invasion was *Kuala,* the gaudiest pirate of all, a sinister rebel in red with long black hair and hoop earrings. It took a second look to recognize him as Sessue Hayakawa, the distinguished Japanese martinet of *The Bridge on the River Kwai.*

As the pirates halted behind Kuala,

Janet flashed past them on her zebra and a Great Dane ridden by a spider monkey galloped by, followed by other exotic beasts. The scene looked like a picnic with an unlimited budget staged by Captain Kidd in collaboration with the Ringling Brothers circus.

No other movie company has staked a claim like Disney's on Mother Nature. For him caterpillars dance ballets, otters do minuets, and zebras jump through hoops of fire. In 1949, Disney began a series of short subjects called True-Life Adventures. The first three, *Seal Island*, *Beaver Valley*, and *Nature's Half Acre*, won Academy Awards, as did their successors, *Water Birds*, *Bear Country*, and *Prowlers of the Everglades*. Two more Oscars were bestowed on *The Living Desert* in 1953 and *The Vanishing Prairie* in 1954, both feature-length films. By this time nothing north or south was safe from roving Disney camera crews.

Dipping Into Classics

Having practically copyrighted the world's animals, Disney's next step was to combine them with people, as in *Old Yeller*, which starred an appealing dog along with Fess Parker, Dorothy McGuire, Tommy Kirk, and Kevin Corcoran; and *The Shaggy Dog*, starring another canine and Fred MacMurray, again with actors Kirk and Corcoran. For some time Disney has been dipping into classics such as *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, and *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. The current picture, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, is a story many people confuse with a similar castaway romance, Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*. But while Crusoe was supposed to have been marooned on an island very like Tobago in the Caribbean, the Robinson family took refuge near New Guinea, which is why the pirates were made up to look like Malays and the Tobago jungle had to be stocked with Oriental types of wild-life. Air-lifted from New Orleans were tigers, lions, hyenas, a baby elephant, ostriches, zebras, monitor lizards, cheetahs, a tortoise, flamingos, spider monkeys, and hundreds of bizarre birds. These were housed in a zoo built in the jungle, along with selected native residents like sea turtles, pelicans, salamanders, iguanas, chickens, ducks, geese, sheep, goats, cows, sows, and a donkey.

Tobago is a hilly coral rock twenty minutes by DC-3 from Trinidad, the big British West Indies island near the coast of Venezuela. On its twenty-six-mile length live thirty-three thousand descendants of African slaves lazily raising limes, coconuts, and tobacco. Its songs are calypso and its entertainment on Saturday night runs to steel bands and limbo dancers. No TV aerials mar its skyline, and it is far enough from commercial airlines to make it a perfect location setting for films of tropical unsophistication. The island's beaches offer superb swimming in limpid, crystal-clear water; its reefs are brilliant with painted fish in lovely coral gardens. A few years ago there were only two hotels; now there are five, and the cast of *Swiss Family* was quartered in the three or four nearest the shooting sites.

"FAMILY" PORTRAIT: father John Mills and son James MacArthur in back; Janet Munro, mother Dorothy McGuire, sons Tommy Kirk, Kevin Corcoran in front.

Visitors on the Set

On the day they shot the pirate landing, John Mills, the English actor who was starring as Father Robinson, was entertaining his teenage actress-daughter, Juliet. Mother Robinson, better known as Dorothy McGuire, was showing the beach to her husband, photographer John Swope, with her children due to arrive a few days later. Kevin Corcoran, playing Francis, the youngest Robinson, had his mother and an older brother on hand. James MacArthur, as the eldest Robinson son, Fritz, was most cheerful of all, having just heard that morning that his wife was expecting a child. Janet Munro (Roberta) was sharing her cottage with a young stepbrother. Of all the cast, only Tommy Kirk, playing middle son Ernst, was without visiting kin.

Dorothy McGuire said, "I had a few qualms when I started out. On the jet from Los Angeles to Miami, I asked myself what in the world I thought I was doing, exchanging my family and a perfectly good life in Beverly Hills for this tiny dot on the map. But I'm enjoying it now. This is my first Anglo-American job with a British crew, and my third for Mr. Disney. It's a happy company."

The bordering jungle was packed with studio vehicles. There were trucks bearing electric generators for the spotlights and pumps, loads of lumber and tubular scaffolding; there were catering trucks, water wagons, buses for the pirates, dressing-room trailers, a truckload of caged flamingos, another of monkeys and zebras, and a row of taxis used by the cast. Through this area the studio had built a road across a mangrove swamp. On the way to her taxi, Miss Munro picked her way past trucks and muddy mangrove roots, remarking that Walt Disney was not only astute at hiring deserving actresses (she had already made *Darby O'Gill and the Little People* and *Third Man on the Mountain* for him), but was also a generous man with the patience of a saint, considering what she had done to him during this film. In the second month of shooting, she lost a porcelain jacket off a front tooth. With the nearest dentist in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, Janet had to be flown out for repairs. As a result, her scenes had to be postponed. Worse yet, the company kept working by moving 680 tons of heavy equipment, two hundred workers, and part of the zoo to another part of the island. The switch cost Disney an estimated thirty-five thousand dollars.

No Drinking or Walking

Pert Miss Munro, who has shingled hair and impersonates a boy during part of the film, looks hardly more than fifteen. "But I've really been around for a quarter of a century," she told me, "and on my first trip to Hollywood I got into all sorts of difficulties. To start with, I couldn't get a drink in a bar. Who carries

(continued)

Swiss Family (continued)

a passport just for cocktails? Second, they wouldn't let me *walk*. I loved to walk around Beverly Hills. I thought the houses were pretty. One afternoon around five I was walking down a Beverly Hills street, minding my own business, and two cops with drawn guns arrested me. 'What's your name, lady?'

"I told them.

" 'What do you think you're doing?'

" 'Walking. Admiring the houses.'

" 'Where's your car?'

" 'I don't have one. Look, what's wrong?'

" 'You're loitering.'

"Well, I could see at once that the loitering bit would have to go. So I got a bicycle, since I don't drive. Nobody bothered me after that. I didn't have any trouble as long as I kept moving. I thought California was awfully odd; no drinking or walking allowed!"

Born to the Part

Janet Munro was born in a trunk while her father, comedian Alex Munro, was playing Blackpool in 1934. At two, she did walk-ons. When her mother died, she helped her father entertain the troops during the war. She was then an experienced trouper of seven. At fourteen, she was wearing kilts and singing Scottish songs. At eighteen, she abandoned vaudeville and went into a melodrama called *Daughters of Desire* in the role of a prostitute. For TV she did parts in Cockney, Lancashire, and Irish dialects. "My first opportunity to speak English was in a New York TV production of *Berkeley Square*, opposite John Kerr. Then Mr. Disney offered me a five-year contract; I've been working for him ever since."

On the ride back to the hotel, John Mills said he had made a truce with the denizens of Tobago. "If a scorpion doesn't bite me during the night," he said, "I rise and drive to location. If I don't skid off the edge of a cliff, I manage to reach the mangrove swamp where I run the risk of stepping into quicksand, being bitten by a snake or eaten alive by land crabs. I change on the beach, trying to avoid the insects, and walk into the sea. If there are no sharks or barracuda, we finish the sequence and I can go home again—if I'm not dying of sunstroke."

During dinner, movie veteran Sessue Hayakawa put away a big steak and reminisced about the movies. At seventy, he is still athletic and vigorous, as befits an expert at judo, and his coal-black hair and serene face belie the fact that his career goes back to the days of silent films. A multimillionaire, Mr. Hayakawa maintains a house in the city of Tokyo (his legal residence) and another in the suburbs, a home in Paris and one in Great Neck, New York. He was born in the city of Chiba, Japan, in 1889. His English is almost entirely unaccented.

"My father sent me to college at the University of Chicago," he said. "He wanted me to get a degree in political economy. So I did, to please him. Afterward, when I went into the movies in Hollywood, I never wrote home about it. The first my family knew was when they saw a newspaper picture of me and my graystone castle—a big mansion on

DISNEY FAVORITE. Dorothy McGuire, poses with Whitcomb on beach in Tobago.

Franklin at Argyle—where I used to give parties for six hundred people at a time. Along with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, I was making a lot of money, and spending it. It took seven servants to run the castle, and I had four cars, one of them a gold-plated Pierce-Arrow. When Fatty Arbuckle had one made just like it, I presented mine to the fire department. I made 135 pictures at Paramount. *The Sheik* was originally prepared for me by Cecil B. DeMille, but I turned it down. I had decided to form my own company. To help DeMille, I brought in a young friend of mine named Rudolph Valentino. 'Here is a second Hayakawa,' I told him. The picture made Rudy a star, while I went off on my own. One of my classmates from college staked me to a million dollars, and I got more financing from Wells-Fargo. With it I bought the old Griffith Studio, and in the next few years I made eight pictures which made a million dollars for me and another million for my backers."

Active Retirement

Washed up in U.S. films by 1927, Hayakawa retired. He became an ordained Zen Buddhist monk. He took up painting. For fifteen years, including the war years, he lived in Paris.

Later Mr. Hayakawa spent his time lecturing, painting, teaching, and making films in Japan. As a result of *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, and a Broadway play, *Kataki*, he is again a major star. He uses Zen thinking to prepare himself for roles, and says that he can now condense two hours' worth of intense

concentration into twenty seconds before starting a scene. "I read somewhere that in the deep grief leading to suicide, your intestines feel torn and ripped. When I did the hari-kari scene in *Kwai*, I was astonished to find that I had an acute pain in my abdomen. The subjective emotion made my acting very realistic."

Hayakawa's pirate rabble was made up of a crew of British stalwarts who ordinarily work in films with horses. One of them was a blond giant with big muscles, named Ken Buckley, whom I encountered swimming at the Crown Point Hotel beach. He told me that he was an alumnus of *The Vikings* and other films done on location in Spain, Italy, and Yugoslavia, but that since there were no horses in this picture, he and his pals had volunteered to be blown up, yanked into the air with nooses around their ankles, and tossed into pits with tigers, because they were all great fans of Yakima Canutt, one of Disney's directors. "Dangerous work, this," he said. "See that chap standing on his head on the beach? He broke my arm last year. My best friend was one of two men killed on a picture in Spain. Most of the big film epics have plenty of casualties, one or two killed and many more injured."

Spectacular Shipwreck

The castaway family's tree-house was constructed high up in the branches of a huge saman tree, a split-level domicile with a dining patio at the base and two bedrooms and a family room perched aloft. Air-conditioning and plumbing were supplied by a nearby waterfall which was ingeniously rigged with a waterwheel. But honors for the most spectacular set must go to the shipwreck, which was built in place across the mouth of a rocky cove with a murderous surf. Final shooting here was going on one windy day with waves pounding the catwalks leading to the camera platforms, while animal handlers struggled to induce two Great Danes to leap off the sloping deck and swim to a home-made raft of barrels lashed together. In early trials the dogs had hurt their feet when they got caught in the spaces between the barrels; now the difficulty had been corrected by carpenters who filled in the spaces, but the dogs remembered the experience and would not jump into the water. The scene was finished by attaching invisible wires to the dogs and pulling them in.

Although only two Great Danes are seen on the screen, it took six to make their scenes. Two were good swimmers, two were experienced in close-ups, one was an expert actor, and another's specialty was fight sequences. Slight differences in their coloring were erased by make-up. Skillfully managing these scenes was a father-and-son team of animal trainers, Bill and Dick Koehler.

Another animal handler was Wes Dickinson, who operates a pet shop in Santa Ana, California. I asked him what would happen if a monitor lizard broke out of the Disney zoo. "I'd say he'd empty Tobago of tourists," he replied. As a well-known herpetologist, it was Dickinson's job to brainwash the actors so they could work with snakes. "Our toughest job so far," he said, "was the swamp scenes with our anacondas. We had to string nets under the water, far enough below the surface to be invisible, but high enough to keep the anacondas in sight. Like most uninformed people, the actors here had an aversion to snakes, so there was an educational job to be done. Just give me one hour with a snake-hater and I can overcome all those prejudices about the 'cold feel' and the 'slithery' business. I had to work hard on James MacArthur, who had to wrestle with an anaconda in the swamp. I convinced him that snakes are not repulsive, hideous beasts. They're well down the list in the matter of brains, but they have a full quota of instincts. For instance, they're ticklish. They cough and sneeze. They have strong likes and dislikes. They lack a sense of hearing, but they have something else—a strong thigmotactic sense, which means the desire to feel completely encompassed by something. They like to be touched over large surface areas. That's why you never grasp a snake at arm's length. I hold them against my chest. A snake cannot manufacture his own body temperature. Below 70 degrees he goes progressively into hibernation."

Animal Intelligence

"Do animals smile?" I asked.

"Of course," said Dickinson. "Even lizards. Their smile reminds you of the expression in a wife's eyes when her husband brings home an old girl friend. Like her, the lizard does it with the eyes."

"And which animal is the smartest?"

"Starting at the bottom," Dickinson said, "there are the reptiles, with the smallest I.Q. Instincts are another thing entirely, and I suppose you mean by 'smartest' the biggest capacity to learn. Well, smarter than reptiles are the birds. Above them are cats, which are less smart than horses. And dogs learn faster than horses, and elephants are smarter than dogs. At the very top of the list is an animal I always hesitate to mention, the brightest of all animals and the fastest to learn. You may not like this, but it's the pig." THE END

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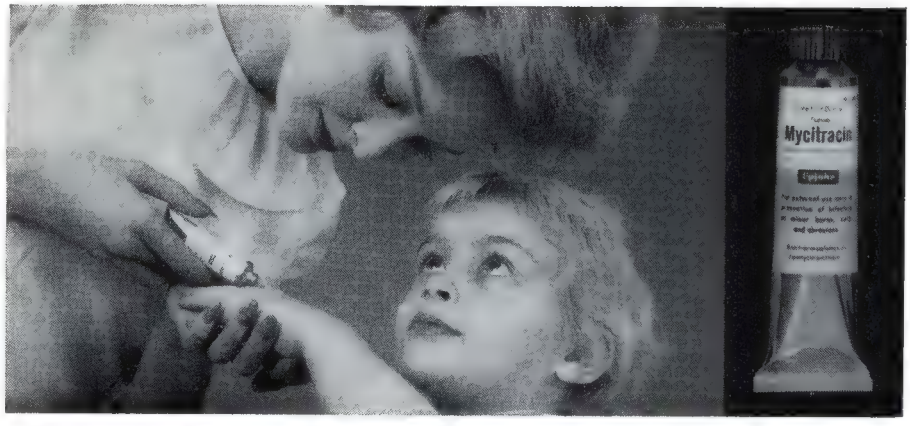

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On Top of Travel

A series of helpful travel ideas Cosmopolitan offers each month. For more details, write to the addresses listed.

FOR AMERICANS ONLY . . . One of the best travel buys around is the "Nine-day-guest-ticket" of the British and Irish Railways. It entitles American visitors to unlimited railroad travel throughout England, Scotland, and Wales (except for continental boat trains) for a period of nine consecutive days. The cost of these special tickets is only $26 second class and $39 first class.

Another travel buy, which might suit a family travel plan better, is the "Thrift" coupon. For $23 second class and $34.50 first class, a book is issued with coupons good for 1,000 miles of "go-as-you-please" rail travel any place in Britain and Ireland. Good for berths and reservations, the Thrift coupon is valid for six months. The outstanding feature of this travel plan is that a husband, wife, and dependent children may all use the same ticket. *But these can be purchased only in this country, before you get to England.*

For information on where and when to buy these tickets, write *Mr. H. W. Gates, British & Irish Railways, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.*

JAPAN 1960 . . . Have you ever shopped in a Japanese department store? Visitors to Japan, especially women, have found it a fascinating adventure. In addition to every imaginable kind of merchandise, the big Tokyo stores have art galleries; roof-garden amusement parks; dance halls; large theatres where you can attend concerts, Kabuki, or the latest films; and restaurants which are rated among the best in the nation. If you are looking for elegant and unusual gifts, the stores are crammed with them. Most popular are the fabulous Japanese hair ornaments.

Summer and fall are festival time in Japan. Scarcely a day goes by without some exciting, colorful celebration. The favorite is the annual Fireworks display on the third or fourth Saturday in July, on the Sumida River in Tokyo. For the best possible view, inquire a few days ahead about reserving space on one of the lofty observation platforms of Tokyo's new 1,089-foot television towers. The view is unsurpassed.

To get a list of festivals and other important information about Japan, write to *Mr. Yoji Enomoto, Director, Japan Travel Bureau, 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.*

FREEDOMLAND, U.S.A. . . . A miniature U.S.A. is taking shape in New York City's Borough of The Bronx. Called Freedomland, U.S.A., it will open in June, and it may well become one of the country's outstanding tourist attractions.

The entire history of our nation will come alive to Freedomland visitors. Entering at Little Old New York from 1750 to 1850, you can proceed to Chicago and relive the Great Fire. From there you can go to Colorado during the silver strike of 1859, or follow the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1804. You will see the Northwest Passage in 1820; Civil War battles replete with booming cannons; Florida and its pirates of the eighteenth century; and then be brought abruptly into the twentieth century at Cape Canaveral. San Francisco, the "cosmopolitan" city, will offer several international restaurants. Admission to Freedomland is $1 for an adult, 50¢ for each child under twelve, 75¢ for juniors (twelve to eighteen). Rides (not on roller coasters, but stage coaches, covered wagons, steam engine railroads, paddle-wheel river boats and vintage automobiles) will cost from 10¢ to 50¢ each.

Visitors can reach Freedomland in their automobiles—120 acres have been set aside for easy parking. The exhibition site, on Gun Hill Road, adjacent to the Hutchinson River Parkway and the New England Thruway, is only thirty minutes from mid-Manhattan (via the IRT subways), fifteen minutes from La Guardia airport, and forty minutes from Newark, New Jersey.

For further information, write to Mr. J. McGarry, Publicity Director, Freedomland, 33 East 48 Street, New York 17, N.Y.

WOMEN'S TRAVEL PROBLEMS . . . Trans World Airlines' answer to the needs of traveling women is Mary Gordon, TWA's official Travel Advisor for women. Mary Gordon devotes all her time to showing women more efficient, effective travel techniques. She speaks before women's organizations and travel clubs, and commentates fashion shows. She offers such help as demonstrating the latest methods of packing a month's wardrobe into a small suitcase, and describing the facilities available for children, both on the flight and in foreign lands. She's always ready to tell you what to wear, and, often, where to buy it.

Don't be surprised if Mary Gordon advises you to leave with a half-empty suitcase. Sometimes your accessories can be purchased more easily and for less money in the countries you're visiting than in the United States. All this information and much more is available through Mary Gordon and also through her assistants in TWA offices throughout the country.

Pamphlets currently available from TWA are: "Shopping Abroad," "Basic Wardrobe," "Climates and Clothes," and "TWA Menu Translator." TWA also publishes small guides to many different countries, and they are available at a nominal cost. For information on what booklets are available and how your club can get Mary Gordon to come and talk, contact: *TWA Travel Advisor, Mary Gordon, 380 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

NEW FIND: MALTA . . . Want to go some place your neighbor hasn't been? Try Malta. It's just ninety minutes by air from Rome and can easily be included in your itinerary on your next trip to Italy. And, best of all, since it's not a heavy tourist area as yet, accommodations are still real bargains. Good rooms plus meals can be had for less than $10 per day per person.

Malta and its neighboring island of Gozo offer fascinating relics of many cultures: Phoenician, Roman, Arabic, Spanish, French, and English. For just relaxing in the sun these beaches are as good as the Riviera and they are not nearly so crowded.

No visa is required for these interesting English-speaking islands, but for further information about accommodations and local tourist attractions write: *Malta Travel Commission, Box 2690, New York 17, N. Y.*

GRAND BAHAMA CLUB . . . Although it's just a short, low-cost air hop from Florida ($21 from Miami), this new island resort is as remote and romantic as Tahiti. Summer rates, in effect now, make it a most desirable vacation spot: $8 and up for a single; $12 and up for a double, European plan. With breakfast and dinner, the rates are $15 and up for a single and $26 and up for a double.

For a lazy, restful time, there are surrey sightseeing rides around the island, sunbathing by poolside or on the beach, picnic trips to nearby islands, fish frys. Active vacationers will enjoy the fishing, sailing and motorboating, water skiing, skin diving and dancing to calypso bands. To get a colorful brochure, write to Mr. Hugh Stevens, Grand Bahama, Leonard Hicks, Jr., & Associates, 532 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. THE END

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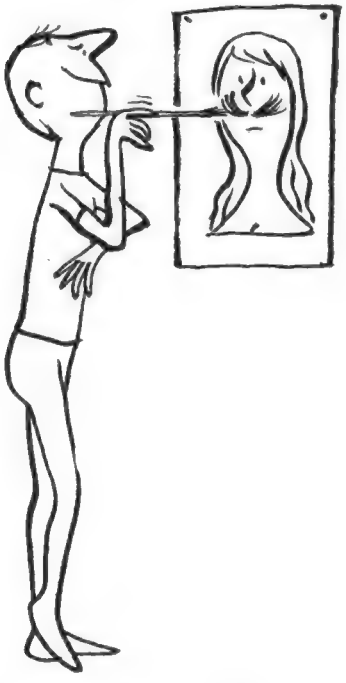
LOOKING INTO PEOPLE

"Queerness" and Artistry, The Children of Experts, and Grandpa's Not More Pious

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

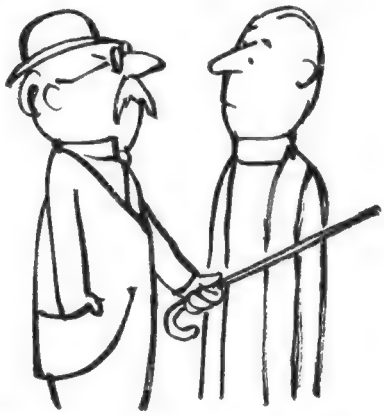
"Queerness" and artistry. It is a common notion that artistic and creative persons tend toward sexual "queerness," and, conversely, that homosexuals tend to be more than ordinarily artistic. But this finds no support in a study by



psychologist Albert Ellis (New York) of the talents of homosexuals as compared with those of persons whose sexual activities are normal. Confirming results of other recent studies, homosexuality was actually shown to *dampen* rather than stimulate creative ability in most cases. How, then, can we account for the popular notion to the contrary? In answer, Dr. Ellis offers these theories: that homosexuals, whether talented or not, tend to gravitate toward artistic and aesthetic pursuits in which they will meet less resistance and can more easily attract attention; that the public may confuse artistic *performance* (as in the theatre or dance) with the true creative ability required to produce original works of art, literature, or invention; and that the relatively few homosexuals who are creators stand out much more, because of their abnormal lives, than do the great many creative persons whose sexual behavior is normal.

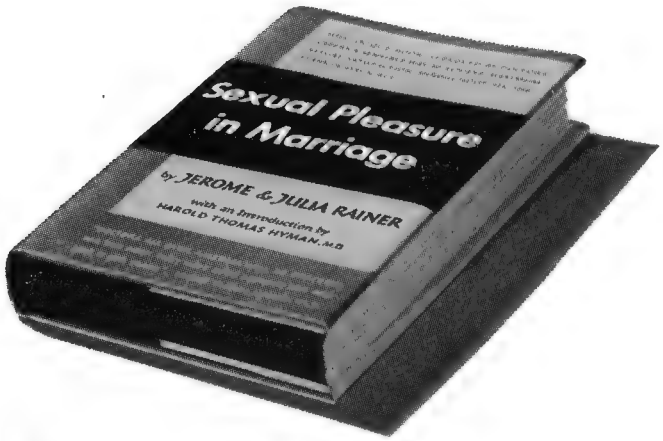
Happy and unhappy coeds. The moods of college girls on their "high" days and "low" days were studied by psychologists Alden E. Wessman and David F. Ricks (Harvard) and Mary McIlvaine Tyl (Radcliffe). Days prior to the onset of menstruation were generally the "bluest" for most. Apart from this, girls whose mood-swings were greatest and who hit the lows most often were the "grinds" — those who generally were more concerned about doing well in their studies, and who thought of themselves as more self-sufficient, sophisticated, and critical of others. The happier coeds, as a rule, were the more friendly, sociable, tolerant, and unsophisticated ones, who could enjoy college work without getting too wrapped up in it.

The experts' children. Why aren't the experts on child-rearing "conspicuously more successful" with their own children than with those of parents they advise? Dr. Jane Loevinger (Jewish Hospital, St. Louis) thinks one reason may be this: the experts know the mistakes other parents make and they avoid them. But, at the same time, their own children seek out other weak spots in their parents and try new, unfamiliar tactics. In current terms, a shift in "parentmanship" is countered by a shift in "childmanship": in the "battle between the generations" the parents try to tame their wild young ones, and the children forever battle against this, offsetting each type of parental tactic with something else. Thus, Dr. Loevinger concludes, while the prevailing theoretical pattern of childrearing is so often wrong, it is better than none, for it does make the child aware that the parent is conscientiously trying to act on principle rather than on impulse, and it does have the effect of teaching discipline to both parent and child.



Grandpa's not more pious. It's an old saying, "The closer you are to the Hereafter, the oftener you'll go to Church." But it doesn't apply to most American oldsters, according to researcher Harold L. Orbach. His study of the churchgoing habits of about seven thousand Michigan adults showed that, when grouped by ages, people were not more religious as they grew older. In fact, among Catholic men churchgoing declined with age, although Catholic women held to their previous level of piety. Among Protestants, only Negro men increased their church attendance as they grew older. The exception was in the Jewish group, where the aging persons of both sexes were the most religious, probably because more of them had come from abroad and had orthodox backgrounds.

For murder-story addicts: Do hair and nails actually grow after death? Reference to this in many a gory whodunit may have prompted Dr. Maarten S. Sibinga (New York University Medical College) to observe what happened with three bodies. He found that for the first two or three days after death the fingernails grew at virtually the same rate as in living persons, and that, while there was a slowing down thereafter, the nails were still growing at the end of the ten-day study. Incidentally, in living persons, Dr. Sibinga reports, the rate of nail growth varies considerably among individuals, but for each person it generally remains quite constant throughout life. Growth is increased, however, in nail-biters and in women during pregnancy, and is decreased by diseases and malnutrition. THE END



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CASE HISTORY

Hypnosis for Alcoholism

It took only three minutes before he was relaxed and in a deep trance—perhaps it happened quickly because he was so eager to be helped.

Hypnosis for alcoholism? It was experimental, but he wanted to be among the first to try it.

John Dwight (which isn't his real name) had begun drinking at sixteen. He was forty-two now. For twenty-six years, he had used alcohol as a crutch. It could, as he put it knowingly in his sober moments, "wipe out reality" for him when he became depressed, when he felt inferior or guilty. He didn't understand why he had such feelings; he just had them. And on his "bats" he could escape them.

But he hated himself even more after a bout of drinking, because drinking made him violent. Remembrance of his nastiness became part of his hangovers. Twice he attempted suicide during a post-alcoholic depression state.

Compulsion to Drink

Yet, no matter what measures he tried, he couldn't stop drinking. One physician had prescribed a drug, Antabuse, explaining that if he drank after taking the drug he would become sick.

The drug had fulfilled its claims, but he hadn't been able to stick with it. He took it until he felt an unbearable tension; then he stopped taking it so that he could drink again to relieve the tension—and return to the rat race.

Now, the hypnotist, Dr. Michael M. Miller of Howard University Medical School in Washington, D.C., spoke quietly:

"You are going to relive your worst hangover. You're beginning to feel as you did then. . . ."

And Dwight began to recall the episode.

He felt the general malaise. The terrible headache. The nausea.

While he was in the trance, reliving the hangover, Dr. Miller suggested he must throw up to get relief. Dwight was given whiskey, wine, and beer to smell and to taste. He threw up convulsively.

After he had quieted down, the treatment continued with a post-hypnotic suggestion. The doctor told him that whenever he tasted, smelled, or even looked at an alcoholic beverage, he would recall the hangover. And he wouldn't drink.

That was the *hope.*

Many efforts have been made to combat alcoholism, among them methods aimed at implanting an aversion to drinking—implanting it on a conscious level.

In one method, for example, the patient is given a drink after first receiving a drug, such as emetine hydrochloride, which produces nausea. The result: the patient promptly throws up the drink. This is repeated for a number of treatments. The aim is to condition the patient so that, even without the drug, he will associate vomiting with alcohol and will refrain from drinking.

Some success has been claimed for this method, but the treatment is lengthy and unpleasant. Some alcoholics don't go through with it. Moreover, to Dr. Miller, it seemed to have another important flaw: the assumption that the patient would necessarily associate the vomiting with taking whiskey. Wasn't it more likely, Dr. Miller asked, that the patient would associate the vomiting with the drug injections, instead of the drinking? The doctor recalled a young alcoholic woman whom he had encountered at a House of Correction only a few days after she had completed such a "cure." Her husband had mortgaged the family car in order to pay for the treatment. Why, Dr. Miller asked her, had she begun to drink again? "Well, Doctor," she told him matter-of-factly, "after they made me puke for three days and three nights, I just had to have some whiskey to settle my stomach."

Implanting an Aversion

Dr. Miller had decided to experiment with hypnosis in the hope that, besides avoiding the use of unpleasant and possibly dangerous drugs, it could implant an aversion to drink on an *unconscious* level that would be more intense and lasting.

John Dwight came out of the trance.

Next day, he thought about a drink. He was impressed that he thought about it without anticipatory pleasure. A week later, still impressed, he decided to make a test. He would try a drink to see what happened. He went into a bar and ordered a shot. When it came, he couldn't gulp it. The look and smell of it disgusted him. He took a sip, and felt nauseated. He put the glass down and went out.

How long would it last? Thus far, he hasn't had a drink in twelve months.

And, during that time, he has been in group psychotherapy twice weekly, trying

to resolve the basic difficulties that made him an alcoholic in the first place. He is making excellent progress.

Twenty-four other patients have benefited from the treatment, too. The duration of their alcoholism had ranged from three to thirty-four years. The average number of hypnotic treatments has been two. Of the twenty-four patients, three have relapsed; the others continue to be abstinent. Eighteen are undergoing psychotherapy.

Is hypnosis a certain cure for alcoholism? Hardly.

Alcoholism, Dr. Miller notes, is symptomatic of deeper underlying disturbances of the personality. Hypnotic conditioning, in the hands of a psychotherapist, he emphasizes, "represents only a procedure for attempting to control drinking so that psychotherapeutic, social, and economic rehabilitative steps can be taken."

As such, it seems promising. John Dwight would gladly attest to that.

—LAWRENCE GALTON

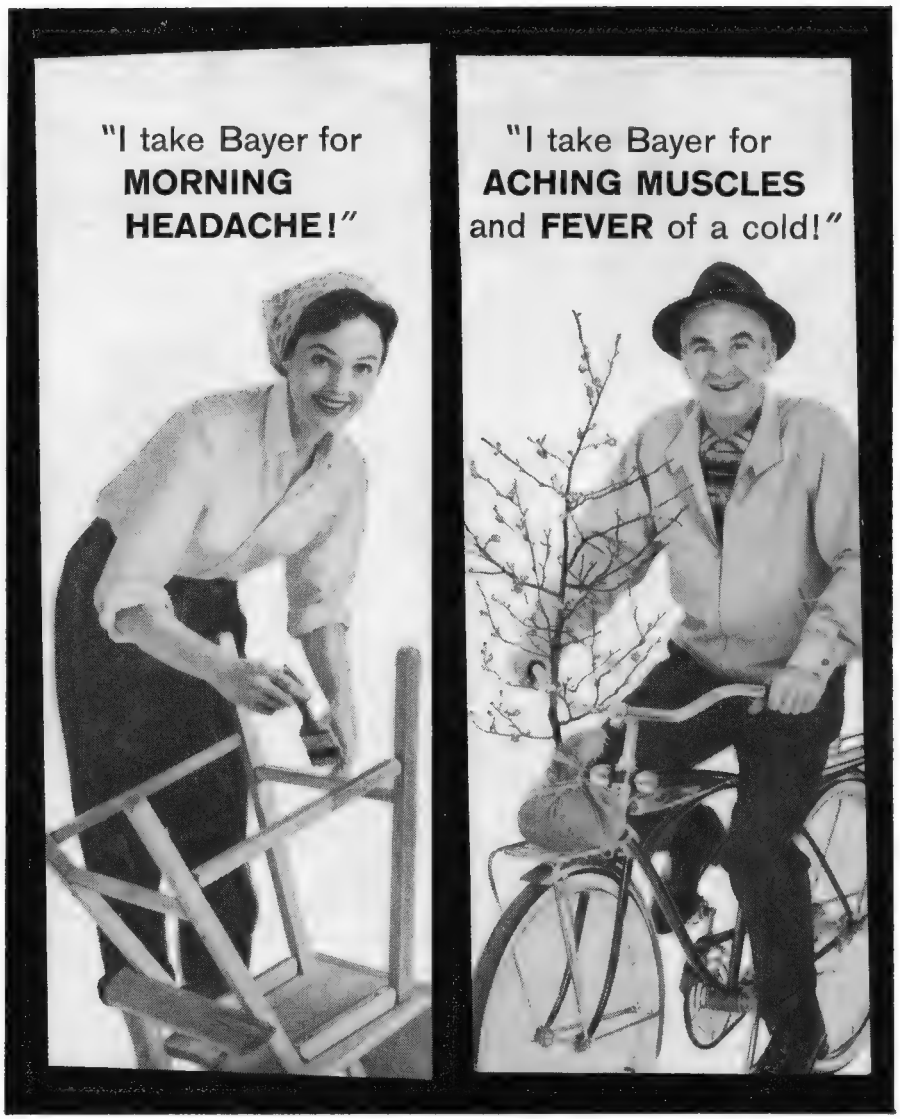
WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

"No energy, no appetite . . ." Many people complain of "always tired" feelings, accompanied by poor appetite, indigestion, fitful sleep. A Georgia physician reports that such symptoms may signal the need for better conversion of food to muscle and energy, and that a tissue-building agent called Durabolin may be useful. Trying weekly injections in twenty-five patients, he obtained excellent results in fifteen, satisfactory in three, poor in the remaining seven. "In some cases," he notes, "the response was dramatic, changing the patient from a picture of gloom to that of an optimistic and extremely energetic person."

Fungus skin infections: Ringworm infections of the body and scalp, which often require prolonged and complicated treatment, may respond quickly to a new drug, Fungacetin, a University of Miami Medical School physician reports. Twenty-two of thirty-two patients suffering with skin and scalp infections showed striking results within one week of treatment with the drug in ointment or liquid form.

Diarrhea in travelers: Because intestinal upsets occur so frequently in people traveling in foreign countries, there is need for a preventive agent. In a recent study, Dr. B. H. Kean and Dr. Somerset R. Waters found that diarrhea occurred in 33.6 per cent of 202 visitors in Mexico who received no medication, but in only 20.1 per cent of 198 persons given neomycin, an antibiotic, along with kaolin and pectin. In a test involving 210 subjects, Entero-Vioform, a widely used compound, appeared ineffective. THE END

For more information about these items, consult your physician.



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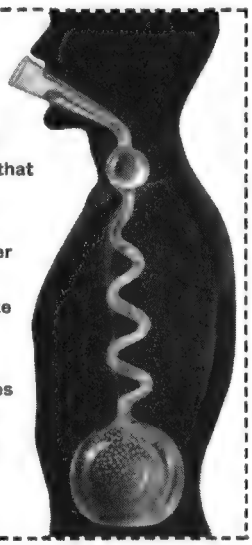

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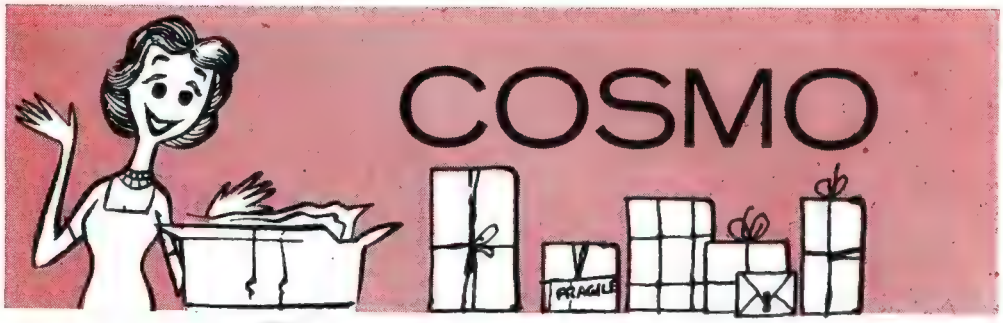

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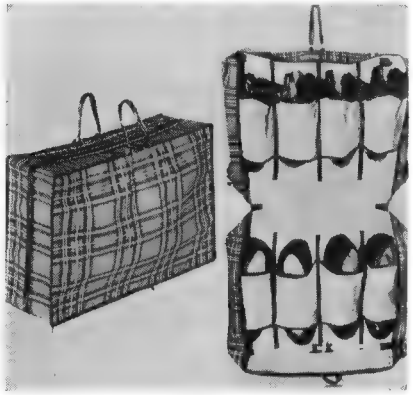
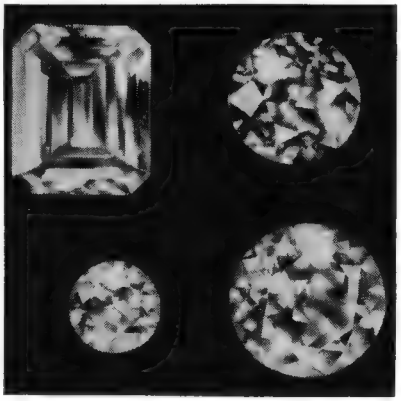
Walking, hiking or sitting in front of a fireplace is most relaxing with a pair of handlaced moccasins. Flexibly set on foam crepe soles in red, taffy-tan, smoke, white, black leather. Every wardrobe should have a pair of these moccasins. Women's full and half sizes 3 to 13, AAAAAA to EEE. Add 50¢ postage. Moccasin-Craft, 65-CF, Mulberry Street, Lynn, Mass.



SHOE-IN-ONE, $7.95

When at home or traveling solve your shoe storage problem. After slipping shoes into this lightweight bag you can hang it on a closet door or zip close and carry as a piece of luggage. Holds 8 pr. women's or 4 pr. men's shoes. 20"x13"x6". Plastic lined, in red and black rayon plaid, or blue or brown duck. The Added Touch, Dept. C-5, Wynnewood, Pennsylvania



DIAMOND MINE FOR ONE, $12.00

Titania . . . man-made miracle gemstone at only $12 the carat would be lovingly accepted as a token of your affection. 1-carat masculine gypsy 14K mounting $32; fishtail 1-carat, 14K mounting $25. Prices plus 10% Fed. tax. Free ring size chart and brochure. Regent Lapidary Co., Dept. CO-P65, 511 E. 12 St., New York, 9, N.Y.

EX-STRAW-DINARY BAG, $5.45

Attractive multi-colored straw bag smartly styled with two handles can be worn with an unlimited number of dress and sport outfits throughout the spring and summer months. The rich-looking brass closing assures safety in keeping all valuables intact. Beautifully lined. Add 50¢ postage & handling. Western Classics, 622-CMB-So. Country Club, Tucson, Arizona

PARCELS

by joan garow

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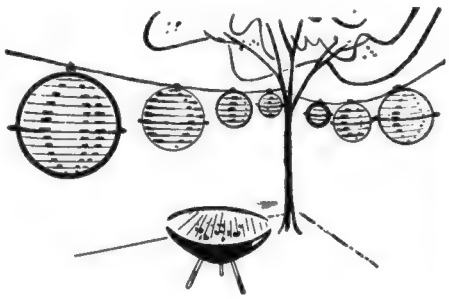
Now's the time to take your old, out-of-date fur coat that makes you look like a member of the Chicago Bears and convert it into a high fashion Paris style cape, stole or jacket. You'll never recognize it after these fur craftsmen clean, glaze, restyle, reline and monogram it. Free style folder. Henri Bordeaux, Dept. CS-5, 222 West 29th Street, New York 1, New York

SUIT HIM TO THE TEE, $2.98
You no longer need rack your brain to find the suitable gift for Father's Day or for that special person that has just about everything. These attractive, soft capeskin leather golf club mittens are personalized and numbered. In beige, red, brown. Set of four $4.98. State name or initial to be imprinted. Medford Products, Dept. CS-5, Box 39, Bethpage, N.Y.

LITE UP THE NIGHT, $11.95
String these attractive translucent white plastic globes across your garden or patio for your summer festivities. These globe lites can be arranged with any variety of colored bulbs you desire. The 8 globe lites with 8 sockets attached to 25 ft. of wire can hang from any convenient support. Scott-Mitchell House, Dept. CS-5, 415-A So. Broadway, Yonkers, New York.



JUST ENOUGH ROPE, $2.00
Here's one bit of rope a gal will be happy to have around her and her fashions. The Lariat belt is made of a double strand of lariat rope and genuine cowhide leather with Italian antique finish. The solid golden brass rivets and buckle make it even more eyecatching. Sizes 22-32. Add 25¢ postage Vicki Wayne, P.O. Box 4035, CLB, Tucson, Ariz.

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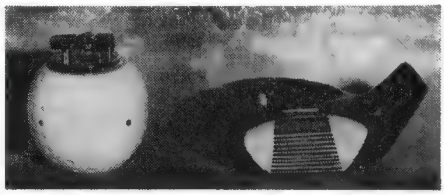

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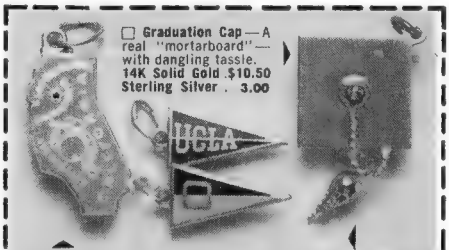

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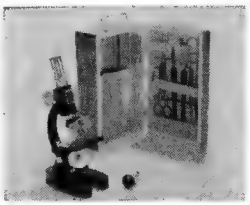

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Please rush me my microscope & dissecting kit plus a *FREE* catalog of microscope accessories.

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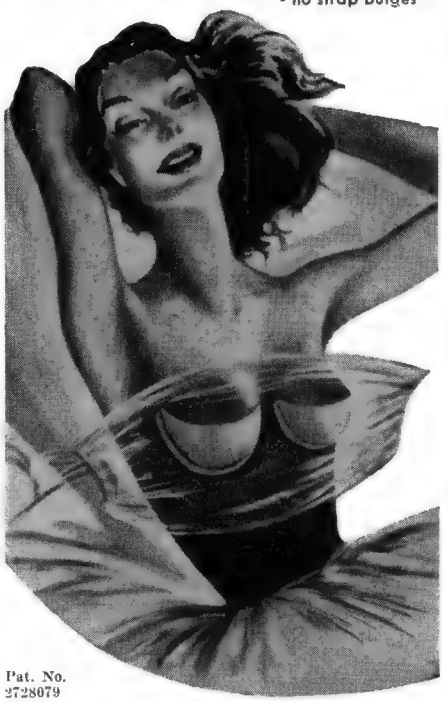

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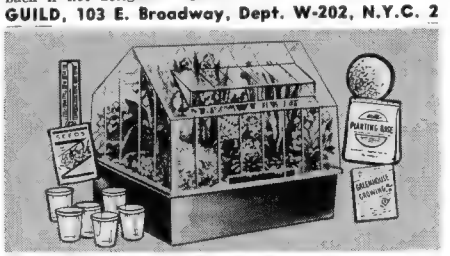

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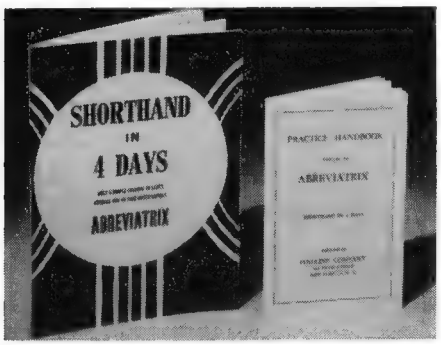

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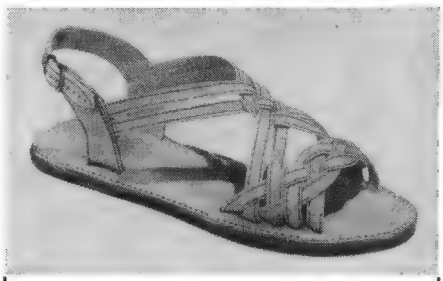

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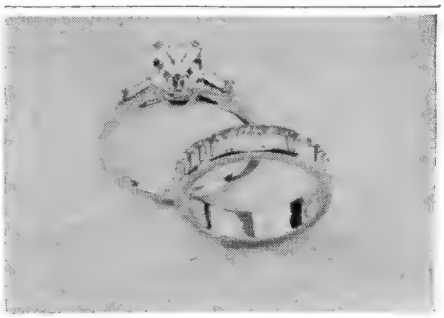

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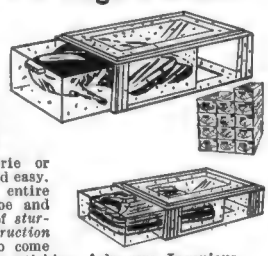

Keeps shoes or lingerie, scarves, gloves, sweaters, handbags, etc., *clean, dust free* and *in sight* at all times. Keeps closets and chests neat, orderly and uncluttered. Makes the selection of shoes, bags, lingerie or accessories quick and easy. Entire frame and entire drawer of both shoe and Lingerie Boxes is of *sturdy, one-piece construction*—no glued ends to come apart, no warping, no sticking of drawers. Ingeniously grooved design allows automatic stacking of either shoe or lingerie boxes *without slipping!* Boxes are ruggedly built of crystal plastic with attractive gold spatter.

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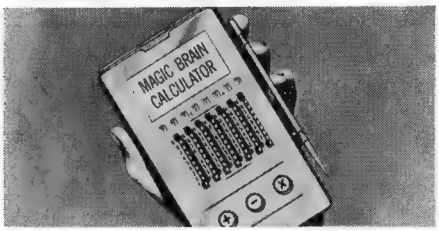

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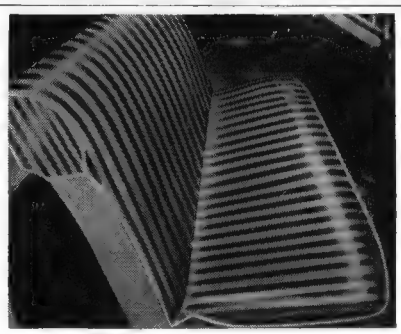

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Literary Genius in Japan

BOOKS • BY GERALD WALKER

THE BRIDGE OF THE BROCADE SASH, by Sacheverell Sitwell (The World Publishing Company, $8.50). One of the chief reasons for travel is to see things you cannot see at home. It is therefore easy to understand why we are in the midst of a period of fascination with all things Japanese.

Mr. Sitwell's book is subtitled "Travels and Observations in Japan," and he more than qualifies as the perfect guide to lead the reader through this strange, marvel-filled land. He is a tireless sightseer and appears to have crammed more into his three-month stay in Japan than other mortals could have in as many years. Also, as a member of England's famed Sitwell family—Dame Edith and Sir Osbert are his sister and brother—he is able to convey vividly all he sees, thinks, and feels during his travels.

The book opens with an amusing account of what it is like to make the long flight over the North Pole from Copenhagen to Tokyo. " . . . what time of day is it?" writes Mr. Sitwell. ". . . we are nearing the International Date Line when today becomes the day after tomorrow, and already it is difficult to know whether this is the morning or the afternoon. The first lap from Copenhagen to Anchorage had been of eighteen hours, and now we are to have a further flight of twelve hours to Tokyo. We are to arrive at Tokyo at half-past ten in the morning. But of which day? Not today, at any rate, nor tomorrow, for we lose one day entirely. It vanishes as we cross the date line."

Once landed, his primary impression of Tokyo is not just of its populousness, although it has eight and a half million inhabitants. Rather, the visitor is struck by the geographic chaos of the place. "Nearly all its houses," Mr. Sitwell tells us, "are one, or at the most two-storeyed, because of the dangers of fire and earthquake, and this has caused the city to spread out to an almost unmanageable extent. It is so huge that it is out of control. Many of the streets have no names, or change their names arbitrarily half-way up or down, while the numbering of the houses is based capriciously upon when each house was built."

Dinner à la Japanese

One aspect of visiting Japan which Mr. Sitwell makes sound most appealing is dining in Japanese restaurants, "a sensation so unique that later you envy yourself your first experience of it." First, you take off your shoes on the doorstep and put on a pair of Japanese slippers several sizes too small. In doing so, you are "helped by various characters, male and female, who appear from nowhere, and are led by Lilliputian *neisans* (maids) along a passage." The interior is a colorful kaleidoscope of partitions, floor cushions, and dishes. Dinners, Mr. Sitwell tells us, are as expensive as those served by a good Parisian restaurant, "maybe even more expensive considering that there are no wines." But each party has a dining room of its own, ". . . a system which, in itself, entails expense because of the services of an individual chef and three or four *neisans* who sit beside you on the floor."

Like any Westerner with a conscience, Mr. Sitwell could not avoid going to Hiroshima, where 129,558 persons, a third of the city's population, were killed or wounded at one stroke. His account of his visit to the "Atomic Desert," a huge, leveled area in the heart of the city, is grimly moving. "It is a city," he comments, "one leaves at the earliest opportunity and never wants to see again."

Perhaps the dominant impression one is left with is that Japan is a "land of minute objects beautifully carried through." Nothing, apparently, is too small or too trivial to be produced with great taste. To Mr. Sitwell's discriminating eye, Japanese workmanship is so good that "they seem unable to make drawers that do not open and shut beautifully"; and further along this same line: "it is a little delight in itself to lift off the lacquer covers to the [soup] bowls and put them back again."

This is as interesting a travel book as one could wish. Although its price is slightly higher than usual, it is still a bargain. Beautifully printed and bound, it contains fifty-five illustrations. But most important, it is written by a Sitwell.

THE KREMLIN, by David Douglas Duncan (New York Graphic Society, $25). Photographer-writer Duncan (*The Private World of Pablo Picasso; This Is War!*) made five trips to Russia, taking pictures and gathering research for this 168-page luxury edition. The result: the first comprehensive full-color coverage ever made of the Kremlin. There are eighty-three magnificent color plates showing Monomakh's cap of gold, used to crown every Russian sovereign; the Diamond Crown of Peter the Great; Ivan the Terrible's jewel-encrusted Book of Holy Gospels; and many other treasures. Captions cover the salient points in czarist Russia's dramatic, eight-hundred-year history.

THE ROAD TO FAITH, by Will Oursler (Rinehart & Company, $3.50). A moving personal account of one man's search for the living truths of life, written for all who think of themselves as unreligious. THE END

Roy Pinney

AMALFI, ITALY, one time seafaring republic on the Gulf of Salerno, and the famous Amalfi Drive are on the list of places that most travelers consider worth seeing; yet some tourists avoid such beauties for fear of seeming unoriginal. Travel agents warn: Don't, for superficial reasons, miss such high lights. The experiences of thousands of tourists have gone into determining the "best." Of course, if you're sure your preferences are different, rely on your own judgment.

Your Travel Personality

Are you gregarious? An introvert? Daring? Romantic? A penny-pincher? What you know about yourself, point out medical authorities and travel experts, determines whether you will return from that trip feeling vaguely let down and exhausted, or healthy and richly satisfied.

BY E. M. D. WATSON

"It was the greatest vacation I ever took," a Philadelphia engineer enthusiastically told his friends when he returned from a three-week trip to Europe. Yet he had done nothing spectacular abroad: with his wife he had visited three great cities when he might have squeezed in four or five; a book collector, he had lazed through a famous bookshop in Switzerland; in Italy he had bought a camera he had always wanted; he had spent the last three days of his vacation lying in the sun at Nice and practicing his rusty French on a group of French youngsters who found his accent hilarious.

Why was his vacation such a success? Elements that were not apparent on the surface had been built into his trip. Chief among them were a carefully planned change of pace from his job and the satisfying of his longstanding curiosity about several things. The last three days in the sun were designed to decelerate the trip's pace and at the same time fulfill the engineer's wish to experience resort-living on foreign shores. He had, in short, tailored his trip to suit his "travel personality." How important is this new concept, the travel personality? What is it?

"It's the 'X' quality that distinguishes your needs, your dreams, your motives for traveling *from everybody else's*," defines Alfred de Kupsa of Orbitair International, Inc., a travel organization that accents individual selectivity. "The person who knows how to express his 'X' quality—*his* desires, not his neighbor's—gets a world of travel satisfaction."

Failure to recognize this mysterious quality is what causes thousands of people who follow friends' itineraries to be disappointed. It is the reason why many people who travel for "sightseeing" feel let down; why restless people chafe, bewilderedly, at resorts; why the person who desperately needs resort-relaxation exhausts himself by traveling at breakneck speed. "*All* travelers," stresses Mr. de Kupsa, "need to consider not only their personality but their personality *problems*."

Though the engineer's trip may not seem extravagantly different, his knowledge of what to put into it is the kind of knowledge that will change a lot of tourists' lives. Our $2 billion travel boom is expected to rise to $6.5 billion a year by 1969. Travelers will number a whopping 4,500,000 that same year. Among 1960's travelers, 80 per cent have already used the services of travel agents. There are now four thousand agents, who, with your cooperation, should extract from you that "X" quality composed of your subconscious hopes, your unclarified desires, your real but often submerged tastes, and your physical and emotional needs.

What are the basic things you should know about yourself? First, that you have a definite *emotional* need to take *your* trip, and your trip alone. In examining some eight thousand executives a year, Life Extension Examiners have found that vacations do not result in any real physical change in a person's body, except for weight gain. Reports Dr. Harry Johnson, Medical Director of Life Extension Examiners, "The changes are emotional. We get emotional rehabilitation."

A Time to Be Selfish

Because your emotions differ from other people's, Dr. Johnson believes: "This is one time when you should be utterly selfish. By selfishness, I mean that a couple should ignore what other people think, rather than conforming."

Disasters can occur when this advice is not followed. One couple, listening to their best friends enthuse about their magnificent car trip through Italy, took the same trip and came back tense and exhausted. Explains Dr. Johnson, "If you don't really enjoy driving, you will become tremendously fatigued by hiring a car and driving. Or, if you are timid about air travel but decide to fly, it can be ruinous." In discussions with Life Extension Examiners, executives sometimes reveal that their vacations were spent under a cloud of apprehension because they actually feared the flight home.

New Sights, New Pace

Change of *scene* and change of *pace* are two big factors in travel satisfaction. The man who works in a frantically busy, noisy office, gets more benefit from a slower-paced trip, points out Dr. Johnson. He is likely to find more relief and pleasure in a trip that cold-shoulders big cities, favors smaller ones. Visiting the northern lakes of Italy, like Lake Como and Lake Garda, would benefit him more than a stay in a busy metropolis. On the other hand, the man who is a solitary worker will get more benefit from the thronged sidewalks of Paris, the Left Bank cellar *bistros*, loud with jazz.

How long should *your* vacation be? For some people, too long a vacation can be detrimental. The businessman who suspects that after three weeks of vacation he will begin to chafe to get back and see what's doing at the office, should take *only* a three-week vacation—even though he may be allowed six. If he takes more, "the vacation itself becomes a job," explains Dr. Johnson. It has diminishing returns. One travel agent cites the case of a couple who planned to take a thirty-day trip around the world, and then discovered they could take a two-months trip, and did. The couple, photographing as they journeyed, later found that they

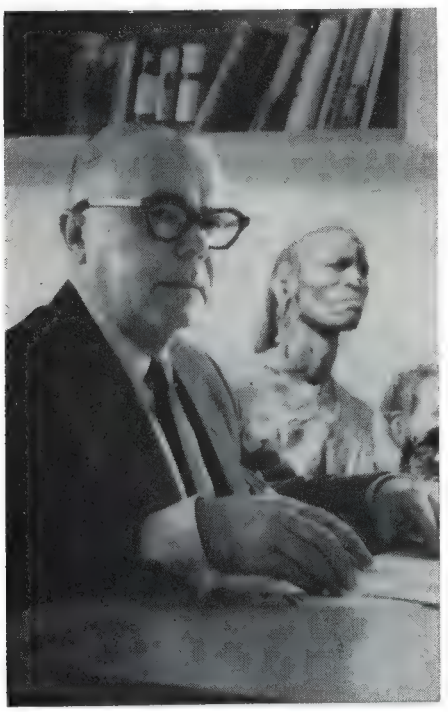
(continued)

Ten years ago, people asked, 'How did you enjoy your vacation?' Now they ask: 'Where did you go?' Letting this question influence your choice of a trip defeats the purpose of a vacation.

could identify only the places photographed during the first thirty days. Viewing the pictures taken after that, they confused cities, were unsure in which restaurant they had that wonderful dinner, were uncertain in what town that amusing adventure occurred. "Know your saturation point," warns Dr. Johnson. For the wife of the edgy businessman who, annoyingly, cannot spend a single vacation day happily unless he telephones his office, Dr. Johnson offers this advice: "Let him go ahead and phone. Contact with his office will enable him to relax and enjoy his vacation."

Level With Your Agent

Before planning your trip, it's wise to level with your travel agent about feelings of frustration, anger, and boredom. One man, in the course of making vacation plans, inadvertently mentioned to a travel agent that he was second-in-command at his office, a large corporation headed by a dynamic president who constantly ridiculed his ideas. The agent sent the man to Africa, where through physical activity, shooting, and adventure, he got rid of his frustrations.



FRED DE KUPSA of Orbitair International warns, "Don't mistake the need for a rest for a desire to take a specific tour. You'll find yourself taking a supposedly 'relaxing' trip that actually adds irritation."

Revealing information about travel personalities often comes from an agent's files. One travel agent, checking over itineraries and correspondence of his last fifteen years in business, found that both men and women in their forties, fifties, and early sixties, who lead soft, suburban lives, enjoyed most those trips that contrasted sharply with their home lives—coping with jungle heat, visiting almost inaccessible poverty-stricken villages, spicing their trip with some adventure.

But younger couples, who are deeply involved in making a living and bringing up a family, seldom want such hardships. Husbands in this group, the agent's files reveal, beg to get away from do-it-yourself activities. Wives want to forget attending PTA meetings, organizing dinner parties, chauffeuring the kids to school. Most of them yearn to go where they will have the luxury of being waited on. Yet agents stress that there is no cut-and-dried group desire.

How you feel about spending money is an integral part of your travel personality. Are you a free-spender, who occasionally doesn't mind being "taken" at a night-club or by a taxi driver? Are you a middle-of-the-roader, willing to spend a reasonable amount of money? Or does it break your heart to part with a dime?

The free-spender (most often an extrovert) distributes largess wherever he goes. If he is well-heeled, he chooses the de luxe hotel. He eats pressed duck at the Tour D'Argent, and he does not quibble at the price. The idea of a secret little bistro, where Mama cooks in the kitchen, seldom interests him. He lives as high as he lives at home—and he's willing to pay the prices. Often he lives a lot higher than at home, but after the trip he is not regretful about what he spent. He is happiest, agents find, when he has compiled, with the help of friends, a list of addresses of places he doesn't want to miss. He then explains to his agent where he wants to go, goes there, and enjoys every minute. His problems are few.

The middle-of-the-roader runs into difficulties. He is sensible, and knows exactly how much to budget for his trip, but faced with all those dazzling brochures he has a tendency to lose his head. He must hold himself back or his trip will be spoiled. People travel for fun and relaxation. Once the trip becomes a financial burden, its whole purpose is lost. The middle-of-the-roader should not budge from his original budget. Only on that basis can a satisfactory trip be worked out for him.

The man who is unhappy at parting with a penny has two choices—he can stay home, or he can face the fact that even though he spends a year painstakingly studying the most inexpensive ways to travel, *all* situations and costs cannot be foreseen. If he can accept that fact, he will doubtless have a wonderful time abroad, partly because of the triumph—the result of long months of comparing prices and ferreting out low-cost pensions—of "doing it for less."

Yet, many travelers should consider whether they might not want to shift their money personality into another gear when they go abroad. One couple who know what they want live economically all year—saving a sizable proportion of their $9,000-a-year income—in order to take a three-week trip abroad every year and live in the greatest of luxury. Bringing to the surface the subconscious desire to treat yourself to a luxury trip, or to a low-cost but extended trip that gets you much mileage and many new experiences, can give a traveler lifetime satisfaction.

Mishaps, Funny or Frightening?

Are you the kind of person whose day is ruined by a minor mishap? Or in your vocabulary is "mishap" a synonym for "adventure"? One tourist, traveling with his wife, becomes terribly upset when his baggage is lost for ten minutes. A foreign-language menu baffles him and he orders the wrong dish. A series of such mishaps can even ruin his trip.

Yet, another couple travels with the subconscious hope of such mishaps—the amusing frailties of porters, the humor in being accidentally marooned at midnight outside of Vienna when the cabdriver misunderstands their high school German and doesn't wait. To them, such mishaps mean *really* traveling abroad. They delightedly hoard such events to recount to friends at dinner and cocktail parties.

To suit each of these personalities—and many others—there is a specific method of traveling. The man who does

AMERY CARHART of American Express believes couples should discuss travel ideas. "A wife [who usually does the booking] may think she knows what will please her mate, but could be wrong."

not want to grapple with *any* travel problems, who does not want to make *any* decisions, who wants to escape *all* details, from tipping to hailing a cab, can take an escorted tour. He doesn't even have to decide on what date to leave: the escorted tour leaves only on specific dates. The escort takes care of such perplexers as "What should I order?", handles the baggage, and fights winning battles with recalcitrant taxi drivers.

But the couple eager for adventure run the risk of feeling trapped if they take an escorted tour. They are far better off with one of the other choices, like the package tour, whose most bare-boned version includes just transportation and hotel, both selected by the packager. The couple who don't want to be quite *that* flexible can pick a package with more items included: often it may include some sightseeing, meals, or special features. But the traveler must be willing to accept the transportation and itinerary and hotels selected by the tour company. If you are not willing to compromise on these matters stay away.

Some people are unhappy unless their itinerary has rubber-band flexibility. They cannot compromise. For these people there is the F.I.T. trip, or foreign independent travel, as it is known in the trade. It can be as bare-boned as the package, differing only in that *you* pick where you want to go, how you want to travel, the hotels you want to stay in. It can include any sightseeing you select, from viewing Versailles to visiting Hadrian's Villa outside Rome. If you are the kind of person who gets claustrophobia in the hassle of traveling connections, the F.I.T. supplies "transfers"—which means that the travel agent's representatives in foreign cities will pluck you out of the madhouse of airport or ship's dock, and drive you to your hotel. For this kind of job, the travel agent adds a service charge.

The Do-It-Yourselfer

But if you are the do-it-yourself type of person who does not mind, and even positively enjoys, attacking the problems involved in arranging your own trip, you can have long-term fun. In most cases you will find that you won't spend any less, but you can get months of pleasure out of watching your trip take shape under your own hands.

Unfortunately, attracted by one or the other of these trips, people too often dive headlong for their choice—and find they have made drastic mistakes. Most husbands and wives do not take into account their basic personality problems. In some homes, the question "What movie shall we go to tonight?" often ends in an argument which is unsatisfactorily resolved by staying home for the evening. For husbands and wives who find it difficult to agree where minor decisions are concerned, agents suggest planning definite sightseeing projects in advance. Says James W. Kirk, Sales Promotion Manager of Thos. Cook & Son, Inc., "There is nothing as sadly wasteful as a man and wife sitting in a Paris hotel room for hours, arguing about where to go."

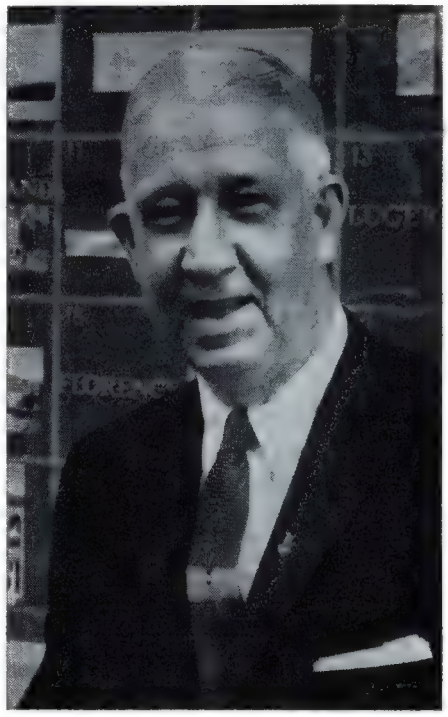
Social-minded couples who find it a dull life indeed if they don't entertain at home two or three times a week should take their gregarious needs into consideration. Contrary to the wishful thinking of such social people, it is *not* easy to form casual, short-term friendships abroad. One such couple, wanting complete freedom and independence of choice, booked an F.I.T. trip. Their plane, headed for Amsterdam, had not even reached Shannon Airport when they began to feel lonely. Luckily, over breakfast at Shannon Airport they met another couple who were traveling to Amsterdam without reservations and were also feeling lonely. The four joined forces, got much more fun out of seeing Europe together.

Couples who are independent, yet social, have been known to decide, after all, to take an escorted tour. But most independent people, social or not, stand firm against diluting the foreignness of their trip by traveling with fellow Americans.

Real fiascos occur frequently when two couples decide to vacation with their best friends. The amount of money invested in a trip abroad, and the trip's purpose—fun—demand careful thought about just how compatible you really are with those best friends. One energetic wife, returning from a foursome trip abroad with slow-moving friends, described her trip as "traveling with an albatross around my neck."

Where travel with friends is concerned, the couple that does not like night life makes a major error in teaming up with the four-martinis-before-dinner friends who want to sit through the second floor show—*any* second floor show, as long as it's there. Agents find that heavy drinkers seldom team up successfully with non-drinkers, nighttime people with daytime people. Even before some couples depart on their trips with best friends, they often confess, "I don't know how we got into it." The agents' advice: get out of it at once. It would be better to postpone your trip altogether than to start an ill-fated journey.

For single people, whether to travel with friends or alone has always been a



"YOUNG COUPLES," says James Kirk of Thos. Cook & Son, "select trips that include a "let's see what happens" element. Older people choose trips that give them fewer worries, fewer decisions to make."

head-cracking question. Some people—the strong-minded, the person with definite interests, the exceedingly independent neophyte, or the seasoned traveler—*can* successfully travel alone. This is particularly true of the extremely self-confident man. He views travel with any group as deplorably lacking in individuality. He is sure he can meet adventure and cope with it. The very idea of trav-

(continued)

Ray Manley Shostal

THE PIAZZA SAN MARCO in Venice is the biggest drawing card for romantics. The European continent, with only short distances separating a variety of cultures and climates, attracts 75 per cent of all Americans who take a trip abroad.

eling alone excites his imagination. He can get away with it if he is particularly good at meeting strangers. He can get away with it even better if he also has a smattering of foreign languages.

But the woman who travels alone will, in all probability, have a wretched time. Agents make no bones about this. Her travels will be hampered by different cultural attitudes; in South America she will have to be in her hotel room after dark—or run the risk of being mistaken for a streetwalker. In most countries varying degrees of this situation hold true.

Even if a woman prefers churches, shopping, ruins, and daytime sightseeing, she returns dissatisfied unless she has been traveling with another woman friend. A woman traveling alone cannot show the bargain she just got on Vienna's Kaerntnerstrasse to a friend. She cannot exclaim in wonder, to a companion, at the beauty of the Victory of Samothrace in the Louvre. Most often, the opportunity to share an experience with someone actually determines the pleasure of the experience itself.

Moreover, most single men and women who travel alone discover that they are like the wistful urchin looking through a window pane at the gay party going on inside. Probably the best bet for a single person is an escorted Bachelor Party Tour. It satisfies the desire for sharing, for sociability. It includes everything from daytime sightseeing to enjoying night clubs. It also relieves the single person of that unpleasant look in a waiter's eye when he hears "table for one."

Don't Be Intimidated

Inhibitions, the fear of being original, the fear of *not* being original—all these interfere with the tourist's true travel personality. Agents insist that tourists ask themselves what they really are searching for. Are you, for example, the kind of person who would be happier brushing shoulders with celebrities at St. Tropez, the sunlit bit of Riviera where Bardot gambols? Or do you get your kicks from viewing temples in Bangkok? Or both?

Do you honestly prefer places that are "off the beaten path"—or are you just intimidated into thinking you do because, in your social circle, stature is gained by going to out-of-the-way spots, and "standard" places are viewed with scorn? Typical of this pitfall is the story of three couples who, all trying to top each other at a party one night, worked themselves into an emotional lather and decided they would take their vacation together, staying at small, unknown French villages. On the fourth night of their trip, while staying in a small village, one of the husbands got up enough courage to break out with, "Paris is only seventy miles away. Let's go." Everybody breathed a sigh of relief.

The neophyte tourist who wants to see the high lights of Europe is on the right track. Or so travel agents believe. They can, say agents, decide what they like and don't like, and they can select the area that appeals to them and go there on their next trip. Keeping in mind their travel personality, they can arrange the trip to suit their individual needs or interests—more time in Vienna if a person likes music. Florence for painting.

Loosing the Real You

After seeing the things you don't want to miss, *at the pace that suits you*, you may find it a good idea to loaf. Some of the combinations that suit various personalities: Seeing high spots and filling a certain bill, like skiing, skindiving, visiting your ancestors' home town—everything but baseball. Seeing and relaxing. Traveling on a shoestring—and during the last three days of a trip, pulling out all the stops and living it up.

But some neophytes, exploring their travel personality, may uncover startlingly strong drives. One man discovers himself to be a romantic in search of the exotic—and part of his trip includes sipping *sake* in Japan. The daring or the adventurous can spearhead their way into "new" countries: Russia, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia. The Kipling-lover may want nothing in the world more than a drive through the Khyber Pass. Once the traveler has jettisoned the defeating baggage of what he thinks he *ought* to do, he will do anything from taking a safari to spending a week in Kashmir on a houseboat.

For almost any secret yen, there is a matching answer. Licensed amateur pilots take a twenty-one-day tour, flying in two-seater planes around France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland. Mountain climbers lead off with a week-long course in rock and ice climbing in Switzerland, then tackle the Engelhorner. For the fashion-conscious, there are fashion tours. For riding enthusiasts, there are two-week horseback-riding trips through Austria. One American Express client fulfilled his lifelong ambition to play the organ in a church in Haarlem, Holland. A Texan recently confided to a Simmons Tours agent, "Bullfights are my meat," and his three-week vacation consisted of following bullfights from village to village in Spain. "I'm a railroad buff," a San Franciscan happened to mention to another agent—and included in his European vacation was a day spent riding on a narrow-gauge railroad in Wales.

Some people have the peculiar desire to practice "lastmanship": seeking the distinction of having been to a place that no one else can go to because it no longer exists. The people who stayed at Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo before January 1952, when rioters destroyed the hotel, are still casually tossing off the phrase, "When I was staying at the *old* Shepheard's . . ." This bit of lastmanship was sheer luck: no one *knew* the hotel was going to burn.

Real lastmanship takes considerable thought. Currently attracting tourists is Abou Simbel, two hundred miles from Aswan in Egypt. The real fascination, to some tourists, lies less in the two magnificent temples with their enormous statues of Ramses II and his wife, Queen Nefertari, than in the fact that the temples are probably doomed: they lie in the area that will be flooded when the Aswan Dam is completed.

To what lengths will agents go to satisfy your travel personality? One man, interested in relationships between the United States and South America, joined the tour that followed President Eisenhower on his South American tour last February: with a group of similar addicts, he arrived in Rio de Janeiro in time to witness the President's official welcome. The President was in São Paulo on Thursday, Buenos Aires on Friday, Santiago, Chile, on February 29, in Montevideo, Uruguay, on March 2—and so was our man. He paid $971 for this tour, and he gained what every traveler who explores his travel personality can gain: wider knowledge and a happy experience. THE END

"TOURISTS often do too much in a short time—it's like stuffing yourself with a dinner just because it's there," says Max B. Allen, President of American Society of Travel Agents and of "Ask Mr. Foster."

Host on the High Seas

To a million oceangoers each year, the ship's purser or its cruise director is a combination diplomat, dietitian, recreation chief, matchmaker, detective, and psychoanalyst. He is also the man most likely to be dunked in the pool.

BY J. P. EDWARDS *Photos by Bern Keating • Black Star*

The big whistle blows a deep-throated warning. The last cry goes up: "All ashore that are going ashore!" Never-say-die merrymakers hurry down the gangplank. Families and friends wave from the pier and take last-minute snapshots. The gangplanks are raised, the moorings freed. The big motors begin to hum. Slowly, carefully, like a ponderous giantess, the *Queen Elizabeth* moves away from shore, leaving the landlubber world behind but taking with her the best elements of that world, including fine foods, the latest movies, world-wide telephone service, and a complete general hospital.

Transporting 2,288 passengers across the Atlantic is a Gargantuan task. It will require a crew of 1,280 people. Fuel oil for the engines will cost $28,000 a day. The kitchen must prepare more than 60,000 meals en route. Florists will fashion more than 2,500 corsages and bouquets. Stewards will take linens from a "closet" containing 30,000 sheets, 21,000 tablecloths. Table settings will come from a "cupboard" filled with more than 1,000,000 pieces of silver, china, and glassware.

Vast and varied as a luxury liner's facilities are, the passengers' enjoyment of the voyage depends chiefly on one man: the ship's purser. Ranking just below the captain, the purser is responsible for virtually all operations not strictly nautical. He is a seagoing banker, innkeeper, recreation director. Above all, he is the ship's genial, ever-tactful host.

Ubiquitous Prince Charming

He may, in a single day, plan a gala masquerade ball, send a stowaway to the brig, referee tournaments, cash countless traveler's checks, radio ahead for fresh food supplies, answer questions in several foreign languages, and, in the evening, gallantly divide his time among unattached women passengers like the one who, after a waltz with *Liberté* purser Robert Bellet, exclaimed happily. "That's the first time anyone has asked me to dance in twenty-two years!"

When shipboard harmony is threatened, a wide-awake purser goes into action at once. A thorny problem arose on the *Liberté* when United Nations delegates from both Russia and Yugoslavia booked passage. Relations between their countries were strained, and their constant efforts to avoid each other caused a chilly atmosphere to settle over the entire ship. After four days of cautious maneuvering, Chief Purser Bellet succeeded in bringing the hostile factions together for a midnight Christmas service in the ship's theatre. Thereupon, he ushered in a children's choir that was on board and had the youngsters sing both a Yugoslavian and a Russian carol. Within minutes, the chill had thawed and, for the rest of the voyage, the Christmas spirit reigned supreme.

World Problems

A purser's job differs from voyage to voyage and from ship to ship. Problems that crop up during an Atlantic crossing tend to be different from those of a Mediterranean or Caribbean cruise. The special difficulties of a world cruise are in a class by themselves.

On a transatlantic crossing, the purser is a big-time banker. The seventy vessels making the run this year will carry nearly one million passengers, and their chief pursers will sometimes require up to thirty assistants to cash traveler's checks, give crewmen advances on wages, and handle the economic transactions for a seagoing community of 2,500 persons. On a single transatlantic round trip, the purser may pay out $300,000 in cash.

The North Atlantic run also has the highest number of celebrity passengers—a circumstance that demands the maximum of discretion and tact. With celebrities, accommodations are an especially touchy problem. As every purser knows, greats can become ingrates if a stateroom fails to match their concept of their own importance.

Gig Marquise, formerly of the *Matsonia* and now chief purser of the *Independence*, tells how a famous Hollywood star came aboard in high spirits, then underwent a change of mood when he found a movie director had the next cabin—one a bit larger than his own. Furious at this fancied slight, the star ordered his luggage taken ashore, and the ship had to sail without him.

When a famous entertainer comes aboard, tradition dictates that the purser must ask him to do a free show for passengers. This can be a delicate matter. As Tom Hidderley, staff purser of the *Queen Elizabeth*, says, "It's a bit like inviting someone to a party, then when he arrives saying, 'Hello, old chap. Before you have a drink, how about coming over to the piano and playing something?'" One concert artist complied so enthusiastically that he broke the *Queen Elizabeth*'s piano. Others, like Bob Hope, Sophie Tucker, and Gracie Fields, graciously give a show each time they sail. Many entertainers, however, have contracts forbidding such appearances. Others may be willing, but enjoy acting reluctant and letting the purser coax them. In this, they are likely to be disappointed, for a good purser usually is too considerate to insist.

Reluctant Extrovert

A top television personality discovered this for himself a few months ago. For the first three days of the voyage he remained in his stateroom. "We assumed he wanted to be left alone," the purser says, "so we didn't bother him. Then, when he saw we weren't going to come to him, he came to us. In the end, he wound up emceeing the passenger show. We were delighted, but we couldn't have stopped him if we had tried."

A transatlantic liner has fun facilities rivaling those of a shoreside resort hotel—theatres, swimming pools, card rooms, cocktail lounges, night clubs—so many things that, on the *Queen Mary*, Beatrice Lillie was moved to inquire: "What time does this place get to England?"

The purser, however, does not rely on these facilities alone. He also stages quizzes and costume balls, amateur nights and beauty contests—anything he thinks his passengers will enjoy. He even offers gambling, notably through an old seago-

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THE CARONIA, *largest ship built especially for cruising, arrives at Kingston, Jamaica. In foreground is the terrace of the Myrtle Bank Hotel, where the ship's cruise director, Vaughn Rickard, will bring the passengers for luncheon.*

Pursers must be on call twenty-four hours a day.

ing institution known as the Auction Pool, in which bets are taken on how many miles the ship will cover in a day. (Winnings are sometimes large. One winner of the *Queen Elizabeth*'s Auction Pool collected $14,000.)

Not all passengers care for games of chance, deck sports, dancing, or the ship's other recreational offerings. The one sport that just about all of them do participate in and enjoy is eating.

A well-supplied table has always been the purser's trump card. As Chief Purser Bob Gehrig of the *United States* puts it: "You can give them entertainment twenty-four hours a day, but if you haven't got a good kitchen, you're out." Adalbert Paluka, one of the *Queen Frederica*'s two chief pursers, agrees. "Happiness," he says, "begins from the stomach."

Flexible Menu

Whatever a passenger's dietary needs—kosher, diabetic, salt-free—the purser makes it a point to have the proper foods for him. Not long ago, a man who had booked passage on the *United States* wrote that he liked a particular brand of English biscuits. They were served to him his first day out at sea. On the same ship, the Duke of Windsor once requested a certain brand of bitters. This brand is now included on the list of supplies.

Since all food is included in the price of passage, some passengers have a field day trying out unaccustomed luxuries. Now and then, they even order caviar for breakfast. "If they order caviar for breakfast, they get it," one purser says. "But of course," he adds, with the certitude of a man who has spent a lifetime distinguishing the sheep from the goats, "they're the very ones who would never have caviar at home."

. . . And the Kitchen Sink

A transatlantic liner carries the most staggering quantity and bewildering variety of foods to be found almost anywhere in the world. Before a recent crossing, the *United States* took aboard:

84,000 eggs
nearly a ton of live lobsters
$4,000 worth of caviar
2 tons of grapefruit
6 tons of fish
26 tons of beef
more than 30 tons of fresh vegetables
5,066 bottles of champagne
5,498 bottles of Scotch
23,123 bottles of beer.

The *United States* also offers exotic items like snails, truffles, bird's nest soup, and kangaroo tail soup—in fact, any dish under the sun, from *tournedos "Rossini"* to corned beef and cabbage.

Lionel Carine, chief purser of the *Queen Elizabeth*, boasts that in the twenty-two years since his ship was launched its kitchens have been found wanting only once. This was when a whimsical passenger asked for "a whale sandwich—the cut just behind the shoulder." The request was soberly relayed to the chef who, just as seriously, sent word that the gentleman would have to accept a substitution.

A problem pursers would rather not talk about, but which confronts them from time to time, is the matter of stowaways. Throughout seagoing history, people seeking free passage have been hiding in lifeboats, in the hold, or simply remaining on deck and trying to behave like paying passengers. In inventiveness and imagination, today's stowaways are second to none. And the purser, as nautical police officer, is often hard put to discover them.

Last January, the *Queen Frederica* had a stowaway who, for sheer ability to bluff, outranks them all. He came aboard in Italy, with several pieces of luggage, and confidently established himself in an empty stateroom. At dinnertime, he donned a well-tailored tuxedo and ascended to the dining room. Unable to produce a dining card, he was asked to see the purser.

"He came in very angry," Chief Purser Paluka says. "He claimed we had embarrassed him and owed him an apology. He gave his stateroom number. I checked and found the cabin was unsold. We put him ashore at Gibraltar, still highly indignant."

Conscientious Ex-Employee

Not so well dressed, but even more convincing was one of the *Queen Elizabeth*'s recent stowaways. "He had been a steward for us not long before," says Tom Hidderley. "So, when he came aboard, he simply slipped on his white jacket and reported to the pantry. For some time he went around saying, 'Your tea, madam,' like a regular steward. Then someone said, 'Didn't that fellow sign off two or three voyages ago?' We checked and, sure enough, he had."

The stowaway to end all was a Lithuanian lady who boarded a New York-bound vessel and simply sat on deck reading a book while the ship steamed out to sea. Two hours later she confronted the purser with a portentous announcement: "The pains have come. I'm going to have a baby."

She was as good as her word. A short time later, the ship had a new passenger—one that could hardly be put ashore at the first port of call. When the mother and her new daughter were returned to the country where she had boarded the

MOORE-McCORMACK'S ELEANOR BRITTON *considers ships romantic settings, admits that, as cruise director, she played Cupid "more than once."*

ship, they had become great favorites with everyone, and the passengers had even raised two hundred dollars for them. "How can I ever thank you?" the mother said to the purser as she departed. "The free hospital . . . and this money. . . . You've been so wonderful to me, all of you."

"We were glad to do it," he said. Then, coming as close to actual rudeness as a purser can, he added, "But please don't send your friends."

An Atlantic crossing is one thing; a cruise is quite another. On a cruise, passengers are aboard for the entire round trip, and shipboard life itself is expected to be the main source of fun. Accordingly, the purser's role as host is taken over by a specialist known as the cruise director. The purser continues as banker, police officer, and payer of bills, but all matters of diversion, from shuffleboard tournaments to shore excursions, from cocktail parties to crossing-the-line ceremonies, are under the aegis of the cruise director. His sole responsibility: to see that the voyage is fun, fun, fun, from the moment the first streamers snap until the day the boat arrives back at its home port.

COSTUME PARTIES *are a big favorite with cruise passengers. Above are Mr. and Mrs. Howard Weitzman, of Chicago, who honeymooned on the* Caronia.

Buffet Before Lunch

A cruise director tries to have one or more planned activities going every minute. He considers it the highest form of flattery when a passenger complains, as did one on the *Caronia*: "Look, I think you should change the eating schedule. You have the deck buffet at twelve-thirty and then lunch at one. I have a hard time making them both."

The cruise director often has a sizable staff which may include: an assistant cruise director, one or more hostesses, a bridge expert, a dance team, a photographer, a sketching artist, a lecturer, a language professor, and one or more shore excursion managers. With their help, he plans bridge tourneys, gymkhanas, audience participation stunts, and floor shows—often inspired by the countries to be visited. On a Moore-McCormack cruise to South America you can brush up on your Spanish or take tango lessons; on a Matson Lines cruise to Honolulu you can learn to hula and attend a Hawaiian costume party; on the Home Lines' *Queen Frederica* you can attend a "Taverna Night," with waiters in Greek costume and a menu of flavorsome Pelòponnesian dishes.

No matter how varied the schedule, there are always a few passengers who defy the most carefully laid plans to keep them entertained. One director encountered his personal Waterloo at an African port of call. "We scheduled a shore excursion to the diamond mines at Kimberley," he says. "I thought that would be one thing everybody would enjoy. But two passengers came to me and said: 'We don't want to look at mines. We came to get away from mines. We're from Pennsylvania.' "

A more common source of difficulty for cruise directors—one for which there is often no solution—is the quest for shipboard romance. Thousands of stories, poems, and plays have been written about the magical possibilities of a meeting at sea. Hundreds of women buy tickets in the hope of just such a meeting. They are usually disappointed because, as Chief Purser Lawrence Lopez of the *Santa Paula* puts it: "When a woman saves her money she takes a trip; when a man has saved some money, he buys an automobile."

This is a diplomatic way of stressing the statistical fact that, on cruises, women outnumber men two to one. "On the first night out," one cruise director says, "most of the eligible bachelors are staked out as the property of an equal number of women. The women who come in second complain. It is a problem I have never been able to solve."

Nevertheless, a percentage of women *do* find romance on the high seas. Eleanor Britton, director of entertainment and cruise staffs for Moore-McCormack, is a staunch believer in the possibilities of shipboard encounters. "A husband or wife doesn't come with every ticket," she says, "but some people *are* lucky."

"I *Did* Something . . ."

Before becoming a shoreside executive, Miss Britton spent eight years as a cruise directress; some of her real-life experiences rival the TV exploits of Gale Storm. Has she ever played Cupid? "Indeed I have," she says. "I remember one woman who took a Mediterranean cruise with us. She was seated at a table of women and met no one else. She told me she was going to leave the ship at Gibraltar unless I *did* something. I induced her to stay aboard and had her transferred to my table. I told the steward: 'Put a man at our table—*any* man.' That night she found a nice widower seated beside her.

"Jane hooked him," she concludes. "It turned out they lived in the same city, only two blocks apart. But they wouldn't have met if they hadn't taken the cruise."

"You Hardly Noticed Her"

A single man, faced with the large number of attractive women on a cruise, may find it difficult to choose among them. Once, Miss Britton met a young bachelor who had been with her on a recent voyage. "You may be interested to know," he told her, "that Mary and I are going to be married."

"You mean the same Mary who roomed with me?" Miss Britton asked.

"Yes."

"But you hardly noticed her! I don't think you danced with her once."

"Well . . ." the young man replied sheepishly, "I didn't get *around* to her till I got home."

Sometimes a man and woman who meet aboard ship ask to be married by the captain during the voyage. Usually this cannot be done. The reason: both must present papers proving that they have never been wed or are legally divorced.

Shipboard romances, however, have triumphed over greater obstacles than this. "We had one girl," Miss Britton says, "who took a cruise to South America and fell madly in love with a handsome Argentinean. He left the boat without broaching the subject of marriage, but the girl was determined to see him again. She worked for an international cosmetics house and, when she got home, she asked

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One host's record: 190 parties on a single voyage.

to be transferred to 'a Spanish-speaking country.'

"They transferred her all right—to Ecuador. She waited a few months, asked for another transfer, and got it—to Venezuela. This went on for five years. They kept moving her from one Latin American country to another, but the closest she ever got to Argentina was Chile. Finally, she simply quit and, with no job and very little money, took a freighter to Buenos Aires."

The comedy of errors was not yet ended. "The day they docked, she was strolling on the deck, which was wet. She slipped and fell, breaking both legs. Her Argentinian beau was waiting on the pier, but she didn't exactly make a glamorous entrance. She was carried ashore with both legs in casts. This was one romance, though, that *nothing* could spoil. They are now happily married."

No Time for Romance

Despite Miss Britton's blonde good looks and magnetic personality, her duties with Moore-Mac have left little time to seek romance for herself. She has had tributes paid her in every part of the world (songs written about her in Trinidad, a drink named for her in the Fiji Islands), but she finds that "a good cruise director has no time for personal romance. If she pays too much attention to one man, other women on the cruise get jealous. And, like most sailors, she is never in port long enough to establish an attachment."

Travel Tips

For enjoying your voyage—with or without romance—Matson Line cruise directors offer these tips:

In deck sports: Even if you're a natural athlete, don't win all the competitions. Let others share the glory.

In entertaining: Repay your obligations. Women can reciprocate by tossing a cocktail (or tea) party.

On the dance floor: Men should dance occasionally with women other than their wives. Ladies will have their chance at tag-your-man dances.

If you want to be alone: Find a deck chair, a good book, and when you see someone coming, pretend to be dozing.

In conversation: Don't tell all your jokes the first day. Be a little mysterious—make people curious about you. But smile—don't scare them off.

Busiest cruise director in the business is Vaughn Rickard of the *Caronia.* As head of fun and festivity on the world's largest year-round cruise ship, he has a personal staff of twenty-five, and an eighteen-hour-a-day social schedule that makes Elsa Maxwell look like a stay-at-home.

Rickard is well on the way to becoming the champion cocktail-party-giver of all time. When the *Caronia* is at sea—ten months of every year—he not only plans and attends hundreds of affairs given by passengers, he also gives two cocktail parties a day in his own suite, one at noon and the other at 5 P.M. This month, when the ship returns from its annual ninety-five-day world cruise, he will have given, on this voyage alone, one hundred and ninety cocktail parties.

With all this practice, has he discovered a surefire formula for successful entertaining? "It's best to have small groups," he says. "Not more than twenty-five people. But each group is different and, when it comes to specifics, I believe in playing it by ear. The only 'must' is music. I always keep the hi-fi playing. With music, people can talk privately—about the other guests, if they like—without fear of being overheard. Once—just once—I gave a party without music. Everybody talked in whispers. . . ."

White Elephants

The longer the cruise, the more time passengers spend shopping at various ports. To make sure they don't get bilked by foreign merchants, the cruise director makes up a list of recommended places to buy. Even so, some passengers get sick of their purchases before the voyage ends. For this folly, the cruise director has an effective answer: the white elephant sale.

Shortly before the voyage ends, he becomes auctioneer for an afternoon, selling pottery, brassware, fezzes, saris, and pairs of pointed slippers (both lefts).

Sometimes he sells things that *weren't* bought in foreign ports. "Some passengers sell their going-away gifts," one cruise director says. "We even had one woman who sold her clothes. She claimed she had put on so much weight during the cruise that she couldn't wear them any more."

Long cruises often cross the equator, giving the cruise director a chance to stage the biggest powwow of all—"crossing the line" ceremonies, which, according to the tradition of the sea, trans-

LATE-HOUR PARTIES *are a daily event during cruises. The purser and the cruise director stay up with the happy revelers, sometimes not retiring till 4* A.M.

form nautical greenhorns into "shellbacks," or veteran sailors.

The ceremonies consist of a hazing—usually a mock "head shave" followed by a dunk in the swimming pool—and, in the evening, a ball in honor of the initiates. To make things more fun, the cruise director, captain, and staff captain dutifully allow themselves to be hazed along with the rest. "We don't exactly enjoy it," one of them ruefully admits, "but our job is to please the passengers. And they dearly love to see us get the business."

Since the duties of a ship's host include everything from being thrown into the pool to throwing a stowaway into the brig, the job would seem to require a dazzling array of special skills. Actually, it is more a matter of intuition than training. A French Line official says, "No one can really teach you how to be a purser. Beginners have to pass quite a few exams, and that takes some studying, but the job is essentially a blend of tact, manners, instinct, and resourcefulness."

Most chief pursers began by working for a steamship line on shore. Bob Gehrig of the *United States* is a typical example. "I always wanted to go to sea," he says. "I started in a job on land. Then, when I was finally assigned to a ship, they told me, 'If you get seasick, we'll get another boy for your job.' I *couldn't* get seasick." Of such determined optimism are good pursers made.

All the Ship's a Stage

Cruise directors are a different matter. Many of them have been in show business or related fields and have taken their jobs as a logical step toward the goal of keeping people entertained.

Vaughn Rickard, for example, studied to be an actor. Danny Leone of the *Brasil* and Louis De Mangus of the *Argentina* both began as ship's vocalists. Eleanor Britton was chosen Miss New Jersey in 1932 and won a trip to Europe. She swapped it for nine trips to Bermuda. "In the next few years," she laughs, "I was in Bermuda so much I lost my secretarial job. There was nothing to do but make a profession of traveling."

Does the role of ship's host, with its continual round of gaiety, ever pall? "Not long ago some of our pursers on the *Queen Elizabeth* decided they had had it," Tom Hidderley says. "They were sick of parties. They couldn't wait for a holiday ashore—alone. They were going to take long, solitary walks. They were going to hide in hotel rooms and become twenty-four-hour recluses.

"Then the holiday arrived and what did they do?"

He smiles, with that understanding of human nature which marks every successful purser. "Wouldn't you know it?" he says. "They called each other up and threw a party." THE END

VAUGHN RICKARD *(second from left) inspects decorations for the* Caronia's *Red and Gold Ball. He designs them and has them made up while ship is at sea.*

PASSENGERS *who find it inconvenient to go to the dining room may have lunch at the* Caronia's *deck buffet. Swimmers may come in their bathing suits.*

IDLEWILD
Gateway to the World

New York's International Airport is a sprawling Jet Age giant that covers 4,900 acres, has 22,725 employees, handles 7,000,000 passengers a year—and is still growing.

BY BILL BALLANTINE

America's greatest aerial gateway, New York's International Airport, better known as Idlewild, has outgrown its adolescence. The fabulous Professor Propoofnik is no longer paged over the public address system. No more calls for the mythical professor to pick up his sleigh at Icelandic Airlines, *Mush*!, his papoose at the Mohawk ticket counter, *Ugh*! This popular gag was once dear to airlines-counter comedians who were bored by lulls in the airborne business; it has just about died out. There's no time for such nonsense at today's Idlewild, which, in ten years, has become the world's busiest airport.

Last year the huge terminal handled 214,298 flights, carrying 6,994,260 passengers—a daily average of more than 19,000 persons. Its biggest passenger month of 1959 was August, with a total count of 737,700 passengers, more than three times the entire year's total of 1949, Idlewild's first full year of operation.

In the past ten years, Idlewild's passenger traffic has increased slightly more than thirty-one times. Cargo weight has increased from nine million pounds in 1949 to 207,000,000 last year. Idlewild's airmail business has grown, too—from about two million pounds to sixty-three million. To handle this avalanche of airborne business, 22,725 workers are employed at the airfield (annual payroll: $153,000,000). Idlewild has become the leading industry of New York's borough of Queens.

Within a dozen years air travel has become *the* leading means of transportation between nations. In 1958, for the first time, more people crossed the Atlantic in planes than on steamships. Now the Jet Age is here and Idlewild is ready for it, thanks to sagacious planning by The Port of New York Authority, the bistate agency that operates the huge airdrome.

If you've not been to Idlewild Airport for a year or so, you'll be astonished to see how it has changed. Though alterations have not yet been completed, Idlewild is already more glamorous than most of the world's finest air terminals. On what was once an expanse of tideland marsh-flats, a community of ultramodern architecture has been created.

Ceiling Six-Zero

Construction cost alone, exclusive of interior decoration and furnishings, is expected to exceed a third of a *billion* dollars. Price range of individual structures is up to thirty million dollars. Figures and cost tags on a few of the existing installations give some idea of the immensity of the undertaking. A cargo center that covers eighty acres and has 300,000 square feet of floor space cost $5,300,000. A central heating and refrigeration plant cost $7,000,000. (Its works, all decked out in giddy colors—blue for air-conditioning, black for gas, yellow for fuel oil, red for hot water, and so on—are lodged behind a glass façade and may be seen by the visiting public.) At Idlewild it's ceiling *six*-zero.

All structures on the field are the property of the City of New York, which has leased the terminal to The Port Authority for fifty years. The Port Authority sub-

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The Port of New York Authority

JET'S-EYE VIEW of world's busiest air terminal shows cluster of new buildings, mammoth runways where seven hundred planes a day land and take off. From here, Paris can be reached in seven hours, Japan in less than twelve.

Airport workers have their own ideas of famed travelers: Van Cliburn, "stubborn"; Eleanor Roosevelt, "a lady"; Louis Armstrong, "crazy, man!"

leases to the various occupants. Construction bills are largely footed by The Port Authority, which obtains repayment through its subleases.

The most significant factor in Idlewild's renovation is its revolutionary plan of decentralized terminals, a scheme that is expected to cope successfully with the airport's future traffic, which forecasters have spotted at twelve million annually by 1965. A single terminal capable of handling such a traveler-horde would need to snake out to an ungainly length—something like two miles. Therefore Idlewild's planners have created a distinctive passenger area, a 655-acre terminal village within the 4,900-acre city of Idlewild. In this compound, major U.S. airlines will carry on operations from their own buildings, foreign flag lines will operate from the two large wing buildings, and a union terminal will house the rest of the airlines. The area's official title is Terminal City.

Already in business on Terminal City's perimeter are the travel temples of three large United States Airlines: Eastern, American, and United. (The Pan-American terminal should be in business this spring, and TWA's building should be ready next year. Northwest, sharing space with Northeast and Braniff, will break ground soon.)

Permanent Improvement

Still very much in evidence—as frenetic, untidy, and claustrophobic as ever—is that much-castigated rabbit warren, the Temporary Terminal Building ("temporary" since 1947). Eventually, this barrackslike eyesore will yield to progress and be replaced by a new union terminal.

Leading landmark of Terminal City and focus of the entire airport is the International Arrivals Building (IAB to Idlewild's workers). Here are located the United States Health, Customs, and Immigration-Naturalization Services, and in the two Wing Buildings are the passenger depots of twenty of Idlewild's twenty-two foreign-flag airlines. IAB is an *avant-garde*, three-story affair of steel, concrete, glazed brick, and glass. Its central main hall sports an enormous, heavily buttressed, parabolic roof surfaced with stainless steel, and there are two thin Wing Buildings—east and west. The whole affair has a frontal stretch—wingtip to wingtip—of eleven city blocks.

To the west of the IAB, steel purlins and king posts for the constructing of Pan American World Airways' new ten-million-dollar terminal stab the sky. The unique toadstool-like, cable-suspended construction has been given the nickname "umbrella terminal." An eighty-nine-foot-wide air curtain will take the place of entrance doors to the glass-enclosed main concourse of this three-level air depot. Jet-liners will nose under the overhang of its cantilevered four-acre roof to give passengers complete weather protection.

Concrete Spirit of the Age

The excitement aroused by Pan Am's mammoth bumbershoot will be augmented by the new twelve-million-dollar terminal of Trans World Airlines (TWA) now coming in on the IAB's east flank. TWA's contribution is a startling concept in concrete (by distinguished architect Eero Saarinen) of "functional realities of the jet age with the aesthetic drama of flight," slated to be finished by 1961. Mr. Saarinen's creation is a "see-through" building with great expanses of glass tying the lofty wingtips to earth. When asked whether this daring use of glass would withstand supersonic blasts of the Jet Age, the noted designer is reported to have said, "I hope so."

Opposite the IAB, on the far side of Terminal City, is American Airlines' new terminal, large enough to process four-million passengers a year, and able to service sixteen jets simultaneously. Its façade is an abstraction in red and blue stained glass, the largest expanse of its kind—317 feet wide and 23 feet high.

To the south is United Air Lines' spanking new terminal, a completely air-conditioned crescent of aluminum and glass. Cost: $12,500,000. It can accommodate two thousand passengers daily and handle thirteen DC-8 jets as well as four piston-prop aircraft at one time.

Eastern Air Lines' new home, built on a concrete-capped forest of six thousand 50-foot pilings, is the largest passenger terminal for a single airline in existence. Floor space is nearly *double* that of the Newark, New Jersey, Passenger Terminal, which is shared by eleven airlines. Eastern, having evaluated the future, has constructed a main lobby to handle six million passengers annually.

Lording it over all is Idlewild's control tower, a stern rectangular sky-reacher of steel and glass eleven stories high. It cost a mere *one* million dollars, and is the highest edifice on the airport. Its tenth-floor observation deck offers a spectacular view of the entire layout, which sprawls over an area equal to all of Manhattan below Forty-second Street.

From the bevy of windows I easily identified all of Idlewild's most important buildings, integrated by a weave of concrete roadways that skirt oddly shaped earthen islands studded with infant pines and hemlocks. The roads are bordered by graceful, lute-shaped lamp posts. The main lighting system, which gives the airport a lovely moonlight glow by night, was designed by Abe Feder, the stage-lighting expert who devised the lighting for the hit musical, *My Fair Lady*.

From the center of a huge, circular pool, a 916-jet fountain soared to a height of sixty feet. Wind-rippled reflecting pools captured flat pieces of sky, mirrored drifting clouds.

A broad foot-bridge leads from the tower into the IAB's mezzanine, where public lounges are on eye-level with a stupendous "Sandy" Calder mobile, a delicately balanced cluster of colored metal paddles that floats lazily in the upper reaches of the building's arched main hall.

In this area the IAB's shops lure the traveler with a plethora of services and accessories. A unique establishment is Chase Manhattan Bank's Representative Office, the world's most relaxed banking office. No money ever crosses its threshold. The Representative, Leo J. M. Pierre, is there simply to offer financial counsel and credit help at home or abroad.

The Customs Service operates what it calls a "supermarket system." Incoming travelers bring their baggage by market hand-cart to one of seventy-two stainless-steel check-out counters for brisk, brief inspection. This routine, which used to keep arrivees fuming for hours, now is often completed in less than ten minutes.

Pampered Passengers

Deplaning passengers are never mixed with those enplaning from the Arrival Building's foreign-flag depots, which occupy the bulk of the building's space. Departing travelers are the world's most pampered, for the international carriers, seeking to outdo each other in the elegance of their passenger waiting-rooms and ground accommodations, have created ticket offices and lounges that are havens of heavenly comfort.

Air France boasts the most sophisticated salon of all, with a gorgeous bar and ultra-smart Felletin tapestries, hand-woven in the Gothic tradition.

British Overseas Airways Corporation, whose company motto is "B.O.A.C. takes good care of you," does so the moment a traveler sets foot inside its headquarters,

which are unmistakably Her Majesty's territory—charming, dignified, and substantial, as befits this old, sage, thoroughly seasoned airline. The public lounge provides five hundred comfortable divans and a nursery. The plush Monarch Lounge provides an elegant bar and a false window which brings artificial sunshine on the gloomiest of days. With 150 arrivals and departures per week, B.O.A.C. is Idlewild's leader among foreign carriers in international flights.

Fashion Favors Simple Lines

Classic simplicity keys the passenger rooms of the Royal Dutch Airlines, KLM, which, established in 1919, is the world's oldest airline. Because of its clean lines, KLM's depot is a favorite setting of New York's fashion photographers.

Other foreign airlines with passenger quarters in the Wing Buildings are: Aerolineas Argentinas; Aeronaves de Mexico; Air-India; Alitalia; Cubana Airlines; Eagle Airways (Bermuda); El-Al Israel Airlines; Iberia Airlines of Spain; Icelandic Airlines; Irish Airlines; Linea Aeropostal Venezolana; Lufthansa German Airlines; Qantas Empire Airways, Ltd.; Sabena-Belgian World Airlines; Scandinavian Airlines System; Swissair; Transcontinental S.A.; and Varig Airlines of Brazil. Each maintains its own gracious bailiwick decorated in the finest manner it can afford, with exotic wood paneling, high-style furniture, and artistic murals of glass, enamel, stone, fabric, sculptured cement, mosaic tile, and ceramic. (Operating from the Temporary Terminal: Trans-Canada and Avianca, oldest airline in this hemisphere.)

At roof level is Idlewild's most ornate restaurant, The Golden Door. It maintains a Sommelier Club for noted air-travelers and has gold-plated telephones that allow free calls to all airlines. Its menu, a broadside as large as a small tablecloth, is illustrated in full color and printed in six languages (English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, and Russian).

The Golden Door's great expanse of windows gives an unobstructed view of three runways. For non-diners, there are ten-cent turnstiles outside this splendid eating house that lead to a 4,000-foot-long observation deck. Here on sunny days, rain-drizzly days, foggy days, and stormy days, you'll find a representative group of Idlewild's sightseers. Some are bound to be of the Old Guard, for the big airport has been a long-time favorite of New York's curiosity clan. Idlewild—ranking with the Bronx Zoo, Coney Island, and Radio City—has a triple-A rating among the pastimer set.

Sightseers scrambling over Idlewild find its size and architecture mighty impressive, but they are really delighted to discover the "small city" of Idlewild and its citizens. For instance, there's a chapel, Our Lady of the Skies, looked after by a monsignor from a nearby Queens parish. Regular masses are held, and many have found it a romantic place to be wed. Ground has been broken for a Jewish synogogue, and a Protestant chapel is being planned. There is a full-size bank with several branches, a barber shop, dry cleaning establishment, laundry, haberdashery, florist, and a newspaper (*Aviation News*).

Workers of Idlewild get together as folks do in every small town. There are social and service clubs (Lions and Kiwanis), a choral society, two Little-Theatre groups. The people who keep the planes running belong to nine different unions. There is a softball league and a bowling league. A paraplegic basketball team (Pan Am Jets) has been the champion for the past four years of the Paralympics.

Only two people actually reside in this airport city: Mr. and Mrs. George Bauer. Mr. Bauer operates the A.S.P.C.A. Animalport, which will shelter anything —gorilla to parakeet, stork to elephant, chinchilla, agouti, boa constrictor. A bear can be hibernated for two-fifty a day, a mature bull boarded for seven. Thoroughbred horses are frequent tenants; in permanent residence are an unclaimed mutt from Germany, a French poodle, and a goat named Billy the Kid. Living in the midst of a great airport, Mrs. Bauer misses neighbors, doesn't notice the jet-noise at all, and, in summer, grows tomatoes and flowers in terrace boxes.

A great many people reside temporarily at Idlewild City's International Hotel, the only hotel in the world actually located *on* an airport. This pleasant caravansery specializes in small conventions, sales meetings, and honeymoons.

International Problems

Running an international airport hotel has its unique problems, according to its manager, Mr. Herman Hanfland. Contrary to normal hotel operation, business at the International is briskest around midnight (because of international flights). And there are odd guest problems, such as: the Britisher who appeared for breakfast in the dining room in stocking feet (in the Continental manner, he'd put his shoes outside his door to be shined; a non-Continental had taken them to Lost and Found); the Italian lady, distrustful of elevators (but not airplanes) who made many stair trips up and down six flights before being discovered and moved to the second floor; the Chinese man ignorant of Room Service, who waited patiently in his room all of one day for his meals to appear. Occasionally a traveler wings in who has never eaten with knife and fork. One memorable week there were eight Eskimos. At least two languages are spoken by each International Hotel staff member; they've been stumped only once—by an obscure Hebrew dialect.

The sightseers of Idlewild are a minor

Maxwell Coplan

PASSING THROUGH CUSTOMS, once a lengthy process, takes only ten minutes now, thanks to Idlewild's "supermarket system" of seventy-two inspection counters.

(continued)

Bigger, safer planes, Fly Now—Pay Later plans, special rate reductions for families are attracting thousands of new air passengers every year.

bane of its existence. There breathes not an employee who hasn't quaked at the prospect of those steaming summer weekends when tribal cries echo down the marble corridors; when candy-wrappers are deposited in mailboxes and picture postcards mailed in trash bins; when handrails, glass doors, and seats are stickied-up by grubby urchins who get themselves mislaid, jerked about, and in everybody's hair.

However tiresome, these deadheads are politely referred to as "non-traveling visitors" by airline personnel, ever mindful that he who walks will someday fly. In 1954 the average number of passengers per airplane was 13; today it is 31. The average miles flown per air traveler fifteen years back was 547; today, 615. People are not only flying more often, but farther—and for less money. A comparison of fares between the years 1948 and 1959 shows a reduction of 26.6 per cent in the lowest available standard transatlantic fare—from $350 to $257.

For millions of people, flying has become a conventional method of travel rather than a derring-do adventure fraught with peril. Last year the world's scheduled airlines flew ninety-six million passengers a staggering 1,875,000,000 miles (this does not include the figures for airlines of the U.S.S.R. and the People's Republic of China). These are astounding figures when one remembers that before the war the *total* number of four-engine passenger liners in operation on all United States airlines was five.

Airborne Corral

Air cargo is still only a drop in the world freight bucket, but all sorts of things are now shipped by air. KLM, one of the big three transatlantic freight carriers (the other two are Pan Am and Seaboard & Western), has transported the U.S. Equestrian team of twelve horses, four grooms, and five riders in one cargo plane, and once carried forty-two farm animals (heifers, sheep, and pigs) to Nepal in a single plane.

Now that the Jet Age, with its breathtaking potential, has begun in full force, air-passenger figures are bound to soar to astronomical heights, for jets have the speed that takes fatigue out of travel. From New York City to Albany by train is a longer trip than one by jet from New York to Nassau in the Bahamas. Boston to Paris is six hours via jet; Boston to Philadelphia by railroad takes five minutes longer.

The "big drink" between us and Europe no longer seems 3,650 miles wide; Los Angeles is but a six-hour non-stop hop from New York City. Jet flight means four and a half additional hours to Hawaii. Paris is seven hours from Idlewild; London, six and one-half.

High over the Atlantic these days are diamond swappers, fur merchants, bulb-growers, toy buyers, fashion-cribbers—each using the magic of jet speed to gain some trade advantage. Jets make air commutation possible.

Plane-Hoppers

Already there are veterans. A Britisher, Ben Cooke, senior partner of a London insurance firm and president of an American one, has made almost one hundred and forty transatlantic crossings. Mr. Marvin Kratter, President of the Kratter Corporation, a nation-wide realty firm, must keep tabs on such widely separated interests as the San Francisco Western Merchandise Mart, Miami Beach's Americana Hotel, Manhattan's Graybar Building, Los Angeles' Tishman office buildings, Brooklyn's Ebbets Field apartments, and a retail center in Phoenix, Arizona. Mr. Kratter jet-flies coast to coast about three dozen times a year and frequently jogs to Europe and back.

Everyone at Idlewild is rushing to get on the jet bandwagon. Airlines are buying jets as if they were kiddy-cars.

United States airlines have on order into 1962 a total of 232 pure jets and 81 turboprop jets; the bill will be roughly $2,500,000,000 (that's *eight* zeros), including supporting ground equipment. One thing about jets, they are *expensive*.

Depreciation is a big jet item. "You can't let those things sit on the ground," a prominent aviation consultant stated recently in the *Wall Street Journal*. To be profitable, jets must be used full-time with full loads—and that's what has Idlewild hopping.

The Jet Age needs plenty of customers. To attract them, all sorts of lures are dangled—attractive Family Plans that transport wives and children at reduced rates; Fly Now—Pay Later plans on a 10 per cent down basis, to coax people of modest means without denting hard-won savings accounts. (A recent B.O.A.C. ad: For the price of a hat, $26, you can jet to Europe in a few short hours.)

There are Pre-Pay arrangements whereby air tickets to the United States can be sent by Americans to relatives abroad. Some airlines offer a special immigrant rate of 60 per cent of full fare, which, combined with Pre-Pay and Pay-Later, presents a painless way to reunite long-separated families. Adopted babies are brought here from Greece and Germany at half-rate—for an accompanying stewardess.

Once the bait is taken, the airlines' service experts take over to hold the passengers' patronage. In the airline business there are actually only two variables: schedule reliability and service. Since all airlines meet their schedules to the same degree, the only variable really affecting the traveler is service. Competition in this direction is fierce.

The most advanced idea in passenger care is the Jetway, an enclosed passageway that leads from terminal interior directly to plane interior. Through this carpeted tunnel departing passengers walk, completely protected from the elements, to their aircraft. Some of these loading devices project from the terminal wall accordionlike; others swing out as a boom. It's the greatest boon to air travel since the wing.

Good food is an extra special attraction to travelers, and Idlewild's flight kitchens turn out the finest. Most airline meals are pre-cooked months in advance of flight use, blast-frozen, and stowed in huge freezers—some holding as many as 140,000 meals. Flight requirements are set six hours before take-off, placed on board two hours early. Planning must be done carefully, for once a plane is aloft there's no going back to the kitchen for more.

Liquor is served on all international flights out of Idlewild and on some domestic ones. In one busy two-week period, TWA poured, on its domestic flights alone: 7,500 whiskey miniatures, 400 cocktails, 700 slugs of gin, 150 cases of champagne fifths, and 120 cases of wine.

Extra pains are taken to keep women contented in the air, for they constitute more than half the grand total of passengers. Each powder room is a delight; some have showers. There are kitchenettes for harried pablum-stuffers. Complimentary travel-tip booklets cover almost everything a girl needs to know when abroad in a strange land.

Personal Luggage

People who bump up against traveler irritations every working day have many tales to tell—amusing, heart-rending, harrowing.

Passenger Service Representative (P.S.R.) to a burdened Brazilian lady: "May I carry your bag?"

She: "No, thank you, that's my husband." And it was—in ashes.

The Russian Moiseyev dance troupe made a lasting impression on Idlewild's Passenger Service Representatives. On arrival, the dancers were ". . . so European, quiet and reserved. But when they left Idlewild after their transcontinental tour, you should have seen them! Like wow! Wearing Disneyland hats, carrying huge stuffed toy animals and dolls, waving rebel flags. They all had purchased movie cameras, and a truckload of fur coats went on the plane with them."

Vice-President Richard Nixon is remembered for having been an attentive student of tea-brewing (teacher, a British catering officer). "One day when we were socked-in, when even the sparrows were walking."

Sir Winston Churchill surprised everyone when he ignored the bottle of ancient brandy laid on especially for the occasion of his arrival and requested instead a glass of tomato juice. (His chief concern was for an enormous stock of bananas he'd picked up in Bermuda.)

Anything Can Happen

Passenger Service juggles all sorts of routine matters—food and seating requests (about one a week for the *shady* side of the plane), tight connections, passport and visa difficulties, late-shows, no-shows, and standbys—but they must be prepared for anything. Anything can be: baby born aloft en route; amiable drunk; belligerent same; bearded rabbi who dances the hora; Japanese with small, snapping crocodile; passenger type dubbed "overweight-weasel," who hides extra bag around corner; man who insists bowling balls are legitimate hand luggage. Often there are mercy shipments to be expedited: a pair of human eyes to Calcutta for transplanting; special hard-rock mining drills to a cave-in rescue team in South Africa; anti-hemophilia plasma to Dublin to save the life of a dying child; death-bed requests; and special-diet foods.

Then there are Dalpos, Excors, and V.I.P.s (Do all possible; Extend all courtesies; Very Important Persons). TWA calls its distinguished travelers TWIPs and classifies them from 1 to 5. All major airlines maintain sumptuous lounges for use of V.I.P.s. The category of V.I.P. is spelled out at B.O.A.C. in the official regulations: royalty, heads of state, cabinet ministers, ambassadors, representatives of foreign governments, chairmen of other airlines. (C.I.P.s are commercially, or publicity-wise, importants.)

The case-hardened airport photographers, who meet all planes, have each celebrity tagged. Van Cliburn: "Stubborn." (He was adamant about bringing in a lilac tree from Russia.) Louis Armstrong: "Crazy, man!" Eleanor Roosevelt: "A real lady." Frank Sinatra: "Phooey!" May Britt: "Cold fish." Ed Murrow: "Tops!" Milton Caniff: "Ya mean Steve Canyon? He's one swell guy."

Besides all this surface service, a great deal is done behind the scenes at Idlewild to keep passengers healthy and alive. There is the business of housekeeping, mostly done by the nine-hundred-man work force of a Danish-founded outfit, Allied Maintenance Corporation. Allied's men scrub and scrape, wipe and clean, spit and polish around the clock to keep the big airport bright and shiny. Thirty radio-equipped motor vehicles coordinate this hustling army of cleaners. Most ticklish job is the pre-dawn cleaning of the ever-darkened radar room atop Idlewild's Control Tower. Allied cleans six hundred of Idlewild's planes each month, loads and unloads a great many of them, and fuels them all from turbine fuel hydrant-carts able to inject six hundred gallons a minute.

Public security and safety is guarded day and night by Idlewild's eighty-five-man police force, which automatically becomes a fire department during emergencies. Four FFCD trucks (fire foam carbon dioxide) roll on every alert from the Control Tower (1,171 alerts in 1959) to meet *any* returning plane, irrespective of the seriousness of the trouble. Three of the trucks each hold one thousand gallons of water, ninety gallons of foam. The fourth, called the "nurse truck," carries the reserve: 2,500 gallons of water, 250 gallons of foam.

Police Protection

Idlewild's cops made only 110 arrests in 1959. There were no murders at the airport, only five cases of felonious assault, and twenty-three dead-on-arrivals. Traffic summonses: 8,280 ("More'n some precincts in Manhattan"); 7,500 for parking, the others for speeders caught by radar patrol. Most irksome police job is protecting what the officers call a "hot V.I.P.," someone who has been fed to the public in newspaper headlines—a prominent Soviet, for instance. The landing of a group of Batista adherents was cited, as well as the ill-starred Benedict-Porambeanu imbroglio. A few years back, quite a mob gathered to welcome Kurt Carlson, the famous "stay-put" ship's captain. Christine Jorgensen, returning home after her sensationalized Danish sex-change operation, drew a troublesome battalion of sightseers.

Worst mob scene in Idlewild's more recent history was the Roman Circus of a Saturday evening last July when a crowd, estimated at forty thousand strong, was drawn to Idlewild by radio and television reports of the imminent crash-landing of a crippled jetliner with 113 persons aboard. Every approach to the airfield was jammed by the onslaught; people spilled over taxiways and runways and generally behaved like animals. It was a scene fit for Caligula, a midsummer night's nightmare that still gives Idlewild the shudders. The sensation-crazed crowd watched as the plane finally bellied down. The casualties were zero.

Key to Its Heart

The heart of Idlewild is the upper stories of its Control Tower. Operated by the newly created F.A.A. (Federal Aviation Agency), it is Idlewild's supreme authority. Its dozen-man shifts (plus a corps of trainees) are not overawed by their responsibilities; neither do they regard them lightly. They simply face each task calmly and coolly with a confidence born of long experience and trust in their fellow workers. More than a million dollars is invested in the electronics equipment of the tower, and three separate sources of electrical power insure uninterrupted operation of the complex network, which is permanently staffed by sixty-five electronic and air-traffic control experts.

The jobs are too tough for women. "Too much bucking the male animal all the time," explained one of the supervisors. "And too many precise decisions. This job would kill a woman. It's too difficult for many a man."

Ground control is handled from the topmost level of the tower, called "the cab," an octagonal room enclosed on all sides by a double wall of thick well-stressed glass of glare-lessening pale green. A few floors below is the Instrument Flight Rules room, where seven men sitting in the semi-darkness before twinkling radar screens track approaching planes and bring them safely to roost. From the control tower, planes are sent to the far corners of the world. Far corners? There are no more far corners. The world is truly round at last, thanks to the jets—and Idlewild. THE END

Maxwell Coplan

CHILDREN often fly without parents. Stewardesses look after young ones.

Max Tatch—Shostal

Our Cosmopolitan Traveler Reports:

MADRID

In Spain's capital, luxury costs but a few pesetas, courtesy and charm nothing at all. No wonder visitors say: "From Madrid to heaven."

BY RICHARD HARRITY

Madrid, May 1960.

Separated from Europe and Africa by the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and that rugged mountain range, the Pyrenees, Spain is virtually a continent unto itself, an isolated and antique land where proud and passionate people pursue a changeless way of life, and progress slowly in a changing world. The Romans came, conquered, and placed their imperial imprint on the country; the Visigoths vanquished the land and left their mark; and for nearly seven hundred years the Moors imposed their civilization on the peninsula, seeking to change it into an Eastern satrapy. But Spain survived these and all other conquests, clinging steadfastly to a culture of its own started twenty thousand years ago by nomadic tribes, who created the first art masterpieces known to man in those prehistoric paintings of bison and buffalo adorning the caves of Altamira, at the foot of the Cantabrian hills.

Spain preserves the monuments which mark the march of her conquerors—the superb Roman aqueduct running through the city of Segovia; the masterpiece of Moorish architecture, the Alhambra, at Granada—with as much care as it does the tomb in the cathedral of Burgos containing the body of El Cid, the heroic knight who championed the cause of Christianity against Islam. The medieval walls encircling the mile-high fortress city of Avila are still intact. At Puerto de Santa Maria, one can still see the historic iron rings—now left high and dry by the receding Atlantic—to which Columbus anchored his three tiny ships before setting forth on the epic voyage that led to the discovery of the New World.

EL RETIRO, *Madrid's Central Park, was formerly a royal farm, is now a favorite place for a stroll or a glass of sherry, Spain's national drink.*

Spain is a country of startling contrasts, with beautiful vistas succeeding austere landscapes that have a lonely grandeur of their own. Snow-capped mountains look down on sunny coast lines, wide rivers wind their way through the endless wheat fields of the inland provinces of La Mancha, and, to the west, near the fabled cities of Cádiz and Seville, "orange trees forever lean down to touch the sea." Peasants, whose faces and figures recall Sancho Panza, ride astride little burros along the sides of auto highways while Spanish jet planes spread their pluming trails above them.

The Spanish Character

Pride and politeness and a deep respect for religion and custom mark the character of the Spanish people, whose beliefs are both fierce and fanciful. They place honor above life, regard human dignity as a sacred thing, and consider courtesy a ritual that must be renewed and reaffirmed every day, like a romance.

The heart of Hispania, which enriched mankind throughout an era of exploration and of art by exporting its culture to every part of the world, is a city which began a thousand years ago as a Moorish outpost called Magerit and now boasts the motto, "from Madrid to heaven."

I first saw Madrid from an Iberia Air Lines plane on an overnight flight from New York City. As I looked down, I saw a city modern in many aspects yet mirroring, in its monuments, great parks, and royal palaces, the splendor that was Spain when she ruled half the world. And while walking through Madrid I discovered both a noble city and a national museum that invites the visitor to view its proud past, its progress, and an unhurried way of life which has remained unchanged for centuries.

Sunday in Madrid is a day of rest and recreation, and since Madrileños love a promenade as much as New Yorkers do a parade, a good way to see this delightful city and to know its citizens, who live half their lives on the sunny boulevards and streets, is to follow them as they take a *paseo*. The people of Madrid, rich and poor, consider a Sunday-after-Mass stroll in the sun an important part of their life pattern.

In the Retiro, a large park with tree-lined walks, many lagoons, and gay flower gardens, which was once a royal farm and is now in the middle of the city, soldiers and their girls, workmen and their wives, and nurses leading attractively dressed children by the hand, move back and forth on a wide esplanade in a colorful, impromptu parade. When tired of walking, they sit at tables under the trees and have a glass of wine, a bottle of beer, or some ice cream as they watch more strollers who have taken their places in the endless procession. On the Castellana, the city's handsomest boulevard, the teenagers of the town take over, with young ladies and lads in separate lines moving in opposite directions, the members of each group chatting together while eyeing the other passing contingent. Madrid society, which does its Sunday marching on Serrano Street in the fashionable Salamanca district, does so with an air of elegance that recalls the Easter parade of yesteryear along New York's Fifth Avenue.

Today's Stylish *Señoras*

Fifty years ago women were seldom seen in the streets of Madrid or at public affairs, and when slim, lovely young *señoritas* married, they were encouraged by their jealous husbands to become unstylish stouts so that they would appear less attractive to other male eyes. This has all been changed; on Sundays Spanish beauties, as smart and svelte as high-fashion models, can be seen sauntering along Serrano Street accompanied by their handsome, well-dressed escorts.

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Three swank cafés in the Salamanca district, the Manila, the Roma, and the Balmoral, cater to Madrid's *haut monde*, and on Sunday from twelve to two they are the gayest places in a gay city, crowded with chic customers who keep up a constant rattle of conversation in that rapid-fire Spanish which sounds like a symphony of castanets.

And there is one place where the Madrileños and foreigners promenade together on Sunday. This is El Rastro, Madrid's famous flea market. It is a happy bargain-hunting ground with block after block of antique shops, secondhand stores, sidewalk stalls, and pushcart emporiums offering for sale every imaginable item from shawls, fans, and period furniture to medieval crossbows and reconditioned hurdy-gurdies. El Rastro is a shopping center and a meeting place, a huge display of ancient and modern Spanish handicraft. On Sundays, thousands of people gather to browse, bargain, and buy, but when a nearby church clock strikes two-thirty the merchants close the stalls and push the carts away, so that they, too, can enjoy a long and leisurely lunch.

Sunday Siesta

Madrid originated the three-hour lunch period, and on Sunday afternoon Horcher's and the Jockey Club, two of the finest restaurants in Europe, and the dining rooms of the de luxe hotels, the Castellana Hilton, the Palace, Ritz, and Fenix, are filled to overflowing with Madrileños. Also crowded with customers are the lower-priced cafés of the city: Meson del Segoviano, a medieval tavern with painted burlap wall drapes depicting typical Spanish events; El Pulpito, located on the Plaza Mayor, a great square once the scene of the first bull fights, of the canonization of San Isidro, Madrid's patron saint, and of the dread *autos de fé,* when Spanish inquisitors apologized to heretics before burning them at the stake. The Casa Mingo Café, with its long picnic tables, faces the Manzanares River on the Pradera de la Florida.

Furthermore, in any café in Spain the bartender will be just as happy to serve *limonada* or any other beverage *sin alcohol* as he will be to pour a glass of the national drink, sherry.

Late in the afternoon there is another procession, one of the most colorful of them all, when matadors in their bright costumes ride through the avenues in open carriages on their way to the Plaza de Toros, then march with their attendants around the ring before beginning that drama of life and death known as bull fighting. All Madrid is there, and the fiery and responsive Spaniards who fill the stands are as much a part of the exciting spectacle as are the brave bulls and their fearless human adversaries. No crowd anywhere is quicker to cheer courage or jeer cowardice. And when a matador gives a masterful performance, white handkerchiefs are waved simultaneously all around the arena, as though on signal. Bull fighting is to Spain what baseball is to America, and the reactions of Spaniards during a tense encounter between an enraged bull and a graceful matador reveal some of the basic characteristics of the Spanish people: gaiety that suddenly shifts to gravity, love of drama and danger, and a fatalism about death.

Madrid's Broadway

Late in the evening the Gran Via, or, as it is now known, the Avenida de José Antonio, which corresponds to New York's Broadway, but without the pushing and shoving, becomes the city's nighttime parade ground. Its activity continues until well after midnight, when the last performances end in the large motion picture theatres along the street.

One night on the Gran Via, I accidentally bumped into a man who was walking with his wife and two teenage daughters. Before I could apologize, he raised his hat, bowed, and said something in Spanish. "I am sorry," I said, and one of the young girls, who was about fifteen, replied in English, "My father is sorry he was in your way." I smiled, said it was my fault, and then, acting on an impulse, asked if they would join me at a sidewalk café. There was a short conference in Spanish; then the man nodded acceptance. The ladies ordered Coca Colas and the father and I had Spanish brandy. The man, about fifty-five, was plainly, but neatly, dressed, and his wife was wearing her Sunday best. The two girls wore new dresses and they bore a close family resemblance to their mother, a handsome woman in her late forties. The older girl, who was seventeen or eighteen, did not speak English. "Have you been to Madrid before?" asked the younger girl. When I explained that it was my first visit she said, "It is also the first trip to Madrid for my sister and me. We live in La Mancha province, and my father, who used to be a motorman on a trolley car in Madrid and knows the city very well, always promised that one day he would bring us here. We have been in Madrid for three days and tomorrow we will return to our home. Have you been to Toledo?" I nodded my head, and the girl continued, "It is very beautiful, yes? We admired the cathedral and the Alcazar and the house where El Greco, the painter, lived."

I asked her what her father did and she explained that he was a farmer. "In the spring and summer," she said, "he must arise at two-thirty in the morning and he doesn't return home until nine-thirty at night. He works a long time and we all miss him. In the winter he reads in the evening."

When we finished our drinks, the farmer asked me through his daughter if I would have another drink, and he seemed upset when I refused. Then, as we arose from the table, the young girl told me that her father was taking them to see a final sight in Madrid and wished that I would go along with them. She said it was a surprise and that even she didn't know what it would be. I accepted the invitation, and after a few minutes' walk we came to the corner of a street. The farmer stopped in front of a building and pointed up at an inscription carved above the doorway which read: "*Aqui vivió y murió Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra cuyo ingenio admira el mundo.*"

It was the place where the great Spanish writer had lived and died.

The farmer reverently raised his hat and then, gently patting the building with his hand, spoke to his daughter.

"My father says Señor Cervantes and his two children, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, were the greatest Spaniards who ever lived."

By way of answer I also took off my hat and patted the building.

He then led us down the street a little way and stopped before another building which had been the home of Lope de Vega, the famous Spanish playwright, a contemporary of Cervantes. After regarding the house for some time he spoke at length to his daughter and, as he finished, pointed at a street sign across the way.

"This is the house where the great writer of plays, Lope de Vega, lived," explained the girl. "He was a very powerful man, and when the manuscript of *Don Quixote* was shown to him for his opinion, he said that anyone would be foolish to publish such a foolish book. But my father wishes you to know that the plays of Lope de Vega are not performed very often today, while every Spaniard who can read or listen knows the story of the sad knight of La Mancha and his funny servant, Sancho Panza. He would also like you to observe that the street where the two writers once lived is now called Calle Cervantes."

Night Life

The night life of Madrid is as vigorous as it is varied. At the Recoletos café, you can eat and drink while watching players who use hand baskets and hard rubber balls as weapons as they play that lethal and lightning-paced game known as *jai alai,* which originated in the Basque country of northern Spain. In the Erika Bar, Calle Silva 18, you can sip Sangria, a pleasant-tasting punch made with Spanish red wine and fruit, and listen to the strolling singers who weave in and out of the crowded tables. The Casablanca Cabaret, Plaza de Rey 7, and the huge Villa

Rosa garden restaurant just outside the city offer first-class floor shows that compare favorably with those presented by the big night clubs in New York, Paris, London, Chicago, or Miami. Then there are the cafés which feature flamenco singing and dancing, and they are a "must" on the list of any traveler who visits Madrid.

"Tablado Flamenco"

A friend, Baron de Grinon, an elderly gentleman with a very young heart and an abiding love for gypsy music, took his daughter and niece and me one evening to see and hear a *tablado flamenco* at a typical café called El Corral de la Moreria. The flamenco singers, dancers, and musicians were seated on a small stage at one end of the room in an arrangement similar to the line-up for one of our old minstrel shows. There were eleven performers, five lovely-looking *señoritas* wearing colorful costumes, two guitar players, and five other men, singers and dancers, dressed in the traditional gypsy garb of black trousers and white shirts. One singer performed at a time, and the others provided a rhythmic counterpoint to the guitars by clapping their hands. The songs were in a low key and oriental-sounding, full of sorrow and savagery, stemming from Spain's centuries-long bondage under the Moors. The customers joined in providing a beat with their hands, and when a flamenco dancer stamped her feet and whirled to the furious climax of a gypsy dance, the swaying, tapping, clapping, and shouting audience became an integral part of the performance. At the end the spectators and the performers applauded each other. Perhaps nowhere this side of a tribal dance are the emotions of the participants and the onlookers so closely intertwined as they are in a spirited flamenco performance. This interplay of feeling is constant in the life of Spain. Music can set it in motion, or a religious procession moving solemnly through the streets of a city, or a bull fight in the smallest hamlet. This total sharing of emotional experience and religious belief is part of the mystery of Spain which only a Spaniard can completely comprehend and which even he can never fully explain. It is also an endless source of fascination for foreigners who are invariably even more impressed by the character of her people than by her many scenic beauties.

The famous Prado Museum affords visitors an excellent chance to study the history and the character of the Spanish people as caught on canvas over the centuries by Spain's great artists. This fabulous art collection, assembled over a period of four hundred years by Spanish kings, is a cavalcade of the country, showing the tragedies, triumphs, and terrors Spain has known, as well as the deeply religious spirit of her people.

George Holton

FORTRESS TOWN OF AVILA *is a two-hour drive from Madrid. Located in a mountainous region a mile above sea level, its ancient city walls are still intact.*

To travel in Spain is not expensive, and you can see the country and live well at a moderate cost. There are many ways to leave Madrid. A bus will take you to Toledo, forty miles away. It is the city El Greco immortalized on canvas, where the kings of Castile once held court, repository of twenty centuries of treasure, and now a national museum. You can go by train to El Escorial, where Philip II built a monastery near the Guadarrama Mountains and enriched it with art masterpieces of the world.

How to Get About

Planes tie all parts of Spain to Madrid. There are regular flights to and from Barcelona to the east on the Mediterranean, Malaga, a resort city in the south, and fabled Seville to the southwest. Or it's possible to rent a car with a driver from A.T.E.S.A. in Madrid. You can get anything from a Fiat to a Cadillac at a cost per day of from seven dollars plus eight cents per kilometer, to seven dollars plus twenty cents per kilometer. You can rent and drive a car yourself at a lower rate, but careful inquiries about the roads should be made, as some are a bit rough and rocky. The hotels throughout Spain are government-controlled and have fixed prices. A de luxe hotel costs $4 to $5 a day for a room for one person, and $8 to $11 on the American plan. The rate for a room at a first-class, grade A hotel is $2.75 to $3; it is $6 to $8 per person, meals included. For those who have always dreamed of living in a castle in Spain, the government has converted several into *paradores*, or inns, including one near the famed Alhambra at Granada, where you can stay in a comfortable room with private bath for $6 per day American plan.

Do's and Taboos

It is best to take along your own soap in Spain, since it is a rare hotel which supplies that basic commodity. The drinking water is safe in Madrid, but it is wise to stick to the bottled variety in the smaller cities and towns. On the other hand, it is proper to clap for a waiter in the villages but not in the cities, and it is considered taboo for a lady to wear slacks in public. Finally, two Spanish phrases considered more precious than a pocketful of pesetas—sixty pesetas equal one dollar—are *por favor*, "*please*," and *muchas gracias*, "many thanks."

And by responding to the Spanish rhythm of life, even and serene; respecting the country's changeless customs; and getting to know a friendly and honest people who have come to terms with time by outlawing hustle and ostracizing hurry as they follow an ancient way of life, the visitor will enjoy a memorable and rewarding experience. THE END

KEY BRIDGE MARRIOTT MOTOR HOTEL near Washington, D. C., typifies our new luxury inns. Puerto Rico, France, Australia, and Scandinavia have motels too. In America they outnumber hotels by two to one.

So You're Going Into the Motel Business

Two thousand new motels—from unpretentious cabins to glamorous "resorts"—are going up yearly, with helicopter ports, ice rinks, pools with underwater music, in an all-out effort to make a night on the road an evening in Paradise.

BY ARTURO AND JANEANN GONZALEZ

If you've ever flown across country at night you've seen the marvelous motel revolution at its most dramatic. Like neon-lit jewels in technicolor and Cinerama, the motels string themselves out along the superhighways, winking and blinking in red and green fire, ringing the big cities like the outer circles of a bulls-eye, dotting the access roads at regular intervals like flaming punctuation marks in a long, dull sentence. Floodlights whiten the adobe sides of every stopping place, highlighting the transplanted palms, the web of gravel pathways, and the dyed green lawns. And always staring upwards like blank, blue chlorinated eyes are the still, silent, floodlit T-shaped, H-shaped, and kidney-shaped swimming pools.

Speeding down the highway in your automobile you see the bustling industry closer up. Less beautiful than from the air, perhaps, but more aggressive, more alive. Signs shout out to the motorist zipping by: "Vacancy—We like pets" . . . "Du Drop Inn—10 miles—$7 and up" . . . "U-Smile Motel—next right" . . . "Last Motel Before Turnpike" . . . "Kozy Korners—Welcome" . . . "Swimming Pool, TV in Every Room, Air-conditioned, Cocktail Lounge—No Vacancy."

This, then, is the motel business—sprawling, brawling, tawdry, chic, flossy, frumpy. Make a million, or lose your shirt. You say you want to get in? . . .

The average American's idea of a good time is driving somewhere to see somebody or something. This year we'll buy an estimated 6.5 million brand-new automobiles to add to the 58 million we already possess (which choke our city streets, pack our parking lots, stick out of our garages in embarrassing profusion) to make these good times possible.

We drive up to the lake for the weekend, out to Disneyland to give the kids a treat, down to Miami Beach for a winter suntan. Our national restlessness has created a whole new industrial empire. Owning gas stations or hot dog stands, drive-ins or frozen custard parlors has become our twentieth-century equivalent of the California Gold Rush. And owning a motel has been for many the big payoff, the jackpot, Eldorado.

Today, according to *American Motel Magazine*, motels outnumber hotels in this country two to one. Currently, an estimated fifty-nine thousand motels, running the gamut from tiny shacks on back roads to plush adobe haciendas having all the accouterments of a Moorish caliph's seraglio, house more than one and a half million guests a day, and gross over $5.5 million each night, better than $2 billion a year. And this roadside bonanza is getting bigger by an estimated two thousand new motels every twelve months. In 1970, the experts say, our superhighways and byways will be lined by an estimated ninety-five thousand motels, inns, motor hotels, lodges.

The word "motel" is straight out of the twentieth century (it was coined in 1925 by a California architect named Hieneman who opened a Milestone Mo-Tel in San Luis Obispo, and who went broke two years later after unsuccessfully trying to register the word as a trademark). But the principle of the motel, convenient roadside lodging, has been around since the Romans first linked Western civilization together with crude highways. Parked chariots were lined up outside these ancient imperial *bibulia* each night the way Chevies and Fords nose up to motor lodges today.

"Bibulium" to Roadside Inn

The *bibulium* gave way to the European roadside inn: a cold shed built around a stable yard, where the horses had individual stalls but where the riders often had to sleep in giant communal beds.

Roadside inns were a fixture in early American days, too. One of the most infamous was Jack Morrow's place on the old Santa Fe trail. Morrow was a tall, tough Westerner with a few notches on his gun. In two years of operation he reputedly sold $200,000 worth of merchandise (mostly rifles) to travelers, $12,000 worth of whiskey, and $12.50 worth of Bibles.

Then came the railroad, and lodgings moved downtown alongside the train station where most travelers were to be found. America pioneered the modern, big-city, rail-hub motel concept, perfecting hot and cold running water, elevators, room service, the cocktail lounge, and similar luxuries. But when Detroit began to spew forth automobiles in the millions, and traveling Americans started forsaking the railroads for the pleasures of motoring, American hostelries began moving back out to the roadside again, and the modern motel concept was born.

"Ma and Pa" Joints

The early days of the motel business were hardly happy ones. Prohibition gangsters had the unhappy faculty of getting shot down by police while hiding out in motels. The pioneer motel was usually a "Ma and Pa" joint, a semicircle of run-down shacks surrounding the owner's house, and devoid of light, heat, personality, or comfort. You got a key, a cake of soap, and a towel from the grumpy seventy-year-old owners when you arrived and that was about all. The furniture was rickety, the outhouses were off in the woods, and a pitcher of water served for your morning *toilette*.

The few ambitious and progressive motel owners in the twenties and thirties suffered from the generally held reputation that most motels were "hot pillow" joints—cozy little cabins where unmarried couples could meet for a couple of hours, no luggage asked for, no questions asked. On a romantic summer's evening an unscrupulous owner could rent a cottage several times over. *Aficionados* soon learned to detect which motels specialized in sex and which didn't. The tawdry

(continued)

joints were usually laid out so that cars were efficiently and safely parked in an *interior* courtyard, thus preventing a suspicious wife from accidentally spotting the license plate of her husband's car.

The 1934 Academy Award-winning film, *It Happened One Night,* added fuel to the flame. Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert starred in this Frank Capra production, and played one scene where, as an unmarried couple, they slept on twin beds in a motel cottage with only a blanket (nicknamed the "Walls of Jericho") hanging between them for privacy. Although they were married by the time the walls came tumbling down in the last reel, the sales curves of the respectable motels tumbled, too.

The war gave motels a new lease on life. After Pearl Harbor millions of women began following their husbands to training camps around the U.S. Many of these women spent weeks and even months in motels just outside the wire fences around Army and Navy bases. Hotels were too expensive, and were inconveniently located downtown; motels, on the other hand, specialized in economical and informal living, and were located close to the camps. Suddenly a stay in a motel became a patriotic sacrifice instead of a dishonorable escapade. With V-J Day and the end of gas rationing, motels began to emerge as the preferred type of overnight lodging for American travelers.

Although 70 per cent of today's motels are still privately owned, as they were before the war, the most dramatic trend has been the rapidly rising increase in prominence of the chains and corporations in the field.

At least eight major hotel combines—Hilton, Sheraton, Western, Pick, Knott, Tisch, Schine, and the Hotel Corporation of America—now operate motel subchains. Howard Johnson has tacked his orange roof over sixty-nine spanking new motels, and Hot Shoppes, another food chain, has jumped into the business, too. TraveLodge, founded in 1946, and Holiday Inns (1952) operate well over two hundred new motels and are opening an average of one a week between them. Congress Inns International, a franchise chain, plans to set up one hundred and fifty new luxury motels.

Independents Organize

Quality Courts United (started in 1941) is an important association of approximately five hundred independent Eastern operators which concentrates on setting high standards of operation and which gets member motels to refer business to one another. Superior Courts is a similar group. Best Western and Master Hosts groups operate in the same manner out west.

Today the motel concept has even spread overseas to Puerto Rico, Scandinavia, Australia, and France. According to latest reports, however, the French still have the same ideas about motels that we had twenty years ago. It is rumored that one Gallic motor inn on the Riviera specializes in convenient afternoon bookings for businessmen who drop in for brief interludes with their secretaries before going home to *maman* and *les enfants.*

Even if illicit love is no longer prominent in the American motel industry, it *is* safe to say that there are several distinctly different kinds of motels, each serving separate segments of the traveling public. Anyone interested in a future connection with moteling ought to study the breeds and crossbreeds thoroughly.

Big Business and Small

Stephen Brener, one of the acknowledged spokesmen for the motel industry, and a prominent motel expert associated with Helmsley-Spear, Inc., a New York real estate brokerage firm which specializes in the sale and leaseback of motels, breaks the industry down into four general categories.

"The most famous and best known are the resort motels," Brener says. "They require an investment too high for any but the wealthiest persons or organizations. Miami Beach has many resort motels; so do Phoenix and Southern California. Some of these are very profitable operations. However, like all resort businesses, the risk here is great and the competition pretty severe."

You have only to drive down Highway A1A into Hallandale, north of Miami Beach, to see what Brener is trying to say. Although they refer to themselves as "luxury resorts" instead of motels, the many roadside stopping points are a garish and bizarre collection of oases flaunting their pools, cabanas, and beach fronts, all sitting cheek-by-jowl alongside the heavily-traveled road. Called the Thunderbird, Chateau, Sahara, Aztec, Tangiers, Beachcomber . . . they draw their architectural designs from all over the world in an attempt to catch the attention and fancy of the motorists speeding by at sixty miles an hour. The motels' grounds may sport life-sized model horses and covered wagons, camels, elephants, an old Western-type saloon, a reproduction of the Sphinx, or even a copy of an Aztec sacrificial altar.

In recent years, more than 130 of these plush, expensive motels have opened for business in this area—some, like the new Singapore at Bal Harbour, cost as much as $9 million to build. In the same interval only nine conventional hotels have gone up in the same locale, indicating the boom nature of the motel business, and also showing that the motel industry suffers from a certain amount of overbuilding by fast-buck operators.

"Perhaps the next type of motel is most familiar to would-be motel buyers," Brener continues. "This is the second category: the roadside motel. The success of these units depends upon the number of cars passing by each night. Guests stop off because they're tired, because they've seen the motel's sign, and because the place looks modern and inviting.

"The biggest threat to this phase of moteling today is the Federal Government's vast $50-billion, 41,000-mile national highway program. These new superhighways are bypassing many older roads which are lined with motels that may well die in the future from lack of business. Worse yet, many states are forbidding billboard advertising on the new throughways, preventing existing motels from advertising their proximity. Anyone who buys or builds a motel today, without checking carefully on the Federal highway plans for his area, is taking a terrible risk."

The Hotel Corporation of America lowers this risk by checking carefully some fifty separate factors before locating a new motel. It is trying to avoid being bypassed, as so many motels have been all over the country.

Bypass Bankrupt

The plight of the motelmen along Niagara Falls Boulevard is typical. A statute has been proposed authorizing the building of the Niagara Expressway, a high-speed ribbon of concrete and steel, which will whisk northbound motorists right past this cluster of established motels and over the border into Canada. Panic has hit the strip's motel operators. Previously, would-be motel buyers were always stopping by, asking if anyone wanted to sell. Today the offers have stopped coming. A ghost town of empty motel shells is in prospect.

For Salvatore Ippolito, a forty-eight-year-old factory worker who sank every cent he owned and could borrow into his tiny six-unit White Horse Motel, the proposed expressway is a tragedy. "This is something I don't appreciate," he moans. "A man can dream and work hard for something he wants all his life and an act like this could snuff out everything he's gained in a few minutes. We don't want to stop progress—we just want a part of it."

Developments in air transportation—particularly the introduction of jet travel—have prompted the growth of motels of a third type. Brener calls them "perimeter" motels. "These are," he explains, "the super de luxe installations clustered around large cities, usually near a key airport or on a major arterial highway leading into the center of the metropolis. They are seldom owned by individuals. This is the great new preserve of the big corporations such as

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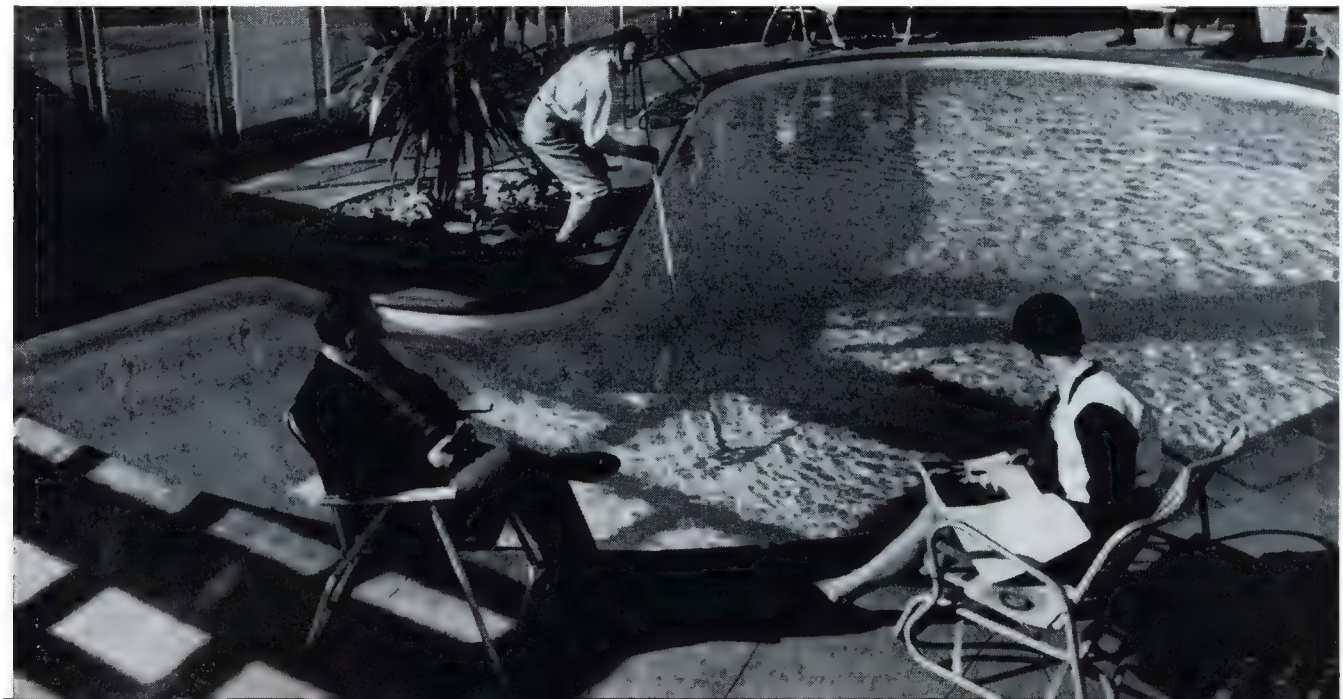
Photos by Gene Daniels

THE FAMILY-RUN MOTEL provides a pleasant way of life for Hank and Helen Henry, who operate the Air Haven Motel in Long Beach, California. Here, in their own quarters, they watch television, go over accounts. The motel has thirteen rental units; it grossed $32,700 last year. The Henrys do most of the work themselves.

WASHING TOWELS is a two-hour-a-day chore for Hank Henry. Helen spends four hours daily cleaning the units, helped by daughter, Georgia, and maid, Mony.

Above, Georgia Henry chats with two sailors, customers at the motel's lunch counter. Below, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lebrun, guests from North Dakota, relax beside pool.



Hilton and Sheraton which can afford to buy up prime acreage and build lavishly upon it. Most of these motels contain business convention facilities, too—a new wrinkle. It's not unusual for a company to fly its entire sales staff in from all over the country, have a quick convention in a lush motel next to the air terminal, and fly everyone home twenty-four hours later with a minimum of wasted time and maximum comfort in quarters."

These perimeter motels are particularly popular with the traveling salesman because, as American business has decentralized into the suburbs, the salesman often finds that his clients are now out on the edges of the city anyway. Since 71 per cent of all business travel today is done by car, the perimeter motel gives him a convenient base from which to work. Outside of Boston, for instance, the electronics industry clusters around Route 128, and local motels do a land-office business on weeknights, thanks to the salesmen covering the territory. On weekends things couldn't be quieter.

Hilton "Inns"

The ebullient Conrad Hilton seems to have a corner on the airport motel market. He borrowed a cool $25 million in 1959 to get going, and plans an estimated twenty-nine new installations over the next five years—slickly calling them "inns" to avoid any onus the word "motel" may still carry.

Hilton says, "People are now demanding accommodations at the airports and on the highways. If you don't give the people what they want, they don't give you what *you* want—and that's business. So, we've gone into this 'inn' program in a low-price range with the very best in accommodations."

At his new ten-acre, $1.5-million, 150-room El Paso Inn, Hilton recently held the same kind of gala opening he staged at his giant hotels in Madrid, Istanbul, Cairo, Mexico City, and Berlin. The affair was complete with planeloads of reporters and celebrities; his old sidekick, Leo Carillo, clad in *gaucho* regalia; and Hilton's traditional dancing of the first dance, always "Put Your Little Foot Right Out."

Many of Hilton's "little feet" in the motel business are marked by as many as five lavish swimming pools; badminton, volleyball, and tennis courts; eighteen-hole putting greens; closed-circuit TV; and electric carts to carry luggage to the rooms. There are often swank, private club facilities on the premises for local citizens who get the use of the pools, cocktail lounges, and dining rooms for their very own.

The Hotel Corporation of America is sniffing around airports, too, after a successful entry into the motel business with its Charterhouse and Motor Lodge installations. Their dark horse is the Airwayte, a proposed T-shaped steel building which resembles a railroad car full of eighteen small compartments and which could house the estimated 28 per cent of all airport travelers who are scheduled to wait one or more hours between planes and who usually want a place to wash up or take a nap. "We could be selling sleep by the hour instead of by the night," a representative of the firm explains.

The proposed Airwayte typifies the ingenuity of the entire motel industry. If Phineas T. Barnum were alive today he undoubtedly would be a motel operator, for these cagey veterans of the roadside wars know how to pull out all the stops in showering their guests with novel and unusual services.

Cal Bernstein

BUDDING TYCOON HARRY BISSELL, shown with his staff, operates a motel at New Castle, Delaware, under a Howard Johnson franchise. Starting with $50,000, he opened a Johnson restaurant in 1950, another in 1954, motel in 1958.

Arrive by Plane or Boat

Motels built adjacent to helicopter ports (so that clients can hop over conveniently from the airfield) are increasingly common. Both the South Gate Motor Hotel in Arlington, Virginia, and the Carousel Motel in Cincinnati are near heliports. A Desert Air fly-in motel in Palm Springs has a landing strip of its own to service a clientele of private plane owners. Bellport, Long Island, has been named as the site of a proposed sixty-room Boatel catering to the yachting set.

Private swimming pools or beaches are practically compulsory equipment for new motels these days, and boast various new wrinkles. The Villa Moderne Motor Hotel in Highland Park, Illinois, recently spent $45,000 converting its pool into a 12,000-square-foot ice rink for guests. The Garden Motel in Chipley, Georgia, claims the largest artificial sand beach in the world. Houston's Tidelands Motor Inn boasts that it pipes music to its swimmers *under* water, and dozens of motels today have cocktail lounges below pool level so that drinkers can watch a watery ballet through glass portholes.

Where motels score most heavily in their competition with hotels for the family touring dollar, is in their treatment of children and pets. Merely tolerated in most big city hotels, both are heartily welcomed in motels. The $10-million 300-room Beau Rivage Motel on the Florida Gold Coast has actually installed a closed-circuit "baby vision" TV network whereby a trained nurse can baby-sit, looking at and listening in to cribs in a number of rooms at one time. And "Holiday Homes" on Santa Rosa Island is a motel which *won't* take you unless you bring children. Everything here is geared for the small fry. There is a three-deck gunboat; a pirate ship sailing on a candy sea in search of buried treasure (bubble gum); a doll's house; a theater complete with stage and curtain.

If motels appear to be fond of Junior, they absolutely dote on Fido! A "dogtel" containing plush quarters for twelve pooches was included in a recent $100,000 addition to one motel. All ninety-five Holiday Inns boast that they offer Rover free dog food as a part of their hearty welcome. Perhaps the Charterhouse Inns can claim the honor of holding out the doggiest welcome mat. Fido registers like a guest. Bellmen will walk him if requested, and they present to every four-legged canine visitor cans of Rival dog food, Gaines biscuits in six flavors, special food and water dishes, a private bed, and conveniently spaced

Maxwell Coplan

MIAMI'S "MOTEL STRIP" on Highway A1A is lined with roadside oases like the Sahara which use gimmicks, exotic architecture, to attract luxury trade. Most have their own beach frontage, as well as pools and cabanas.

phony fireplugs along the motel path, plus Gaines and Sergeant's dog care booklets for the reading pleasure and edification of the two-legged set.

The classic motel welcome to dogs was penned some years ago, after a guest, writing for a reservation, asked whether dogs were admitted. "Dear Sir:" the *motelier* replied, "I have been in the motel business a long time and have never had to call the police at 3 A.M. to eject a disorderly dog. I have never caught a dog smuggling out motel towels in his suitcase. Never has a dog started a fire by smoking in bed. Sir, your dog is welcome.

"P.S. If your dog will vouch for you, you can come also."

There remains one last type of motel which should be described: the new, city motel. Brener points out that, technically, "a lot of these in-city motels are not really motels at all, because cars are not always parked close to the doorways of the rooms. Nevertheless, increased emphasis on the parking of automobiles, the elimination of bellboys, and the informality of the atmosphere at some of these motor hotels in the big cities does represent incorporation of motel virtues into downtown hotel operation."

The most spectacular of these downtown motels is midtown Manhattan's brand-new, $2-million Skyline Motor Inn, a 130-room five-story unit which has been running at almost 100 per cent capacity (and receiving five hundred inquiries a day) since its opening a few months ago. During this same period most Manhattan hotels have had to settle for their usual 70 per cent occupancy. Guests can drive right into the Skyline lobby and, via intercom, get their reservation status squared away without even leaving the driver's seat. Harold Steinberg, president of the company that built the motel, says business is so good he plans to open two more motels in the city of New York.

Before You Leap . . .

Adding up all these pluses and minuses, and after examining the various types of motels, can we conclude that the motel business is generally a good field to get into these days? It's a tough question to answer, but experts are apparently in agreement on a few basic points.

—The motel business is no business to "retire into." You'll work harder—twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week—running a motel than you ever did before.

—Don't jump into the motel business without working at least a year on someone else's motel staff. Learn the business before tossing your life savings into it.

—Beware of motel bargains. Roger Sonnabend, of the Hotel Corporation of America, is one of many experts in the field who believe that the motel industry may already be overbuilt. Changing motor traffic patterns and the onslaught of the big firms are driving a lot of marginal operators out of the motel business. Don't get stuck with their white elephants.

—Remember that hotels and motels get awfully sick during a recession. You can't bank on sure future profits just because books on the past operations look good.

—Investigate affiliation with a major chain or association. Loners don't seem to last as long in the motel business as they used to. After taxes, you *may* earn up to about 12 per cent of your investment *if* business, nationally, continues to be good and you aren't hit by unusually bad luck such as highway construction, freakish weather, or cutthroat competition.

After you've taken all of these points into careful consideration, if you still think the motel business is for you, why, get in. A lot of other good people are, Mickey Mantle and Bobo Rockefeller; Howard Johnson and Conrad Hilton.

Why, not so long ago, royalty—the Duke and Duchess of Windsor—were actually photographed staying at a West Haven, Florida, motel! And, when Queen Elizabeth visited Chicago last summer on her royal trip across the Atlantic, the Lake Tower Motel grandly offered to let her use the finest suite in the place.

Unfortunately, Her Majesty refused the opportunity to park her crown there overnight, but the way the marvelous motel industry is growing in power and status, who knows whether she'll dare to decline next time? THE END

Tom King

"WITHOUT CONVENTIONS, *hotels would be warehouses." Inns got a good share of $2 billion spent last year by groups like these paint and wallpaper makers in San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel.*

We're Meeting in Siam, Bring the Wife!

Ever see a business meeting on a tropical beach? Or a million-dollar contract signed at a cocktail party? Or a salesman's wife taking part in company policy? Conventions in exotic places are the newest travel bonanza. Best of all, the cost is tax-deductible.

BY EUGENE D. FLEMING

Day in and night out during 1960, from the Roosevelt Hotel in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to the sun-baked villas of the Italian Riviera; at millionaire playgrounds in the Caribbean, such as Laurance Rockefeller's elegant Dorado Beach Hotel; on board luxury cruise ships; and at world-famed spas like French Lick, Indiana, whose two golf courses and three pools make thinking less fatiguing, some sixteen million Americans from every walk of life—salesmen, executives, horticulturists, railway surgeons—will be discussing common problems, making valuable contacts, closing multimillion-dollar deals—and drinking like the well was going dry.

Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo

Ten million of these travelers are freely associated joiners who attend over twenty thousand get-togethers, ranging from that of the American Medical Association to the Concatenated Order of Hoo–Hoo, a national lumberman's fraternity. In addition, six million businessmen fly hither and yon to sop up corporate wisdom (among other things) at over sixty thousand company conventions. These steadfast pursuers of conclaves spend well over a billion dollars on convention-going travel alone.

Convention travel, it seems, knows no bounds. Droves of businessmen are now jet-hopping to international conferences in Bonn, London, Tokyo, Rio de Janeiro, and other cities that were only names on the map to their immediate predecessors. World-wide markets have created the need for a world-wide pool of information, and American executives are finding they share common causes and problems with their foreign counterparts. Moreover, as foreign cities have become less strange and more easily accessible to businessmen, an increasing number of their national associations are looking overseas for convention sites. Delegates would certainly rather spend a week in Paris than in Chicago, the reasoning goes. The travel time is only a difference of hours and just as tax-deductible, so why not meet there? Bring your wife, of course. She'll love it.

These days, no matter where they go, business brethren are bound to bump into some group of junketing American salesmen, dealers, or executives. For one reason, a great many companies go in for sales incentive tours, which are something like floating conventions without speeches. Salesmen who make a prize-winning quota of sales are awarded free trips to everywhere but the moon.

More Exotic Holidays

Fedders Corporation, for example, has, since 1951, footed the fares for twenty-two thousand people who have roamed an aggregate of eighty million passenger-miles. The company is Pan American Airways' biggest single customer. Only one of Fedders' "holidays," as it calls them, was within United States boundaries. "We try to make our holidays ever more exotic," says Fedders' executive vice-president, U. V. Muscio. One group of Fedders winners next fall will fly all the way to Israel, another will head for Lisbon or Madrid. In all, about 4,500 dealers and distributors will take wing to see the

world at Fedders' expense. Last year, one group took "The Road to Rome and By-way to Capri," while a second savored Acapulco, Mexico, for eight days. The incentive part of the program evidently works: Fedders sells more air-conditioners than any other company.

High Jinks Are on the Way Out

In the mind of the average nonjoiner, the word "convention" is synonymous with unrestrained whoopee-making, girl-chasing and guzzling. Actually, the true meaning is more conservative. The International Brotherhood of Hell Raising Yahoos, a convention-spawned group which once automatically embraced anyone who ever so much as dropped a water bomb from a hotel window, has disbanded for lack of members. About the only point where truth approximates the conventional fiction is in the liquor department.

The drinking is, by far, more social lubricant than high octane joy juice, but it is heavy, nonetheless, and in the opinion of many businessmen, getting heavier. According to a survey of one hundred businessmen by *Fortune* magazine, many executives feel that the drinking should be considered part of the hard work of a convention. Says one: "You never stop till 4 A.M., and you get pretty damn tired. When we have conventions in dry cities, I buy the company liquor, and I figure one bottle a day for each of our own men, and another bottle for people who drop in on him. It sounds like a lot, but you don't get drunk on it; instead you get all keyed up and you find it's just enough to keep you going." An insurance company executive adds: "I've been to eleven conventions in the past six months and I've reached the point where I am sort of soaked up." A booklet published by *Sales Management* magazine advises: "Plot your convention stamina curve," and many businessmen, understandably, do. It's not unusual these days for an executive to spend a total of one month, and, in some cases, four months a year, cementing relationships at corporate and industry-wide hoedowns. One company president ruefully comments that his firm needs two sets of executives: an inside and an outside team, one to go to conventions, the other to stay home and get the work done. For per capita consumption, the high firewater mark is probably established at dealer conventions financed by manufacturers. At bacchanals thrown by liquor distillers for distributors, conversation is almost drowned out by the businesslike gurgling of the products under discussion.

Actually, the real business of a convention takes place at the drinking sessions, away from the prepared speeches and presentations. Not that a lot of the papers read aren't worth while; it's just that whichever ones are any good can be better digested by reading than listening. At the highball councils, on the other hand, contracts may be signed that wouldn't have been signed elsewhere (some executives complain that competitors use hospitality rooms to paralyze customers, then ply them with deals), technical problems are discussed, executives size up potential assistants, and friendships are joined that might prove valuable later on, in the case of a lawsuit, for instance, when two convention-met competitors can call each other up and chat man to man, instead of communicating through their lawyers.

Are Conventions Expendable?

Waste of time, disguised vacations? Perish the subversive thought! After all, wasn't the American Constitution drawn up at a convention? J. S. Turner, secretary-treasurer of the International Association of Convention Bureaus, and a man of over thirty years' experience in the convention field, forthrightly states his conviction that "America's technological superiority stems from our great industrial, trade and professional associations, and the conventions at which their accomplishments are crystallized and disseminated." Nevertheless, the impression lingers that

(continued)

Robert J. Smith

MANY CITIES *have convention bureaus, whose only function is to drum up free-spending get-togethers. Las Vegas bolstered its bid for business with a convention hall that catered to 26,000 delegates in its first year of operation.*

Today, three out of five conventioneers take their wives with them, and stay-at-home "convention widows" are fast disappearing.

these annual affairs are still as riotous as they used to be. Non-convention-going innocents remember hearing wild tales, such as the one told in Denver about the middle-aged executive who left for his first big convention in the East proudly carrying the new set of luggage his wife had bought him for the occasion; two weeks after the convention ended he stumbled back home minus everything but the rumpled suit he was wearing and, in his pocket, a mysteriously acquired alarm clock. This would hardly happen any more, mainly because in about three out of five cases the little woman now goes along to the big meeting, and, as one hotelman put it, "she not only knows where her husband is at all times; he knows, too."

Vive la Différence

It is the presence of wives, even more than the prevailing blandness of the times, that has tranquilized conventions. Many holdouts still refuse to take them along for fear they will upset the office apple cart by discussing taboo subjects after having a few drinks; or because petty rivalries might develop with an important contact's wife. Others are afraid their wives might be bored and lonely. This last reason, however, is suspect. Virtually all conventions now plan special programs for wives and, in some cases, children. There are fashion shows, teas, tours, and, in many instances, seminars designed to bolster wifely company loyalty or simply familiarize wives with their husbands' work. At least one convention sets aside a whole day for a husband-wife session in which nothing but family life problems are discussed.

In any event, interested or uninterested, the convention-going wife is here to stay, and she exerts a sobering influence not only on her husband, but on the lone wolf delegates as well. Oh, occasionally a conventioneer in Miami Beach, say, may go out for a night cap and wake up the next morning in Havana wondering why the telephone operator keeps saying "Sí, sí." But today, only a smattering of no-business-connected fraternal organizations meet for the express purpose of high jinks and chasing blondes. Even the Elks, whose stag conventions were once classics in roof raising, have toned down because—what else?—they are no longer stag. Interestingly enough, one of the noisiest conventions is also one of the most well-behaved. When the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartets in America convenes, they just sing, everywhere, in elevators, in lobbies, on street corners and in restaurants. These people don't say hello to each other without breaking into song.

To be sure, the convention's reputation for rowdiness was well earned. In the old pre-World War II days, going back in an order of ascending revelry to World War I, most hotels and cities would have welcomed Indian war parties rather than open their doors to a convention. Hotels invariably demanded the posting of breakage bonds before they would house any jubilant brethren, and special police details were assigned to ride herd. A few cities, such as Chicago and Atlantic City, did a thriving, if sometimes nerve-wracking, business catering to conventions; most others were happy to leave it that way, preferring, as they saw it, municipal peace to conventioneered prosperity.

But all that was before the great awakening. During the dollar-scarce Depression years, cities came to realize that conventions meant imported money. What's more, it dawned on them that not all assemblies, in fact only the minority, were uncontrollable whoop-ups. Even the occasional civic assaults could be tolerated when the steady influx of anywhere from a few hundred to fifty thousand free-spending delegates at a time provided unbeatable bankruptcy insurance for local hotels, restaurants, and retail stores. One city after another established convention bureaus in an attempt to lure some of the free floating loot. Today, more than sixty bureaus vie for the estimated $1.2 billion delegates spend at association conventions, plus the billion or so released for local consumption at company meetings.

New York: a Late Starter

Not all compete for the enormous national and international meets. Most cities don't have the facilities for handling such a horde. The small conventions aren't exactly slim pickings, though. Chicago got a running start on everyone else by being "The Hub" of railway transportation; and it still manages to hold onto its lead because of its extensive hotel and meeting facilities and its reputation. New York City, however, number two in the league with about 750 roundups, claims that it attracts more delegates and dollars per association, for a total take roughly equal to Chicago's. New York, incidentally, only established its bureau in 1945. Up until then, the city fathers and merchants had thought Manhattan could sell itself. But out-of-towners had all sorts of misconceptions about the city—too big, too inhospitable, unfriendly—and stayed away in droves. Since the Bureau went into action, it has brought in close to $3 billion worth of convention business. The Shriners, for example, hadn't held a convention in New York in sixty-five years until the Bureau enticed them in 1951 and again in 1953.

Foreign Competition

Other major contenders for convention dollars, in order of claim and counter claim, are Philadelphia, Atlantic City (which had a bureau as early as 1898, has hosted over 100,000 conventions), Detroit, Cleveland, Miami Beach, Washington, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The last two scored major coups when they won the coming political nominating conventions. Even though the winners had to put up $300,000 apiece, mainly to cover the monumental costs of installing radio, television, and other press facilities, the investment will be repaid at least tenfold, in cash, to say nothing of the publicity. And no city can get enough of that, especially with foreign competition edging its way onto the availability list. After the American Bar Association convention in London in 1957, a British official paid a call on the New York Convention Bureau looking for advice on how to set up a similar agency in London. "They had tasted blood and were on the hunt for more business," says Royal Ryan, director of the Bureau. "We have had inquiries of the same kind from such places as Tokyo, São Paulo, Melbourne, and Berlin. At first we were flattered," he continues, "but now we recognize that they represent a serious new element in competition, since it takes only a few hours to fly halfway around the world."

The most sought-after groups are those in the higher income brackets because they spend more. Doctors, for instance, are liberal spenders and usually bring their wives, who further help fill a city's till. Not only that, pharmaceutical houses and suppliers of medical equipment come in with them, armed with bulging entertainment and exhibit budgets. An A.M.A. convention is worth at least $10,000,000 to a city. Teachers, on the other hand, are the poorest spenders. Trade associations, on the whole, are freest with the dollar. There is one low-spending group, however, that New York City would welcome back again. That's the Jehovah's Witnesses, who made up in sheer

numbers—142,668—what they lacked in buying power. Approximately 61,621 overflowed 438 Manhattan hotels, while another 81,047 bunked in motels, private homes, boarding houses and trailers. They held their meetings in Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds, jointly. So great was the job of feeding them that tossed salad was prepared in a rented brand-new cement mixer.

In their scramble for a share of the multibillion-dollar bounty, big-city convention bureaus maintain detailed files on as many as five thousand national associations. These tell when an organization meets, the cities it rotates among, where it met last, how much its members spend. "Nothing is left to chance," Royal Ryan flatly declares. His bureau, for example, puts out at least one hundred elaborate brochures a year aimed specifically at choice, and ripe, organizations. Bureau salesmen strike first at local chapters, arguing that it would be a great honor, a great opportunity, for members to host their convention, well worth the sacrifice of a relaxed, carefree time in some other city. At the same time, contact is made with national headquarters, where ten or twelve other cities' representatives will be elbowing each other, trying to get a superlative in edgewise. This pushing may go on for as long as four or five years.

Hazards of the Voice Vote

City salesmen weren't always so formal in their approach. Up until a few years ago, most organizations chose the site of their next convention by voice vote on the last day of their current one. More than one astute bureau man took advantage of this custom by hiring an actor to impersonate an octogenarian, who hobbled out onto the stage and croaked weakly: "I've been a loyal Bejab for fifty years, and I hope and pray you'll choose my city before I (cough) die." With a roar that split many a hungover head, the delegates would vote the fraud's city in. Now, although most conventions choose cities through special committees, on the recommendation of the organization's executive secretary, the exploitable voice vote still exists. Its hazards were demonstrated with finality two years ago in the experience of a large national association which shall remain nameless. The association was meeting in a Midwestern city known for its lack of diverting night life, and the delegates, who had picked the place only out of loyalty to the town's local chapter, were not exactly looking forward to their stay. Their outlook brightened appreciably when word was circulated that an enterprising hotel owner from a Western state had imported a trainload of party girls to advertise his establishment. The next year, the convention was held in guess whose inn.

Tom King

CONVENTIONEERS *and wives go Oriental at Nikko's restaurant in San Francisco. One firm has so many convention travelers, it's Pan Am's biggest customer.*

Few hotelmen would stoop to such heights of salesmanship, but none would deny they are the main combatants in the convention-grabbing struggle. City convention bureaus are supported more by them than by any other group. "Without conventions," says a Los Angeles hotel manager, "hotels would be warehouses." The statement is only a slight exaggeration. For one thing, although Americans are traveling more than ever before, high-speed transportation has sharply cut down stopover time. Florida's famous Boca Raton Hotel and Club, which bills itself as "The World's Most Beautiful Resort Estate," does 75 per cent of its business in conferences and conventions. "The problem," says manager Ike Parrish, "is not to frighten away the other 25 per cent, mostly vacationing millionaires who add the 'class' that is Boca Raton's drawing card."

Elsewhere in the Sunshine State, namely Miami Beach, where the proliferation of pleasure palaces has inspired not a few well-insured innkeepers to pray for bigger hurricanes, the race for group business is beginning to look like a stampede.

Buildings A-building

To fill empty hotel rooms during the off season, the city has just built a huge convention hall (as have Las Vegas and Dallas, with others a-building in Boston, Detroit, and Pittsburgh). Whether the new hall can be credited or not, the city defeated Atlantic City (which just expanded its hall, the world's largest) when it snared next month's A.M.A. convention. Competitors charge that the

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executive secretaries of national associations are met at the Miami airport by chauffeured limousines, dispatched by loving Miami Beach hotels. In fact, they go further and charge that executive secretaries often have to play eeny meeny miney mo with chauffeured Cadillacs. In at least one case, it is reported that an executive secretary arrived in Miami by plane and drove home in a Lincoln, without ever having visited a car dealer.

The Most Sought-After People

Executive secretaries, understandably, are the darlings of the convention business. In national organizations, and some regional ones, they are full-time professionals whose biggest job is planning and running the annual convention from start to finish. They are instrumental in picking the city, the hotels, the travel arrangements. Consequently, they are pursued by mobs of salesmen, some of whom would gladly donate blood to their pets to curry favor. If they wanted to, executive secretaries could live the year round in hotels without opening their wallets, since most hotels compliment their bills whether they are on business or pleasure. Most prefer paying their own way, except on business, which means while sizing up a hotel's convention facilities.

This they do with extreme care, because to a large degree their jobs depend on the success of the convention. No matter how well a secretary may run an association for the rest of the year, the members whose dues pay his salary evaluate him solely on their satisfaction with the annual get-together. The rooms have to be comfortable, the food delicious, the entertainment entertaining. If the main speaker is a dud, the members will fall asleep and blame the secretary for a poor choice, while the board of directors may accuse him of selecting too rich a menu. At a financial group a little while ago, the guest of honor was discoursing at length on the effects of the federal discount rate when the executive secretary noticed with alarm that everyone was sitting up very straight. This is a sure sign of oncoming sleep, since most people hear better in one ear than the other and tilt their heads when listening attentively. As luck would have it, the very next speaker used a film strip to illustrate his talk. When the lights were turned on after the film, 90 per cent of the audience had gone under, and the secretary, shortly thereafter, went out.

The secretary's first major hurdle is picking the city. "If we pick a dull place," says one. "nobody wants to go, and the convention is bound to be a flop. If we pick one so lively that the speakers find themselves talking to an empty hall, we are just as badly off, no matter how many delegates register. The solution," he explains, "is to find a city that's easy for everyone to get to, that will be as attractive to the woman of the family as to the man, and that will give the delegates opportunity for a good time without giving them so much that they play hooky from all the business sessions." The perfect solution, an increasing number of harassed secretaries are finding, is a luxury passenger liner. There's plenty of opportunity for living it up and no way to escape except by lifeboat.

Resorts are growing in favor, too, perhaps under the assumption that delegates will wear themselves out during daylight hours and go to bed early enough to be fresh for the morning sessions. Even the more exclusive resorts have now extended their two-month summer season to four months, in order to house conventions. Wives like resorts, which may be the real reason for their convention popularity since, as one hotelman put it, "Once you hook the wife, there's no problem about getting the delegate." As secretaries know, it's often a big problem getting the delegates to go anywhere. New York's bumbling former Mayor, John P. O'Brien, once remarked that he felt the fraternal spirit whenever he entered a room full of chairs, but most delegates require constant prodding to light up the brotherly glow. Secretaries use such gimmicks as reminders in the form of playing cards, with the best poker hand winning a prize at the convention. Few secretaries would be without the Association Institute's newsletter, which circulates scores of these gimmicks.

Anything Can Happen

Once the executive picks the city and the hotels and counts the house, he joins hands with the hotel's convention manager, and both pray that not too many things will go haywire. Anything, absolutely anything can get out of whack at a convention. Says one hotel man stoically: "A cool, efficient attitude regarding crises seems to smooth many troubled waters, much as the calm look on a ship captain's face relieves passengers during a storm." More often, however, frantic action is called for. At the Hotel Roosevelt in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the entire staff was once recruited to search for a speaker's false teeth. Sales manager Curt Walker comments: "You never saw a more relieved man when we presented him with those choppers. We found them in a telephone booth."

Entertainment can be a king-sized headache, too. At one Chicago affair, just as the well-fed delegates were settling back to enjoy the show the executive

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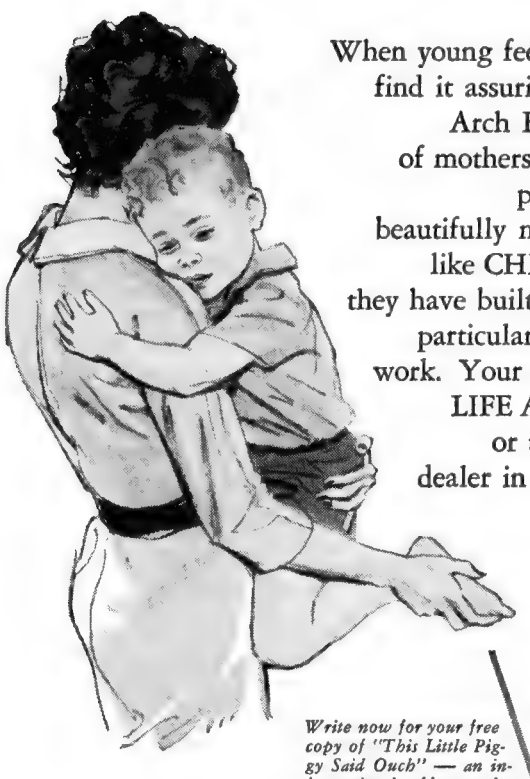

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secretary had put together, the toastmaster intoned: "I'm going to ask that we all stand with bowed heads while the president reads the toll of those who have passed away since our last meeting." The biggest tears in the house flowed from the eyes of the comedian who was to open the show. The executive secretary only sobbed. At a recent company convention, a banquet manager's career went up the flue when his handpicked comedian used the chairman of the board's name in an especially lewd story. As the elderly gentleman and his white-haired wife rose to leave the room with labored dignity, the banquet manager is said to have aged visibly. It isn't only comedians who can effectively cast a pall. A pretty girl singer once apologized for her slight cough by remarking, "Just a slight case of lung cancer"—at a cigarette company's banquet. The executive secretary is in worse danger, however, if the entertainment is in the hands of an entertainment chairman. There is always the possibility he might be like the diehard who booked strippers even though wives had been invited.

Those Barbed Remarks

Such unpredictables, of course, are regarded as the breaks of the game by stout-hearted convention men. Besides, right now, the movers and shakers of this four-billion-dollar industry have something more serious to worry about, a development that may break the game. The Internal Revenue Service, it seems, is hungrily eyeing all those juicy tax deduction claims filed by delegates and convention-giving companies. Come now, it is asking, is *all* this really necessary? Already, company auditors, always wary of the spectre that is their occupational haunt, are cracking down on individual convention expense accounts. As a sure sign of their nervousness, reports have it that they are even scrutinizing taxicab claims, always an acceptable padder in the past. Their comments are becoming more barbed, more rawly edged: "Notice all convention meetings held in hotel. Where were you, or did you mean wheel chair instead of cab?" Or "Why couldn't you just buy a taxi?"

No, on final analysis, the Internal Revenue Service would not dare strike at the foundation of an institution so revered, so much a part of American life as conventions. If it but considers the possible results, its $20-$20 hawk-eye will surely turn elsewhere. Consider: Legions of grumbling, unemployed headwaiters, a revolutionary lot if ever there was one; a surplus of warehouses that used to be hotels; and, worst of all, millions of ex-delegates sitting home watching television and, God forbid, raising the ratings. Surely, not even a balanced budget is worth such risks. THE END

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They Moved to Paradise

Life on an island, far from the pressures of urban living . . . lazy afternoons under the palms . . . moonlight on a blue lagoon. To most people it seems an unattainable dream. Here are the stories of five couples who made it an exciting reality.

BY LYN LEVITT TORNABENE *Photos by Dick Rowan*

"Everyone is on a secret quest for Paradise, and everyone who goes to the Caribbean finds it," declared a West Indian traveler recently. Very few of the millions of Americans now making an annual trek to that never-never land would argue with him. Caribbean-hoppers contract a singular disease in the tropics: island addiction. Tormented by daydreams of tranquil turquoise waters, pursued by visions of moonlight on banyan trees, haunted by the uncanny sound of steel drums, the casual visitor finds himself returning to the islands year after year and, ultimately, unable to live happily anywhere else.

The Caribbean Sea stretches 2,400 miles, in an arc that sweeps from 150 miles south of Florida to South America's Spanish Main. Acting as buffers between the Sea and the Atlantic Ocean are some thirty-two islands called the Greater Antilles (Cuba, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, etc.) and the Lesser Antilles (the Leeward and Windward Islands).

From the air, all look similar: depending on size, they're like large or small clumps of tropical flora and foliage framed by ribbons of white sand. But island addicts know each offers something unique. There are black sand beaches in Montserrat, birds of paradise in Tobago. Grenada always smells of nutmeg; Martinique, where the beguine began, offers subtle French chic; vertical Saba—all five square miles of it—is called the "island of the blonde virgins" because each day its men leave to find work on other, more prosperous, islands. Some of the islands are peculiarly schizophrenic. Saint Martin, for instance, is half Dutch, half French; Jamaica, half over-civilized, half jungle-primitive. Many of the islands were first seen by Columbus, many of their harbors first charted by Sir Francis Drake, many of their riches first ravished by buccaneers or *conquistadores*. Need the incurable romantic know more to be permanently hooked?

Color Photo by B. McNeely, F.P.G.

ONE LOOK *at the beaches on any of the thirty-two Caribbean Islands has convinced many families to leave home. Privacy is always possible, even in Jamaica, left, with population near two million.*

Everybody's Place in the Sun

Once exclusively the winter playground of the very rich, the Caribbean now is frequented by year-round vacationers. Summer travelers, lured by the cut rates of airlines and hotels, have discovered a perfect "hot season" climate, rarely climbing higher than 82 degrees, constantly cooled by trade winds. Fall months are the hottest, and also bring the possibility of squalls or hurricanes. On many islands there is the usual tropical dose of mosquitoes and sand flies, but neither bugs nor storms matter to Shangri-La-seeking Americans.

Land prices are zooming on all the islands, and experts advise those interested in securing a niche not to wait too long. "In ten years there won't be enough available land to walk a dog on," says Wesley Edson, founder of a service for potential beachcombers called Islands in the Sun Club. Members of "The Club" subscribe to twenty-page dossiers on offbeat islands such as Nevis, Tortola and Anguilla. The best buys are now in Anguilla, he reports, where there still is land to be had in the $300 to $500 an acre range. As a rule, Caribbean land is either leased by the government or sold by private owners. In the latter case, Edson points out, there is often confusion about title, which the buyer must check very carefully.

How do you get a job there? Only by creating one. Since there aren't enough jobs to support natives, local governments do not encourage foreign settlers to come to the islands without jobs or the capital to start businesses.

Typical of the Americans who have relocated in the Caribbean are the Frederick Presseys, formerly of Newtown Square, Pennsylvania. After scouting most of the islands, Frederick, a high-salaried chemical engineer, and his wife, Mary, decided in 1953 to settle in Grenada. Their reasons: "the pressures of keeping up with the Joneses, and the way we were spending our lives: working 99 per cent of the time, fighting bad weather 75 per cent of the time, commuting somewhere the rest of the time. We didn't want that for our children."

In Grenada, Frederick built and managed a cold storage plant, using equipment from the United States. He introduced modern butchering and meat-cutting to the island, and the idea of aging and refrigerating meats, which previously had to be sold just after slaughtering. Cold storage also has made it possible for Grenada to increase its variety of imports, and to store fish for off-season use. Like most of the islands, it must import about 80 per cent of its food. Fish are plentiful, but only seasonally.

Nature Beats TV

"Living is simple, honest, and close to nature," says Mrs. Pressey. "There is no television, but wonderful sunsets. The weather is perfect all year 'round. We have a great deal of leisure and a great time using it—swimming, spearfishing, boating, playing tennis. We have an excellent library full of books one never has time to read in the States, and a good record collection that takes the place of all the concerts you can't get tickets for in New York City. Here, people actually paint; there is no museum to spend Saturday afternoons in. Maybe these are some of the reasons we originally thought of making the change," concludes Mrs. Pressey. "Mostly, though, they are the reasons we have decided to stay."

Turn the page for four more families making their way in Paradise.

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The Gilmartins of Grand Cayman

Most Texans would consider Grand Cayman an ideal size for a sandbox, but to Pat and Bill Gilmartin it's a little bit of heaven. Midway between Cuba and Jamaica, it is twenty-two miles long, eight miles wide at its widest point, and almost all beach. The majority of the six thousand natives are white, probably descended from buccaneers and marooned sailors. The social climate is, to say the least, distinctive. Intensely British, the people are also ardent churchgoers, and have one of the highest per-capita liquor consumption rates in the Caribbean. Living amidst a profusion of orchids, surrounded by some of the calmest, clearest, most beautiful waters known to man, free from income and real estate taxes, the residents have only two major diseases: hypertension and anxiety neuroses. Neither of these has gotten to the nature-loving Gilmartins, however. All their lives both have wanted to live where they could spend most of their time out of doors. It took many years of hard work and determination to realize this goal. For several years after their marriage in 1950, Bill worked in the Fort Worth post office, Pat in a bank. Later they moved to Miami, and, on a weekend hop, "discovered" Grand Cayman and their destiny. Finding a way to earn a living there was not easy. At first Bill and a friend bought a runabout to take tourists skin-diving and water-skiing. Pat went into partnership in a dress shop that was so successful it took up too much time, so she sold out. Today Bill runs tourist excursions. Pat is day manager of the Beach Club. At right, you see them in "dress clothes" near their house "in town"; above, in "work clothes."

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The Sandersons of Bonaire

Three centuries ago the lady at left was the figurehead of a Dutch ship. She is now attached to the bar of The Flamingo Beach Club in Bonaire, Dutch West Indies, a monument to two handsome Americans who, by running the Club, keep the island open to tourism. Primitive Bonaire has 6,000 inhabitants scattered over its 112 square miles. About 3,600 of the residents are women; the men have gone to work in the oil industry of Curaçao, 42 miles away. Ruth and Rick Sanderson "discovered" Bonaire after many years of searching the Caribbean for a retreat. In Barbados they met the moneyed half of their Beach Club partnership. The Flamingo has the only tourist accommodations on Bonaire. It consists of a pavilion and two groups of cabanas, all of which are filled with tourists "in season." Off-season it houses the Sandersons—a three-year-old son, one five-year-old and two teen-age daughters—plus friends they bring home from their Florida school. "Everyone assumes Mom and Dad are more of my school chums," says eighteen-year-old Bobbie (above right with her parents). Left, Rick and Flamingo mascot. Right, Ruth chats with Rick and guest.

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The Starrs of Antigua

Ten years ago Pat and Oggie Starr left Manhattan to visit Pat's stepfather in Antigua, capital of the British Leewards. They have been back to the States only four times since. They dashed off to Antigua because it offered escape from the frantic pace of New York. Ironically, they have become the busiest of the 50,000 people on the island. Oggie's first enterprise was a modest travel agency, shared with a friend. Today they have branch offices on several neighboring islands, sell insurance, and represent many American manufacturers in the islands. They also run LIAT, an airline servicing some of the smaller islands, and are hard at work developing the island of Barbuda, forty miles away.

Pat has not been sitting around drinking rum swizzles, either. She operates a pottery, clothing, and what-have-you store called the Coco Shop (below, with Oggie looking in). She buys the fabrics, designs clothes, and supervises production by native seamstresses. For Princess Margaret's West Indies trip, she designed a special fabric and dress and presented it to the Princess.

Pat and Oggie have three children, four cats, two dogs, and one parrot, and claim to have plenty of time to romp in the sun. It must be true—there is no other way to get such a healthy glow.

The Petrys of Tobago

Picturesque Tobago is called Robinson Crusoe's island. It is twenty miles off the coast of Trinidad, and so peaceful Trinidadians "escape" there. All but about 100 of its 53,000 residents are Negroes of African descent who speak a colorful and inimitable calypso. Ann and Bill Petry are Tobago's modern-day Crusoes. Georgia born and bred, they've spent the last two years "camped" in a cove near towering mountains, thick jungle growths, swift waterfalls, primitive native villages.

The Petrys fell in love with Tobago on a honeymoon tour. Trained as camp counselors, they decided to establish a summer camp for boys from the States. They borrowed the necessary capital from an uncle (top, left, with Ann and Bill), then spent a year building; the camp opened last year (above, Bill with skin-diving campers). Off season the Petrys build up the camp's facilities. They have three sons aged three, two, and one. "We've found the perfect formula," Bill says. "We live in an ideal environment and do work we know and like." THE END

Katmandu Sojourn

If you are a country-dropper, Nepal is for you. Only the daring tourist visits this once-forbidden land, where priesthood is a major industry, one telephone reaches the outside world, and street musicians sing the news.

BY RICHARD GEHMAN *Photos by Larry Ward*

One day in the autumn of 1959, on the streets of Katmandu, capital of the mountain-locked, once-forbidden kingdom of Nepal, a tiny land nestling against the Himalayas between India and Tibet, a man driving an automobile happened to hit a bull and knock him down. From the point of view of Nepal's handful of Christians, the Nepalese are heathens, but in their own heathen way they are most devout. Cows may be sacred in India, but bulls are ultra-sacred in Nepal. This bull was injured. So was the man whose car hit him; he hurt his leg badly, and called for an ambulance.

In due course, the ambulance arrived. The attendants rushed to the bull. Tenderly, they lifted him into the ambulance and sped off to the veterinary hospital. Before they left, they admonished the man severely to stay where he was. He had no choice, for his leg was fractured. The police came and took him to jail. A day or two later, a doctor casually set his leg.

His relatives tried to bail him out. "No bail," said the chief of police, "until we find out if the bull will recover."

The man remained in jail until the bull decided to get well, or about two weeks. Reluctantly, the police released him. They put him on trial. They found him guilty of hitting and injuring a sacred bull. They gave him a stiff fine, and then they let him go.

Fourteenth-Century Land

This was a fairly commonplace episode in the daily life of Nepal, one of the most individualistic, anachronistic, curious, inscrutable lands in the world. "Going there is like stepping back into the fourteenth century," said Ed O'Neill, the press attaché at the U. S. Embassy in New Delhi, when I told him I was going to Nepal. He was not exaggerating.

Nepal, except for wars with its neighbors and the British, was relatively untouched by the outside world until 1950. Ten years later it is still all but unpocked by civilization. It has one telephone that connects with the outside world. There are only around eighteen hundred autos among a population of eight million, and most of the cars had to be carried over the mountains by bearers.

The Royal Nepal Airlines, which is both scheduled and unscheduled, maintains service to various points in the country, and it is a good thing that it does. A person who wishes to go to Pokhra, for example, at the foot of the Himalayas, can fly there in thirty minutes; if he chooses to walk, he will be on foot between eight and twenty days.

New Horizon for Adventurers

For all these reasons, Nepal is fresh game for the person who likes adventure. Since the country was opened for tourism, only about seven thousand people have visited it. Visas are given only for a week, and only to Katmandu; to go somewhere else, the visitor must get a police permit. The aspiring country-dropper could hardly pick a better place.

It takes some doing to country-drop Nepal in ordinary cocktail-party conversation. There are about ten flights in each week from Calcutta, that black hole, and one every other day from New Delhi—if the weather is good. In addition to the Royal Nepal Air Lines, Indian Air Lines also flies there—both use old DC-3s held together with wire, aluminum-foil patches, and confidence. The Indian Air Lines people, once they get straight in their minds what you have in yours, are polite and helpful. They are also fantastically courageous. The plane shudders through the air—and so do the passengers.

In January of this year, I did my share of shuddering. Our flight took off from New Delhi and went on its meandering, dragonfly way to Agra (site of the Taj Mahal), Allahabad (site of itself), Benares (site of the holiest city in India, where all good Hindus try to go once in their lives to bathe in the sacred Ganges). Finally we set down at Patna and there boarded the aircraft up from Calcutta for Katmandu. It climbed to about 8,000 feet, gave itself a shake, and flew—or chugged—along for about forty minutes, at which point I happened to look out the window.

Far ahead in the distance were the white peaks of the Himalayas, silver and blue-gray in the gleaming sun, some of them rearing into the clouds, majestic, and—the only word for them—awe-inspiring. Everest's summit was not to be seen, but a Jesuit priest in the seat next to me pointed out Annapurna, Lhotse, Dhaulagiri, and others. As though the sight of those peaks, and the thought of the brave fools who had perished on them, were not nerve-jangling enough, the airplane, at that point, blundered into the Churia mountains, which are the foothills of the Himalayas. For what felt like hours the DC-3 swayed and pitched between these tree-covered, incredibly steep foothills, themselves treacherous enough to discourage expert climbers. The wings went so close to the peaks it seemed we could reach out and touch them.

Terraced Valley

By the time my shirt was thoroughly drenched with the liquid of my apprehension, we were through the mountain pass and over the Katmandu Valley, which spread out beneath us in oddly terraced hills, some planted in rice, others in vegetables. Many squares were parched brown-tan; still more were green. There were coconut palms everywhere, side by side with pines and firs. The mountains make Katmandu the plaything of air currents. On occasion, in winter, the temperature has dropped to 10° below zero; the hottest it ever has been in summer has been 95°. In the monsoon season the rains come down only at night. Days are sunny and pleasantly warm. Summer and winter, Nepal, with a mean temperature of 60 degrees, is ideal for the vacationer.

It is also ideal for the sightseer. Katmandu is a mixed-up looking town, resembling an old northeastern Pennsylvania coal-regions hamlet with Oriental

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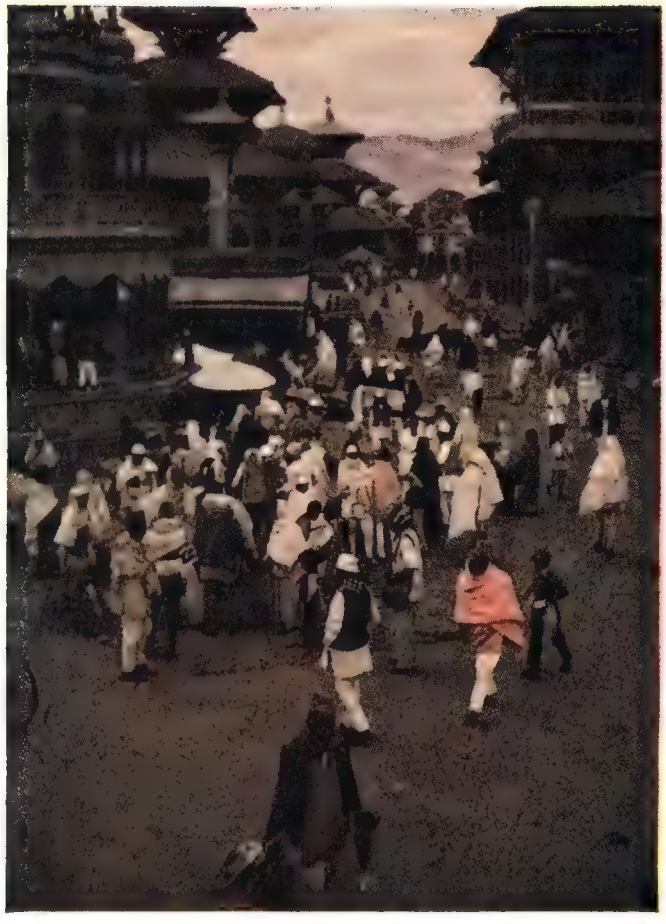

TEMPLE SQUARE at Patan. Merchants do business in front of temples, and vendors sell prayer garlands and bangles.

NEPALESE GIRLS wear saris, with cotton or woolen shawls. Rings or tasseled ornaments are popular nose decorations.

A COMMON SIGHT: Nepalese mother anoints her hours-old baby with oil, after delivering it herself, without assistance.

AT WORK IN BODNAT, outside Katmandu, street singers setting the news to music wend their slow, informative way.

residents that has been set down in a California setting sprouting with occasional Midwestern foliage. The houses are of reddish-brown brick, mostly, with doorways and windows intricately carved. The Nepalese could claim to be the best woodcarvers in the world. All over the country, even in the tiniest and poorest villages, houses are adorned with carvings that would bring high prices in the States if ever they were exported. They probably never will be. The Nepalese show a refreshing lack of the rapacious instinct for commerce.

Almost to a man, the Nepalese are a lackadaisical and pleasantly impractical people. Perhaps the many bloodlines blended in their veins have had the corpuscles of aggressiveness filtered out by the centuries. The Nepalese are made up of three peoples—Tibetan-Burmese tribes, Mongol tribes, and Indian tribes. They have intermarried, and so have their religions. They are Buddhists, Hindus, and a Nepalese combination of the two. They are handsome, clean-featured people with shining black hair and dark eyes. Incredibly poor and almost uniformly illiterate (some say 98 per cent, some say 96), they manage to be friendly and full of humor, with an open, childish interest in visitors. Except for the Tibetans among them, they do not beg; they stand regarding the tourist with the same friendly amazement he feels toward them.

Nepal's Warriors

On the battlefield, they are far from friendly. Nepal's principal export is the Gurkha, a tall, fierce-looking soldier who carries a curved knife called a *kukri*. Gurkhas fought hard in both World Wars, and there are still regiments of them in the British Army. Tradition says that their knives never go out of their sheaths without drawing blood. If a Gurkha happens to show his knife to his girl or a friend, he cuts his own finger with it before he puts it away.

The Gurkhas' scarlet uniforms are an indication of the Nepalese fondness for loud, bright colors. The men's hats, which look like a Turkish fez with the rear slightly pointed and dented, are embroidered in colored threads. The men wear tight pants, a shirt reaching almost to the knees, and a Western-style vest over the shirt. The women wear saris like the Indians', with cotton or woolen shawls. Most of them wear rings or tasseled ornaments in their noses and flowers in their hair, which is pulled back tight on top and braided behind.

To stand in front of the Snow View Hotel, which with the more luxurious Royale makes up the only quarters in Nepal available to foreign tourists, is to get a fine introduction to the land and its people. The street in front is called The King's Way, and from daybreak until nightfall it is filled with pedestrians and bicyclists. A half-hour after I had checked into the Snow View, I went down to have a look at the street. A short, dark man in brown rags went by, carrying a radish as long as, and thicker than, my arm. Two schoolgirls, one in scarlet and the other in yellow, passed, their flowered braids swinging behind them. A man drove five snub-nosed, black-and-white Himalayan sheep. A man in an astrakhan hat with two club feet, both bound in rags, hobbled along on a cane.

"Eyes of Buddha"

While I was standing there, the Snow View's manager, Tom Mendies, an Anglo-Indian who was the first hotelkeeper from the outside to set up in Nepal, came out and suggested that we pay a visit to the local representative of the Dalai Lama, known as the China Buddha, at Bodnat. In Mendies' car we bumped through narrow alleys to a road leading up a steep hill, at the top of which was a huge white dome surmounted by a short, thick, white tower. On each of the four sides were painted two staring blue eyes. Below each pair was a nose in the shape of a question mark. "Eyes of Buddha," Tom said. "They see everywhere. It's not a question mark—it's the Sanskrit figure 'one' meaning Buddha is the One." Atop the tower was a golden spire, from which streamers holding prayer-flags stretched out in all directions. At the base of the shrine, or *chaitya*, were hundreds of prayer wheels set in niches. When the breeze blew and fluttered the flags, prayers were said; when the worshippers gave the wheels a spin, more prayers were said.

A horde of Tibetans surrounded our automobile as soon as we came to a stop. These people come down from the mountains just over the Tibetan border in the winter months to visit the Lama. They now have a hard time getting out, because of the Communist control of the country, but they manage it somehow. They wear heavy woolen garments, held together with colorful strips of cloth, and carry ugly-looking daggers and clubs. Some wear the skins of animals that have not been tanned too well; others wear blankets. All are shod in felt boots, and all—at the sight of a tourist, at least—are beggars.

The China Buddha was sitting on a second-floor balcony, placidly surveying the mass of people below. We mounted the steps to His Eminence, and found him to be a short, stout man with sharp eyes behind Western-style shell-rimmed glasses. He was wearing crepe-rubber-soled shoes, brown gabardine slacks, and two turtle-necked sweaters, a red one and a brown one, with an orange satin zippered jacket over them. He looked like an old basketball coach; I half-expected to see the word *Bud* embroidered above his zippered breast pocket. At our approach, he turned his head away quickly.

"Is he angry?" I asked Tom Mendies.

"Oh, no—he is a Buddha, he never gets angry," Tom said.

Thus reminded, the Lama turned his head back and smiled genially. "Come inside—they are making a thousand rice cakes and lighting a thousand lamps for ceremonies tonight," he said, in English, leading us into a dark room where a dozen men were sitting on the floor, polishing small brass lamps with straw. Nearby were another dozen, busy molding a gummy white rice paste into conical cakes. All around the room, hundreds of the brass lamps, filled with burning yak oil, illuminated the altar, on which sat a statue of Buddha and others of various gods. The Lama explained that the people would come that night, light the rest of the lamps, offer the rice cakes, and pray.

"You speak English well," I said.

"I speak twenty-seven languages," he snapped.

"How long have you been here?"

"Four—"

I did not quite understand him. "Four incarnations?"

He nodded solemnly; I am not certain if he quite understood me.

Burning yak oil is not incense, exactly. Nor is the perfume of hard-working Tibetans. There is some question as to how often these people bathe. One school says never in their lives; another says once each year. They rub themselves at intervals with yak butter, which enables water to run off them as it would off a yak's back. Pretending that I did not wish to desecrate the shrine any longer, I stepped outside. "Are these people all refugees from Tibet?" I asked the coach.

The News in Song

"Not all—but many. Things bad in Tibet now." When I said I gathered that Nepal also was worried about the Communists, he nodded gravely. "Nepalese Army only about thirty-five thousand. Not enough." I shook his hand and went down into the street, where roughly five thousand Tibetans had surrounded my friends, who were trying to listen to four street musicians, old men with wispy, greasy beards and thick, matted hair, singing and playing instruments that looked like Belgian sabots strung with three strings. Tom explained that these wandering musicians go around singing the news to the villagers. I went back up to the Buddha's balcony to get a better view. This time he was gruff and hostile.

"He wanted you to buy something," Tom said. "He is an old fake. He has a curio shop there, and his workers make

coins and amulets, authentic Tibetan things, he says. He is mad because I take people to see him and tell them not to buy that junk."

The next day I learned that the China Lama does not have a monopoly on the living god business in Nepal. The ruler of the country, His Majesty King Mahendra Bir Bikram Sah Deva, is worshipped as the earthly emissary of the Hindu god, Vishnu. There also is a living goddess, Kumari. "You want see her?" my guide, Tapa, asked. "I tell you her story."

Kumari, Living Goddess

"Once upon a time in Nepal, time of Newars, very old people, there was great destruction in Nepal. One small child, she, uh, no, he, no, *she*, what does she do at that time, she tells King, 'I am living goddess, Kumari, and I can stop destruction.' When the King saw her he couldn't believe upon her, but Queen says, 'No, King, she is living goddess,' and that is how we have living goddess. Ever since, priests pick her out. They put many little girls in room and they go in that room with terrible frightening masks on faces and the one who not cry, who just stand there, she is living goddess. She is about seven year old. Name, Kumari. The spirit, Kumari, is inside her. They keep her in temple until she is hurt or shed blood herself, and then they pick new one. We go see her."

We went over to the main square of Katmandu, Hanuman Dhoka, which is walled on two sides by the ancient palace of the kings. The gate to the palace is guarded by a blood-red statue of Hanuman, the monkey god, which is ancient but looks modern, for the figure is a lumpish, featureless representation of a monkey that might have been hacked out by some Nepalese Henry Moore. The square also has three large pagodas and ten small ones, all decorated in wild and demonstrative colors. At one end is a statue of Kala Bhairab, the Terrible Black One, holding a severed head and crushing a demon with his foot.

At the opposite end sits the temple of the living goddess, made of brick, with a carved roof and carved windows. We went into the brick-paved courtyard, where a man was having his morning bath at a spurting fountain. Some of the living goddess's clothes—a tiny orange jacket and a little blue stole—were hanging out a window, drying, along with a couple of ragged towels.

"Hey!" shouted Tapa, or the Nepalese equivalent.

He called a second time, and an old man stuck his head out of a window and jabbered back.

"She is having her breakfast," Tapa said to me.

Four or five of the living goddess's mortal contemporaries came up to stare at us, and so did about fifty pigeons. Presently the priest appeared again and said something.

"He wants to know if we pay," Tapa said. "You pay?" I paid. It costs three *paysas*, or about a sixtieth of a cent, to see a living goddess.

Deity in a Red Sweater

As soon as the guide deposited my offering at the foot of the stairs leading up to the goddess's quarters, she appeared at a third-story window. She was wearing a red cable-stitch sweater, and her hair was drawn up in a bunch on the top of her head and secured with a red ribbon. She looked like a miniature edition of Sarah Vaughan, the singer, with rather more make-up on than necessary; her eyes were heavily shadowed, and dark lines went from their corners to her tiny exposed ears. She seemed frightened at the sight of me, but as I waved, she giggled shyly. I must say it was easily the most rewarding encounter with a living goddess I ever have had in my entire life.

"What will happen to her?" I asked the guide as we were leaving.

"After the spirit of Kumari fly out of her, they will choose new goddess," he said. He did not know whether she would go back to her family or not, and shrugged as though to say that that, after all, was *her* problem.

That day, and other days, Tapa took me on a tour of temples and *chaityas*. We didn't see all of them, mainly because there are 2,700 in the country, but by the time we were finished I felt as though I had seen them all. The Nepalese not only worship living gods and their living goddess, but also, on various designated days, cows and bulls, crows, dogs, brothers (worshipped by their sisters), and many, many other animate and inanimate objects, including cow dung. The latter commodity is carefully gathered off the streets by housewives, kneaded into small cakes, and plastered against houses to dry, after which it is used as fuel for cooking. On one special day, the dung is worshipped. So, on another day, is Sitla, the Hindu goddess of smallpox. The people pray to Sitla to be spared.

NEPALESE FATHER transporting his children in a basket hung from a yoke. Mothers carry babies tied to their backs.

They also pray to the whole long list of Hindu gods, who are housed in temples of incredible beauty and workmanship. On many of the temples, the roof-supports are covered with graphic erotic carvings. In India one finds carvings like these on an occasional temple; in Nepal—heathen, healthy, humorous Nepal—they are everywhere. Some, in the very imaginative diligence of their characters, and in the latter's willingness to experiment with acrobatics and animals, are hilarious. All were carved as a means of assisting the worship of Durga, the goddess who rules sexual relations. My various guides had different ways of explaining the carvings:

"They are put there to show us what to do," said one.

"They are put there to show us what not to do." said another.

"They are put there to see if people can pray and meditate without being distracted," said another.

"They symbolize the union of earth and heaven, body and spirit," said the last, the only one close to truth.

A Devout People

All temples get hard usage from the people. Nepal is one of the most devout of all the countries of Asia. Prince Siddharta Gautama the Buddha was born there 2,500 years ago, in the southwest. It is hard to encounter a Nepalese without a smudge of pigment, signifying devotion, on his forehead. Nobody has yet made an accurate count of the number of Buddhist and Hindu holidays, but Dr. Sandy Anderson, an obstetrician from Glasgow who practices in Katmandu, told me that there are at least 265 holy days in each year. Businesses always seem to be closed, which may account for the backward state of the nation. It seemed to me that I could not walk down the street without encountering some brightly costumed procession, commemorating anything from a god's holy day to a birth to a wedding to a funeral.

Another reason the people don't work much is that their work is back-breaking. There are certain sections in the valley where wheels are as scarce as soda foun-

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tains. Instead of wheeling babies in prams, mothers carry them tied to their backs. Or a father will sling a stick across his shoulders, suspend a basket from either end, and carry children that way. "Haven't these people found out that the wheel has been invented?" I asked Dr. Anderson.

"What could they use wheels for?" she demanded. "They have no beasts to pull carts—it's beneath the dignity of a bull."

"Plowing?"

"All by hand."

Considering that thirteen million acres in Nepal are under cultivation, that is a lot of plowing to be done by hand. It is done by a small percentage of the people, too, for it is customary for a family of, say, sixteen or twenty people to live together and for four or five to go out and work and turn their wages over to the patriarch, who distributes them according to his own whim. The rest of the members of the family probably *would* work, to quote the classic phrase of Moran and Mack, if they could find any pleasure in it.

One thing that perhaps has kept work from becoming a national habit may be the people's long history of fighting each other. It is difficult to think of another nation in the world that has had, proportionately speaking, so much internal bloodshed; and it is also difficult to think of one with a history about which there are so many arguments. After reading two histories of Nepal which told me that the first tribe in Nepal was the Kiratis, and that the Newars, the great carvers and builders, were a branch of the Kiratis, I was told by a student of early history that all books written thus far were nonsense. Arriving at my room one morning at 8 A.M., this man, one Chandrabahadur Gurung, said that his own people, the Gurungs, were the first ones in. "All the histories were written by foreigners who did not know," he said.

We can be reasonably certain that the Gupta family of Indian kings took over the throne in the third century A.D. and reigned until the sixth. These kings never really ruled all of Nepal. By the eighteenth century there were no less than forty-six princedoms west of Katmandu, and several tribal groups east of it.

Nepal United by Force

Prithwi Narayana Sah, born in 1722, was the man who united Nepal, mainly by brute force. Originally the King of the Gurkhas, he first set out to conquer Kirtipur. Defeated time and again, when he finally won he ordered that every male above the age of twelve, except those who could play wind instruments, should have his nose and upper lip cut off. He next took Katmandu, one night during a feast when every man in town was drunk on rice wine. By that time the remaining princes had fled to Bhatgaon, determined to hold out there. Unfortunately, the King of Bhatgaon had seven bastard sons who betrayed him. The city fell without a struggle. Prithwi went on and conquered the rest of what is now Nepal. He founded the line of kings that has stretched down to the present day.

Rise and Fall of Jung Bahadur

After Narayana came a deluge—of double-dealing, intrigue, child rulers overshadowed by conniving regents, a suicide or two, some child murders, and continual clashes between the Royal Family and the Family of Prime Ministers (under the old regime, Prime Ministers and other officials held hereditary titles). Matters were complicated by the fact that it was the custom of each king to marry two wives simultaneously, and the ladies and their respective families were always competitive. A fine account of this lively period can be found in *Window on Nepal*, by Tibor Sekelj (Robert Hale, London, 1959). The outstanding character to emerge is Jung Bahadur, who first distinguished himself by murdering the Prime Minister at the behest of the King. The Prime Minister was Jung's uncle.

The Queen, Kancha, had a lover. Her husband found out about it and ordered Jung to murder him. He obliged. Then the Queen swore vengeance on the King, and ordered one of his generals killed. The assassin refused, whereupon the Queen turned to the faithful Jung for help. He arrived with his men and began killing suspects, even non-suspects, on every side. Before the night was over, Jung and his friends killed more than sixty court officials and five hundred others. As a result of this, and other more or less similar maneuvers, Jung Bahadur eventually became Prime Minister with absolute power. Although he died in 1877, his family continued to rule in Nepal until 1950. The King and his family had no power. In 1950, with the backing of India, the dynasty established by Jung Bahadur, called the Ranas, finally was thrown out of power.

The Rana palace is now a cold, drafty building, charming as a tomb. The paintings of the nine Rana Prime Ministers are ranged in the entrance hall, and upstairs are wood and ivory carvings in cabinets set along the walls of rooms overfurnished with heavy Victorian pieces imported from England, carted over the almost-impassable roads and trails that led into Nepal before the Indian government built the present road, which also is almost impassable at times.

Tom Mendies hopes to take over the old Rana palace and make a hotel out of it as swank as the Royale, operated by his chief rival, Boris Lissanevitch, who is doing business in another old Rana marble pile. Both men have high hopes for the future of the tourist business in Nepal. They base them on the forward-looking policies of King Mahendra, forty, who in his brief rule—he ascended to the throne after the death of his father, King Tribhuvana, in March 1955—already has done much for the country, with the help of aid from the United States and India (he is making an all-out effort to combat illiteracy, and schools are being opened everywhere). The first general election was held two years ago.

King Mahendra is a soft-spoken, apparently self-effacing man—I gather from a U. S. Information Service film which does not really present the Nepalese in all their happy, pristine filth and poverty—who looks to be a bit of a sis. He is no sis; when I was there, he was off on a tiger hunt. He broke precedent by marrying only one wife; a statue served to symbolize the other at his wedding. Later, when his first wife died, he married the second. He composes music (it is sometimes played on the Nepal radio network), but his first love is hunting.

Royal Hunts

The tourist business is going to live up to the two hotelkeepers' expectations when American hunters hear about the game in Nepal. There are no closed seasons, as yet, for tiger, leopard, rhino, elephant, wild boar, deer, and small game birds and animals, which abound. The trouble is, there are no licenses available yet, either. A hunter must be invited either by a member of the Royal Family or by someone high in the government. Boris Lissanevitch has been on several hunts, not only with the King of Nepal, but with more maharajahs than ever ran up tabs in El Morocco in New York. He has seventy-eight tigers to his credit.

Lissanevitch is in the process of making the Royale Hotel the showplace of Nepal. Its décor is a mixture of the old and the new; the modernistic bar has a canopy supported by carved pillars from old buildings. The furniture was all made in Swedish-modern style by Nepalese craftsmen. The bar is the Toots Shor's of Katmandu; all celebrities and sportsmen who make their way to the city sooner or later wind up there. It is called the Yak and Yeti Room.

The Yeti is, of course, the celebrated and improbable Abominable Snowman, one of the chief reasons why Nepal has become known to the outside world today. The Yeti is the only animal in Nepal that has a price on his head. It costs 5,000 rupees Indian—about $1,000—to go after him, whether the hunter sees him or not. None of the many expeditions ever has even smelled him, and it is Tom Mendies' opinion that none is ever going to. "Peter Burns, an Australian, took Tom Slick, the Texas million-

WOMEN BEND OVER WASHING at edge of the river at Katmandu. Such work is not considered strenuous in Nepal, where in some areas even the wheel is a seldom-seen invention —although there are thirteen million acres under cultivation.

aire, up to see him . . . but they saw nothing," Mendies told me. "Ralph Izzard, of the London *Daily Mail*, went on an expedition and when he got back he said all he found was a good vacation." Still, the puzzle persists; and neither Mendies nor Lissanevitch will balk at the idea of arranging a hunt for the Yeti.

Anyone going to find the Snowman will be treated to the most spectacular scenery in the world. Indeed, anyone just going to Nepal will get that treat, for there is nothing to equal the panorama of peaks that may be seen from Katmandu and the surrounding hills. A short distance outside the city is Nagarkot, and from there one may see Annapurna I (26,492 ft), Annapurna II (26,041), Himal Chuli (25,801), Manaslu (26,658), Ganesh Himal (23,299), Peak XX (24,399), Gosainthar (26,291), Jugal Himal (22,-929), Gaurishankar (23,440), and Everest (29,002). An even more breathtaking view may be had on the thirty-minute air flight from Katmandu to Pokhra, where one flies opposite the whole range (and, as on the trip in, perilously close between a few foothills). Between the plain of Katmandu and the mountains there are thick forests and jungles —filled, as mentioned before, with animals of every description.

Leopard in the House

Occasionally these animals wander into the villages. One day not long ago a leopard came down into a hamlet near Bhatgaon where a family was working in its garden. Everyone screamed. The leopard, frightened, rushed into the house. Someone had the foresight to slam the door, imprisoning him. Then it was remembered that nobody had a gun. The family hiked miles through jungle and over hills to the nearest police post and formally filed a complaint against the leopard. A couple of policemen went back with them, entered the house, and shot the terrified cat. The incident caused a great stir in the neighborhood. People are still talking about it—not so much about the leopard, but about the police. They never before had been known to act so quickly.

Two Centuries Too Late

Nobody in Nepal acts quickly if he can help it. When King Mahendra was making a tour of his country after his coronation, thereby becoming the first Nepalese king ever to visit his entire domain, he was approached in Doti by two young men who said they had a complaint. The government had taken all their money.

"When did this outrage occur?" the King asked.

"In the time of Prithwi Narayana," the young men said.

Prithwi Narayana, of course, lived more than two centuries ago. Whether or not the King made restitution, I never learned. I doubt that he did; if he had, it would have been reported in *The Commoner*, Nepal's only English-language newspaper, a half-tabloid-size four-pager set in mixed type which looks like something put out in the Thirteen Original Colonies.

The Commoner, on the days I read it, seemed to contain a good deal of communist propaganda. Tibet separates Nepal from the Chinese Reds, but Tibet is in their hands. "One assumes that there are Chinese Red spies among the Tibetans who come down to visit the China Buddha," one resident said to me. Russia also has made its presence known; the King flies an aircraft staffed with a Russian crew, a man told me. When I tried to check this with various officials, I got nowhere. There is a small communist party in the country, but it is not very active. The Russians are active in aiding the Nepalese in agriculture and industry, however, in practical, immediate ways that show quick results. Merely to teach a Nepalese farmer how to irrigate his plot of land more efficiently is to impress him and win his friendship.

Prophesying Nepal's Future

The American aid program is less impressive because it is geared to a long-term, far-seeing effort. Still, the Nepalese are, on the whole, more friendly to Americans than to communists. And none of those to whom I spoke was worried about invasion. "I have a feeling that war will not come for a long time," Boris Lissanevitch said to me. His optimism was that of the born hotelkeeper. Looking out from his terrace at the blue-white mountains above the dark green of the hills, with the clear blue sky above and the orange marigolds and bright red geraniums bursting in the garden below, I hoped devoutly that he would ultimately be proved as good a prophet as he is a host. THE END

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How to Read a Travel Folder

Between the lines about sunny days and romantic nights lurk tip-hungry clerks, third-rate hotels. Here is a translation of that tempting prose by the dean of travel writers.

BY HORACE SUTTON *Drawings by John Huehnergarth*

Travel writers and travel agents may come and go, and they frequently do. Travel posters are dandy for decorating the den; travelogues are a restful pause before the main feature; and Uncle Ned's color slides of Chichicastawhatsis may stir a faint rustling within the inner man. But what makes the traveler go 'round is an innocent-seeming wisp of paper that usually measures a mere four inches by nine.

It is splashed with gay color, brimful of adjectives, and slick to the touch. Spread out on the dining room table, it lies there, throbbing—lurid, seductive, and dangerous. Its panting prose may possess the power to send you winging out to faraway Upchuck Isle, across vast stretches of tundra to find enchantment in a cottage of the Nembutal Hotel and Country Club hard by the shores of the Saccharine Sea. Its lilting language and gorgeous Kodachromes may inspire you to enlist in a battalion of sightseers who will spend the next twenty-seven "glorious, fun-packed days" marching in lock step across the face of Europe.

Travel folders are so vital and so potent that Thos. Cook and American Express between them spend upwards of half a million dollars a year having them printed. Big airlines hire companies that specialize in their creation. Skilled word wielders, itinerary planners, cost accountants, and artists pool their talents to produce compelling brochures. Indeed, this year's list of travel-folder writers includes Dwight D. Eisenhower, who contributed a bit of Presidential prose designed to lure foreigners to visit America in 1960.

Needed: One Code Clerk

"Too many people think the idea of a folder is to attract the person into the office," says a high priest of the American Express company. "We design our folders as an architectural plan of the tour." Indeed, some folders, when you get into the meat of them, require the services not only of a graduate architect, but also of a nimble mathematician and an accomplished code clerk. A Philadelphia lawyer would come in handy, too. While it is a truism that you can't tell a trip without a folder, sometimes you can't tell about a trip with a folder right in hand. All folders start off with gorgeous bait. "Romantic Bacchanalia," the cover will say over a picture of a native chewing lotus blossoms on a pink beach. The first panel will serenade you with a soft sell about how peachy things are in Bacchanalia, how friendly the natives, how foam-sprayed the beach, how quaint the town, how low the cost, how high the moon. Unfolding farther, you will be down to maps and plans, a day-by-day outline. If you're still enchanted after this, turn to the back of the folder where it says, "Conditions," and read carefully. Here is what to look for:

1. *Hotels.* Some folders specify the name of the hotel in which you are to stay. Others mention a hotel of the *type* in which you will be lodged. Still others merely say "de luxe" or "grade A" hotels. It is important to find out who is grading the place. For instance, the Grand Hotel in Paris, a commercial establishment

roughly the equivalent of the Taft in New York or the Morrison in Chicago, is classified as "de luxe C" by the French Government, but only "first class" by American Express, which makes its classifications according to American terminology and expectations. Warns a veteran travel-agency man, "A hotel marked grade 'A' might be eighteen miles out in the country. You'll find yourself packing a box lunch every time you want to go into town." Says another, "Watch out for a folder that guarantees room and bath in the height of the season. Anybody who guarantees room with bath in Europe in the peak of the summer is a magician or knoweth not the truth."

Merely Turn Right . . .

Moreover, a room with a bath might mean one thing to you but something quite different to a European. Making reservations weeks ahead in the Austrian ski village of St. Anton several weeks ago, I clearly specified "room with private bath." When I arrived I was ushered upstairs. "Jawohl, mein Herr," exclaimed the man in the striped pants. "Room with private bath." And there it was, a room complete with a private bathtub. But the rest of the plumbing was down the hall. Room with private bath in the French provinces on one trip, I recall, turned out to be room with private sink and a bidet on wheels. And once in Paris, caught by a mix-up in reservations, I was given the last room available in an otherwise handsome and fashionable hotel on a side street off the Champs Elysées. It was on the third floor. To get to the bath, it was explained, merely turn right, walk down a short flight of steps, turn right again, get in the elevator and ride to the seventh floor.

The basic price of most tours is figured at two persons to a room in twin beds. If you want to take out snore insurance, pick your roommate carefully, or else be prepared to pay extra for your own single room.

2. *Meals.* The fine print on the back of each folder will tell you which meals are included, but read carefully so you will not go over your budget. Sometimes it gets rather complicated, as witness this gem from a new folder:

Continental breakfasts, lunches or *dinners at all hotels throughout the tours with these exceptions: in Paris, London and Dublin, Continental breakfasts only. On Andalusian extension all meals. 'Vacation in Israel' on Continental Europe, Continental breakfast only, all meals in Israel except lunch on 7th and 16th day. 'Russia by Motorcoach' demi-pension in Berlin and Frankfurt, no luncheon or dinner included day of arrival in Warsaw and day of departure from Helsinki, otherwise all meals.*

By the time you figure that one out, you'll work up a healthy appetite. Continental breakfast means rolls and coffee, and, generally speaking, that is all you will get once you're on the Continent unless you want to pay extra. Even then, many European hotels, despite the American tourists who have swarmed there during the post-war years, are still a little uncertain about American breakfasts. Only a few months ago my wife made a valiant effort to get French toast in a Madrid hotel. "You know French toast," she said confidently to the smiling Spanish waiter. "You mix up an egg and dip a piece of bread into it and then fry it." "Ah, sí, sí, French toast," said the affable white-coated gentleman from Castile. "We have here the French toast." And he did, too. He brought it up in a while—two pieces of fried bread with a fried egg in between. But, still, it was an improvement over a memorable breakfast we had once in Kazakhstan in Soviet Central Asia. There, before retiring, we had to give our breakfast order to an interpreter who spoke French but no English. He translated it into Russian for the chef, who, however, could speak only Kazakh. What we ordered was two bowls of hot cereal, toast and coffee. What we got next morning was three bowls of chicken soup.

Chances are that won't happen to you, and if you are on an escorted tour, there is always the escort at your elbow to straighten out the entanglements. Usually in Ireland and the British Isles meals include "meat" breakfasts, a rather ambiguous term that means porridge, eggs, bacon, sausages or ham. Some London and Dublin hotels still include meat breakfasts in the room rent. It not being the custom for European restaurants to include coffee in the price of a table d'hôte meal, tour planners generally don't include it either. On a long trip your coffee bill might run to $15 or so, and that ought to be figured into your budget. Wine is not included either, and, for that matter, neither is bottled mineral water, which most Americans will have been advised to drink.

The Thrill-Packed Ride

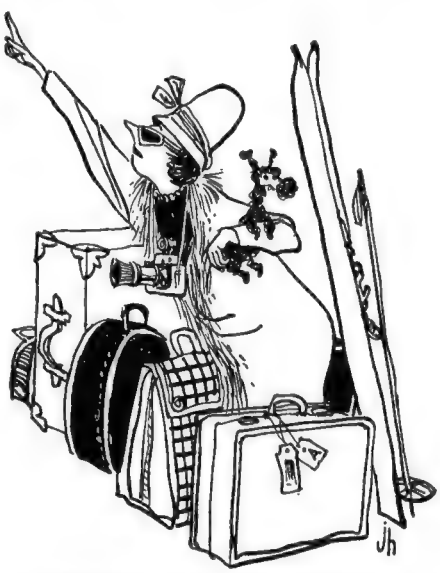
3. *Transportation.* Read between the lines when you come to this part. If you are going by rail, find out whether you will be traveling at night. If so, will the tour provide sleeper accommodations? If so, remember that European railroads don't make so much fuss about mingling the sexes in a compartment for two. Nor can one expect room and bath either. Aboard the Red Arrow, a crack express that plies nightly between Leningrad and Moscow, my neighbor in the next compartment was a Soviet general, and we shared the bath in between. He wore a chestful of medals for brilliantly planned campaigns, but he could never remember to unlock his side of the door when he left our communal lavatory.

If the tour folder specifies bus trips, find out if they mean chartered bus or public transportation perfumed with goats and garlic. If you're on a cruise, you might witness the spectacle of a giant liner disgorging seven hundred passengers on picturesque old Rumpot Island, which has a population of 350, including three reclaimed open-top Fifth Avenue buses and seven touring cars that began touring when flappers were flapping. Last man ashore sees the sights in a 1926 Stutz driven by a Rumpot native whose only English is "Cost of tour does not include tip for driver."

4. *Escort.* If you're signing up for an escorted tour, read what the folder says about the man to whom you are entrusting your life, your fortune, and your vacation. Is he a college student? an unemployed actor? a professional tour escort? Is he someone who lives in Cherbourg and meets your boat and then waves goodbye when he puts you on the boat train for Paris? Or does he escort you from New York to New York or from your first port of call in Europe to your last? There should be some inkling of these fine points in the fine print.

Define That Term!

5. *Transfers.* This industry term means fetching you from your mode of transport to your hotel. First of all, transfer information ought to specify "by bus," "by private car," "by airport limousine," or "by taxi." Some transfers will take you only from an airport to the downtown airline terminal building. It is then up to you to take your own cab to your hotel. Most transfer conditions will specify the amount of baggage you may carry at the included price. Here are a couple of examples:



The folder that says "transportation included" may mean you and one hat box.

Transfers of passengers and two average-sized suitcases per person will be provided by taxi or gondola between city air terminals (not airports), railroad stations, piers, and hotels.

(Continued)

The baggage allowance for each Motor Cruise is one traveling bag per passenger due to limited capacity of motor coaches. In addition a small cosmetic case or hat box which can be placed in the overhead racks is allowed and will be handled by the passenger.

6. *What the tour does* not *include.* Most folders list the exclusions, and they are: your passport, visas, bar bills, laundry bills, airport and landing taxes, and, in some cases, tips. I have at hand one folder that insists that its price does not include, among other things, "baths in Yosemite, Yellowstone, Estes and Grand Lake." One tour to Poland, aimed at Polish Americans, makes a point of excluding what it terms "expenses in connection with independent time indicated in the itinerary for visiting relatives and friends."

Two Grains of Salt

Beware of such statements as "day free for visiting Versailles," and "in the evening you may visit the Lido." Days like these will not be free at all; they'll be rather expensive, for they are, most certainly, extra items on you. Some travel folder writers will recite the litany of all the sights from Paris to Milan. Upon inspection, this *récitatif*, designed to sound like a tour, is really a listing of all the sights passed through along the railroad right-of-way. A tour folder on Hawaii that offers visits to the Hawaii Calls broadcast, the Pineapple Cannery, and the Hula Camera Show is only offering ice in the winter. Those attractions are free anyway.

That Fine Print, Again

In the fine print most travel agents absolve themselves in advance for any losses or expense caused by sickness, weather, strikes, war, or quarantine. The Moore McCormack people reserve to themselves the right to "refuse passage to anyone . . . whose condition, through disease or otherwise, may be dangerous or obnoxious to other passengers." They have a stand on approaching motherhood, too. "Pregnancy," says the folder, "must be regarded as a physical disability."

But most of the folders dwell, especially in the large type, on the good things of life, usually to exclusion of the bad. A folder on the islands of Hawaii states that "Captain Cook made his first landing on Kauai, where he was welcomed as a god." No mention is made of the fact that on the second voyage he was clonked on the head and dispatched into eternity.

While there are pitfalls in some travel folders, the panting prose of these brochures is, charlatans aside, not designed to lead you into traps. Reputable companies that recognize both the potency and the responsibility of travel fol have them prepared with great care. Thos. Cook and Son's folders for the American market are created by a proper Princetonian named Sheridan Garth (class of '33), who has been with Cook's for twenty-six years, speaks five languages, has journeyed the world from Canarsie to Canton. Until two years ago he was Cook's chief cruise lecturer. Beached now in an office on New York's Fifth Avenue, he draws on his vast travel background and what he calls his own "vacuum cleaner mind," which ingests travel articles and government publications, occasionally falling back on Cook's private Advice Notes, which are contributed by Cook's four hundred offices all over the world. He will spend a six-figure sum this year producing 180 folders, each of which will have a press run of from 35,000 to 250,000 copies.

Accuracy Is a Must

The folders issued by American Express, which also cost the company "well into six figures," are the product of a five-man, well-traveled Literature Unit that is further guided by its Chief of Itineraries, its Advertising Director, and its Sales Manager. Although all of these travel executives are constantly sent into the field to see and explore, American Express also maintains a set of bibles called "Fares and Rates," a company-compiled index to all the world's travel facilities from guides to gondolas. It is classified, Pentagon-style, as "confidential" and is kept under lock and key. Says an American Express executive, "these folders must speak to the tourist as a friend, but with the accuracy of a lawyer."

While the larger travel agencies create their own folders, some airlines fall back on creative specialists such as the Dickie-Raymond Company of Boston. Founded thirty-eight years ago by Leonard J. Raymond, an airline buff who made the first American Airlines scheduled passenger flight between Boston and New York in 1927, and the first Pan American Jet Clipper passenger flight to Europe in the fall of 1958, the Dickie-Raymond people have been grinding out folders for American Airlines for thirty-three years. They do the same for the far-reaching, world-wide service of Pan American and for the burgeoning hotel chain of the Sheraton Corporation, in whose Boston headquarters they are tenants.

Dickie-Raymond's New York liaison

20

Among twenty Cordials by Cointreau, there's a flavor that can be the crowning touch to your dinner tonight. There are liqueurs, fruit-flavored brandies and specialties—every one Cointreau in quality, Cointreau in flavor and Cointreau in reputation. ▪ Cointreau Liqueur, *the crowning touch to a perfect dinner,* 80 Proof. Produced and bottled by © Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N.J.

people take familiarization voyages aboard their clients' aircraft. Travel articles and government publications are read and clipped. The copy chief on the Pan American account is responsible for twenty folders a year with a print order of 100,000 each, which means a total of two million Pan American folders a year fluttering into homes everywhere.

The creators of modern travel folders insist that today's brochures are being

Wine is fine, but who pays for it?

done in a lower key, with more attention to basic facts than was the practice a generation ago, but I don't believe them. I have at hand an assortment of folders that were beguiling the travel public in the twenties and early thirties, and there is nothing lurid or startling about them, except perhaps the prices (eleven-day cruise to the Caribbean from $150; New York, New Orleans, Grand Canyon, and California, 31 days for $528; ten-day cruise to Havana, including four days at the Hotel Nacional, meals and sightseeing, from $212).

Anyone for Antarctica?

Thos. Cook, in the Spartan year of 1932, offered a folder that boldly advertised "a cruise tour to the Antipodes." Sailing early in January and returning early in April, that one cost $1,790, a tab that included everything but "steward's fees on ocean steamers and river boats, being of so personal a nature that passengers prefer attending to this matter themselves."

Hot off the 1960 presses is an around-the-world folder that talks of:

gentle, flower-scented tradewinds caressing the lovely islands of Hawaii . . .

a gossamer drift of pale cherry blossoms enfolding the Japanese countryside . . .

the throbbing beat of the teeming cities of the Orient . . .

the haunting loveliness of the Taj Mahal . . . the gay excitement of capricious Paris.

And think you not that romanticism does not bubble behind that gruff exterior of the Russians. Witness this from a brochure rather startlingly called "Visit the U.S.S.R. in Winter." When I first opened this one, I expected to read a testimonial from Napoleon, but it said:

Let us take a stroll through Moscow. It is snowing, and the trees are covered with a soft white blanket. The Kremlin has donned its winter robe. Silvery hoar frost covers the Lenin and Stalin Mausoleum on Red Square, the very heart of the capital.

The Same in Any Language

Not all Communist travel literature is that beguiling. The Soviet folder on health resorts in the U.S.S.R. opens with a familiar Russian ring. "No other country in the world," it states flatly, "possesses so many and such diverse health resorts as the Soviet Union." The Rumanians, new at the tourist game, have unleashed their first paper broadsides this year, studded with such breathtaking scenes as the V.I. Lenin Hydro-Power Station and Lacul Rosu health resort. Says the somewhat turgid prose, "Born in the summer of 1838 of a terrible tellurian upheaval, Lacul Rosu came to enrich both the patrimony of beauty of the Rumanian countryside and the treasure of our people's legends." Carpati, the Rumanian tourist agency, is pushing the hunting. I quote from a booklet that has just reached these shores:

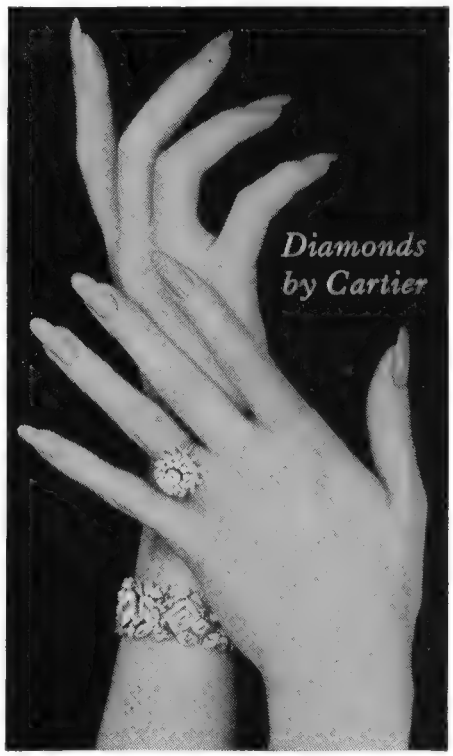
Those who are keen on shooting will discover in the endless forests at the foot of the mountains a fauna comprising stags, chamois, wild boars and lynxes—all long extinct in the greater part of Europe.

Rumania is only one of the new names lettered on the travel folders this year. Under the letter "A" there are brilliant new brochures calling one and all to Africa, to Armenia of all places, not to mention a cruise up the Amazon. Into the act this year is the United States itself, and many a foreigner this spring is dreaming of *7 Giorni Negli U.S.A.*, *7 Jours aux U.S.A.*, or *7 Tage in den U.S.A.* (sample German copy: "*Tiefseefischen, Segeln, Faulenzen an sonnigem Strand: Das ist Miami!*").

Italians are being told of the glories of the *Cascato del Niagara*, the wonder of *Gran Canyon* and *San Agostino* (Florida); the French are hearing of the *Chutes de Niagara* and *Nouvelle Orleans*, the Germans of *Chikago* and *San Franzisko*.

Never in history have there been more places to go, more people traveling, more choices to ponder—more folders. Read them the way porcupines make love—that is, very carefully. THE END

Hands by Sofskin...



New—3-way Hand Cream

SOFTENS—WHITENS—MOISTURIZES

Unlike ordinary hand lotions, Sofskin *concentrates* its special moisturizing ingredients in a nonwatery cream—providing 3-way action. This rich, velvety cream moisturizes dry, chapped hands . . . softens and whitens rough, red *detergent* hands . . . helps heal and protect "hurt" hands. Penetrating Sofskin gives all-day protection . . . goes to work instantly. For younger, softer, more beautiful hands try luxurious, yet inexpensive Sofskin.

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Sofskin Moisture Magic . . . for extra-dry hands.

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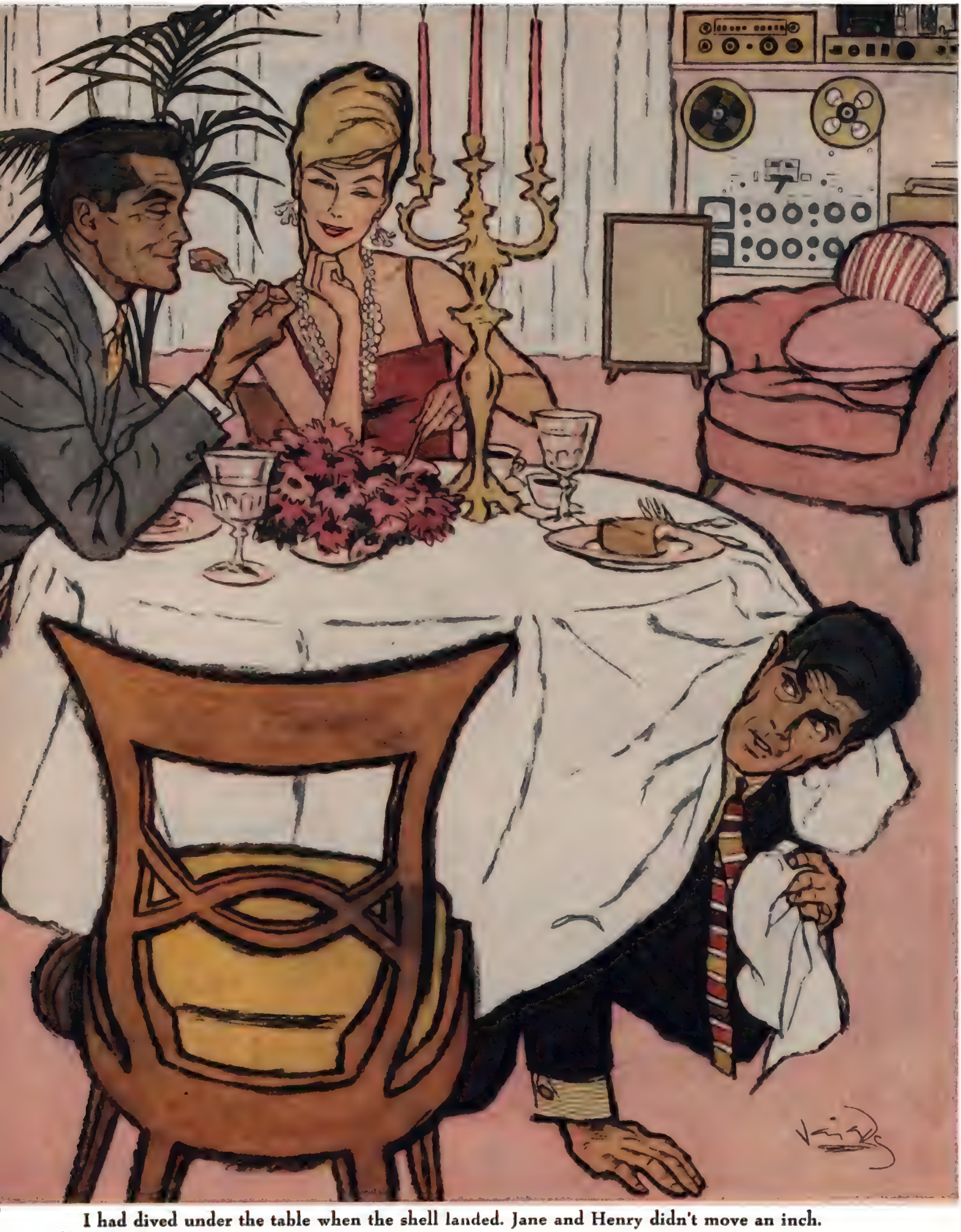


I had dived under the table when the shell landed. Jane and Henry didn't move an inch.

Cosmopolitan's Special Fiction Section

THE SOUND AND THE FIDELITY

Hell hath no fury like that of rival audiophiles. Locked in mortal combat, the two couples exchanged volleys through the duplex wall.

BY FRANK BEQUAERT ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VÁRADY

Much as I wish I could keep silent in this matter, I cannot. Accusations have been leveled against an innocent party, and it is my duty to speak out and reveal the true facts behind the calamity that so horrified us here in Springview two days ago. I am sure that you all know by now that I am speaking of the strange tragedy of the Martins and the Woods.

I first set eyes on Henry Martin at a meeting of the Audiophiles Club, a group of Springview residents interested in the science of accurate sound reproduction. He was standing in the center of a group of club members waving his large hands and speaking in short, angry sentences. I approached and listened. He was delivering a bitter diatribe against the center spindle automatic record changer. I could only listen in admiration. Never had the truth been so clearly expressed.

We soon became close friends, for we were in agreement on most of the important issues of the world. He was a strong advocate of FM-FM stereo broadcasting; he owned only double reflex electrostatic speakers. Most of the other members of the club still clung to immature and old-fashioned fetishes such as FM-AM broadcasting and single cone magnetic speakers.

Less than six months ago Henry met the girl who was to become his wife. Jane was a rarity among women; she was one who truly appreciated the beauty of perfectly reproduced sound. They met one evening downtown at the Sound Shack, where they had both gone to hear a new ultralow-frequency woofer. She later took him to her room, where they sat all night and listened to her marvelous library of sound effects records. From that day on, he was a man in love.

Henry and Jane were married two months ago and moved into an apartment on Arbor Avenue. It was one of those side-by-side ranch-style duplexes . . . but you have seen the photographs and diagrams in the newspapers.

With their great common interest I could not help but feel that nothing but happiness lay ahead for Henry and Jane. For the first few weeks this was certainly true. They spent their evenings reassembling the best components from each of their sound systems into a single magnificent stereophonic array. I visited them occasionally and assisted in stringing cables and arranging the speaker banks. Unfortunately I was out of town for their initial response test of the system, but I telephoned them as soon as I returned. Henry answered the phone.

"How did it go?" I asked.

"Okay," said Henry.

"Just okay?" I said. "You don't sound very enthusiastic."

"Oh, sure," he said, "I'm enthusiastic. Very enthusiastic."

"Well, when can I come over and listen?"

"I guess tomorrow night if you want," said Henry.

"Swell," I said. "I'll look forward to hearing some good sound."

"You'll hear that, all right," said Henry.

From the moment I entered their apartment the next evening, I could sense something was wrong. There was a tension in the air. I first took it for the result of a newlyweds' quarrel. They had probably disagreed on the setting of a crossover network or a tone control. I tried to cheer them up. I told them a couple of hi-fidelity jokes I had picked up on my trip. Neither so much as cracked a smile.

At dinner the tension mounted. Henry seemed absorbed in thought and answered my questions in monosyllables. I was on the point of demanding an explanation for this behavior when a five-inch shell landed next door. At least I could have sworn it was a five-inch shell. There was a deafening blast; the whole house vibrated. A couple of plates jiggled off a shelf in the kitchen and smashed on the floor.

There were about five seconds of silence and then in the distance I heard the whistle of another approaching shell. I did not hesitate. I kicked back my chair

and dived under the table. On it came, until the whole room echoed with the screech. I covered my head with my hands. With a blast, the shell exploded. The whole floor shuddered under the impact.

"Get on the phone!" I shouted. "Call the Army! They've misjudged their range!"

"Get up off the floor," said Henry. Neither he nor Jane had moved. "It isn't the Army. It's Arthur Wood next door."

"What?" I said.

"He's exercising his sound system," said Jane.

Another shell came whistling in upon us and burst. I crawled out from under the table and dusted off my pants. "What in hell is that record he's playing?" I asked.

"*An Hour With the Coast Artillery*," said Jane.

"It's realistic," I said. "It's certainly realistic."

I could see Henry's mouth tighten. "Yes," he said, "but we'll see about realism. Let's finish dinner."

Between bursts of shell fire Henry explained what had brought on the attack. Two nights before, they had finished the installation of their new sound system.

Although it was three in the morning, they could not wait to begin their frequency checks. Not thinking of the neighbors, they put on the frequency checkout record and turned the volume up full. The system's performance was everything they had expected. About five they had turned off the equipment and gone to bed.

They had just dozed off when the sound of a train whistle crashed into the bedroom. The roar of a steam locomotive followed, pounding down a track that seemed just a few feet away. They knew immediately what had happened. Arthur Wood and his wife had been awakened by the sounds from the test recording. They had quietly awaited their turn and were now exacting their revenge. The Martins got no further sleep that night.

There was nothing for Henry and Jane to do but reciprocate. The next evening they had blasted back and the Woods had returned fire, decibel for decibel.

"Well, why aren't you playing something now?" I asked when Henry had finished his explanation. "How about the thunderstorm recording?"

"Oh, we couldn't do that," said Jane. "We have to give them their time, six to seven every evening. We get seven to eight. Then they get eight to nine and so on." She glanced at her watch. "What have we got for tonight, Henry? It's almost time."

I could see a strange fire coming into their eyes. Jane rapidly cleared the dishes from the table and dumped them in the sink. They hurried into the living room and began to go through a pile of records. "How about *Winds of Hurricane Alice*?" said Jane.

"No," said Henry, "that's too mild after the artillery. Now here's one, *Bantu War Cries and Battle Yells*."

"Oh, yes," cried Jane. She smiled almost evilly. "They haven't heard *that* one yet."

Henry rushed around the room flipping switches and adjusting knobs. Jane put the record on the turntable and lowered the tone arm.

I shall not attempt to describe the horrible sounds that poured into the room. I must admit, however, that even with every volume control set to maximum gain the record maintained a remarkable fidelity. Jane and Henry stood in the middle of the room looking pleased with themselves. I went out into the kitchen and sat with my hands over my ears until it was over.

At eight they shut down the system. I went back into the living room. "Well, what did you think?" said Jane. "That should keep them in their place for a while."

"Look," I said, "this is all lots of fun, but don't you think you're carrying it a bit too far?"

"What do you mean?" said Henry. "After all, *they* started it."

"It doesn't matter who started it," I said. "You've both proved your point. Why don't you go over and—"

I got no further. The moment of calm was shattered by the blast of a boat whistle that set the entire room vibrating and left my ears ringing.

"Honestly," said Jane. "*Famous Boat Whistles* again. You'd think they'd have a little originality."

"They're running out of records," said Henry.

"Now, look—" I said, but another blast of sound cut me off. I gave up. "I'm going ashore," I shouted.

"What?" shouted Henry.

"Goodbye," I shouted. "Thanks for dinner." For two blocks down the street I could still hear the distant rumbling of the *Queen Mary*.

I thought that I would avoid visiting the Martins for a time after that. However, I got a call from Henry about a week later.

"Stan," he said, sounding very pleased with himself, "you've got to come over tonight."

"You've settled things with the Woods?"

"Well, not exactly," said Henry, "but I think tonight I'll settle them once and for all. Why don't you come for dinner?"

"With sounds by the Woods?" I said.

"Well, yes," Henry admitted.

"No thanks," I said. "What time does your hour begin?"

"Seven," said Henry.

"I'll come over at seven," I said, "if you promise that you won't play anything so loud we can't talk."

"Oh, we'll be able to talk," said Henry. He chuckled diabolically. "No trouble there."

I drove up in front of the Martins' slightly before seven. From within came the staccato sounds of machine gun and small arms fire, punctuated by an occasional exploding shell. I waited in the car until the sounds ceased.

Jane answered the door. She was a complete wreck, her hair uncombed, a deep tiredness in her eyes. "Hello," she said.

"What was that record that just ended?" I asked. "*Music to Dynamite Stumps By?*"

"No," she said, not even smiling, "*Trench Warfare*. It's the fifth time they've played it this week. Come on in."

I was shocked by the changes in the Martins' house. Unwashed dishes were heaped in the sink; ashtrays piled with cigarette butts were scattered about the floor. It was obvious that Jane, usually a very neat person, had been neglecting the housework.

The living room was in complete disorder. All of the speakers had been turned around so that they faced the wall that separated their apartment from the Woods's. A long crack ran diagonally across this wall, a crack I did not remember having seen there on previous visits. There were more speakers piled atop the original arrays and a stack of additional amplifiers heaped against one wall. Everywhere across the floor ran power cords and audio lines patched and taped together. Henry sat in the middle of this chaos, carefully adjusting dials on the front of a large piece of equipment.

He looked up momentarily. "Hi, Stan," he said. "Grab a chair and we'll start the performance."

"Wait a minute," I said. "I thought you were going to call a truce."

"Who said anything about a truce?" he said. "I just said we'd be able to talk." He patted the instrument before him. "We're going into supersonic sound."

"What?" I said.

"Supersonic sound. Twenty thousand cycles from this little old oscillator."

I suddenly knew their diabolical plan. "You mean the picture window?" I said.

"Exactly." He glanced over at Jane. "Ready?"

"Ready." Her whole face was flushed with tense animation.

"Fire her up," said Henry. Jane tripped a battery of switches. The amplifiers warmed up and the speaker banks began to hum menacingly. "On she goes," cried Henry, flipping a switch on the oscillator.

Of course we heard nothing, but I could somehow feel the power radiating out through the wall into the Woods's apartment.

At first there was no result. Henry went around the room tweaking up knobs to obtain still further power. He came back to the oscillator and slowly varied the frequency.

Suddenly there came a little scream from the next apartment. "My crystal, oh, my crystal!" cried a woman's voice.

"We're busting their glasses," said Henry gleefully.

"You fiends!" screamed the voice. "You absolute fiends!"

Jane smiled. "Get that window now," she said.

Henry slowly cranked down the frequency of the oscillator. I could begin to feel objects in the room around me vibrating. Then through the wall came a tremendous crash of shattering glass.

"Our window!" came a shout. "They've smashed our window!"

Henry shut off the equipment and got up, grinning. Jane looked at him proudly.

I frowned. "You're both acting like children," I said. "You should be ashamed of yourselves."

Henry winked at Jane. "He's jealous of our sound system," he said. "That's what's wrong with him."

"I am not jealous of your system," I said. "Now that you've proven your point, why don't you go over and apologize to the Woods?"

"Apologize?" said Jane. "What for?"

"Can't you see?" I said. "You and the Woods would get along so well together. After all, he must be quite an audiophile himself."

"He has a magnetic speaker," said Henry.

"Yes," added Jane, "and an automatic record changer. He invited us over when we first moved in."

"Look," I said, "this isn't good for either of you. You're losing too much sleep, wearing yourselves out. Why don't you let me go over and apologize for you. I'd be only too glad . . ."

I cringed involuntarily as the blast of a jet engine crashed through the wall from the next apartment.

"What in hell is that?" I shouted.

"*Fly With SAC*," shouted back Henry.

It was impossible to talk further. I yelled goodbye and went home.

I saw the Martins only once more after that. I stopped by one day after work, hoping that reason had prevailed. It had not. Their living room was now so crowded with audio equipment that it was barely possible to squeeze through to get at the controls. The cables were looped in a giant spider's web between the amplifiers and the speaker banks and over everything was sifted a fine coating of plaster dust. The picture window was boarded over and in the kitchen lay heaps of smashed glassware. The Woods, too, had discovered the uses of supersonic sound.

I stayed only a moment. It was all too much like visiting a front-line bunker awaiting an all-out enemy attack. Henry and Jane came outside where we could talk above the sound of the record they were playing. *An Afternoon of Bridge Construction*, I think it was called.

Henry spoke about his latest weapon. He was about to install a giant driver coil in the living room and use the wall as a speaker diaphragm. With full power on, they hoped to drive the Woods out into the street.

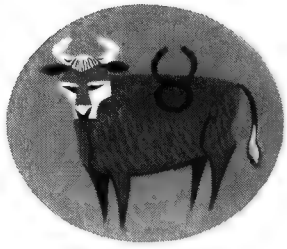
Once more I tried to reason with them, offering my services as mediator. Henry only shook his head sadly. "It has gone too far," he said.

Jane smiled wanly. They both turned and walked slowly back into the house, which shook with the blasts of riveting hammers.

The rest of the tragedy you know from the newspapers and TV newsreels. As soon as I heard the news, I rushed over and volunteered my services in searching the wreckage. There were no survivors. The central wall of the duplex had collapsed, crushing the occupants of both apartments. While poking through the wreckage, however, I did come across Henry's giant speaker coil, still bolted to a fragment of the center wall. Next to it lay the remains of a record turntable with a piece of the record still caught on the spindle. I read the label. *Seven Favorite Earthquake Recordings.*

It is thus obvious that the charges that are being brought against the builder of the duplex are totally unfounded. No structure, however well constructed and solidly built, could have withstood the ravages of that battle.

As I look back upon this tragedy, I try to see how it could have been prevented. I realize that there was little I could have done. Once the events started on their fatal course, nothing could have stopped them. I like to think that the Martins saw this, that they refused to indulge in any act of cowardice, and that they went to their deaths with the highest fidelity to their cause. And I know that wherever audiophiles may gather together in the years to come, the names of Henry and Jane Martin will be spoken with quiet reverence. THE END



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THAT SPECIAL FEELING

When she tried to separate Andy from baseball, she fanned out as a wife. Worse yet, a pinch-hitter was in the dugout, ready to take her place in the game.

BY PEG BRACKEN · ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

As I have often said to Andy, baseball is simply fascinating, because it is exactly like life. I mean, you must keep your eye on the ball, and sooner or later you're up. And maybe you get a hit, or maybe you foul into the stands, the way I did a year ago this spring. But still, there's always a chance you'll blast a homer.

Of course, Andy has a special feeling about baseball. He practically grew up on a sand lot, and his mother says that when Andy was nine he could quote the RBIs, the ERAs, and the batting averages for everybody in the National and American Leagues at the drop of a beanie. As a matter of fact, he still can. And I have a special feeling about baseball myself, because Andy proposed to me during the seventh-inning stretch on our first date.

It was a very thrilling night game in the Rose City stadium. The Rose City Blossoms (which is the name of our team because the Florists' Association bought their suits) and the Peninsula City Pythons were tied, 14-14, at the end of the sixth, and the crowd was wild.

After we stood up and shook off the peanut shells and stretched and sang "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," we sat down again. Andy's brief case was between us, because he had picked me up straight from the office. I looked at the gold letters that spelled *Andrew Bidwell*—they were still shiny because he'd only worked at Chaney Advertising three months—and I said, "You have a very nice name."

He looked down at me—Andy is six-feet-four and I am five-feet-three, so he always looks down at me—and he said, "You can have it, baby. Just any time."

I looked up at him. Hard. Andy's eyes are a nice, clear gray, and he has a very vigorous-looking cowlick on top of this wide-awake face, which is put together in a sort of unplanned way. But I liked it a lot, the first minute I saw it. And I could tell now from the look in his eyes that he wasn't just whistling.

So he moved the brief case out of the way, and one thing led to another, and before the last game of the season I wasn't Marjory MacDougall any more, I was Mrs. Andrew Bidwell.

Oh, there's nothing like baseball, especially night baseball! You sit there in the summer dusk, the park all floodlit, waiting for the game to begin. And then the players trot around to their places, the umpires stalk out like little dark dolls, the flag starts going up over the U-Call-We-Tow billboard while the electric organ plays "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the players hold their caps over their hearts, and on the last note the flag flutters free and there's that good old roar, "Play BALLLL!"

No matter how many times you see it and hear it, it really curls your back hair. And Andy and I saw it and heard it a lot of times, the first few years we were married.

However, there comes a time when you have to grow up. Fun's fun, but there are other things in life besides baseball. Like children, and houses. When we had been married five years, we had a four-year-old son named Skipper. That January we bought a house in Willow Acres, with a big back yard and a wide overhanging mortgage, and all of a sudden I found myself in a real nest-feathering frame of mind.

I had all kinds of plans. I was doing needlepoint for chairs, and I wanted to paint over those stinking pink walls in the bedroom, and I had put five dollars down at Miss Periander's Treasure Trove on an antique pine hutch for the dining room.

But Andy seemed to think the house was just dandy, as is, and Willow Acres too. He turned down two invitations to join the Civic Improvement League and the Men's Choral Group. He just didn't seem to want to be a responsible member of the community. All he wanted was for the ball season to begin.

By February he was really itching, and early in March he started regaling me with newsy tidbits about the team. And about this time I happened to read a magazine article by a marriage counselor.

This article said that a good marriage was never static, and a couple should *grow* together. I thought about this. While Andy and I had been having a very good time, you couldn't exactly accuse us of growing. And the article said, "He is expecting you, Mrs. Wife, to take the lead."

Well, I wasn't sure Andy was expecting any such thing; but the article contained a lot of concrete suggestions, like having heart-to-heart talks and deciding what you really want out of life, and then doing constructive things together, like reading aloud, and hobbies, and making new mutual friends. I decided to try. But my first time up I fanned out.

It was that evening, when Andy was fiddling with the radio to get the ten o'clock sportscast, and I was doing my needlepoint.

"Andy," I said, "what would you really like best to do with your spare time in the evenings if you could really choose?"

"Hm?" he said. "Well, let's see." His eyes brightened. "Go to a ball game, a double-header, have a couple of beers, come home and neck."

"No, I mean—well, something constructive we could do together," I said.

He looked surprised. "That's what I mean, together," he said. "That's constructive. Support the home team, get a load of fresh air, come home, and—"

"Wouldn't you like to read aloud?" I said.

Andy almost dropped the radio.

"Who, me?" he said. "Look, baby, you know I'm always glad to explain the big words to you, but reading out loud drives me absolutely b— Hey, here's old Scoop!" He'd found the sportscast. Hoss Heinemann was looking very good this year, and Manager Don Stralee was predicting huge things for the Blossoms, and

She came leaping over the seats to the first-base line. Sure enough, there was Andy with Ginger Malloy.

BASEBALL

the opening game with the Fir City Fireballs was scheduled for April 26.

As it turned out, we went to it. The way it happened was this:

Andy came home one night in mid-April looking smug as a cat in an empty bird cage. "Here," he said, and handed me an envelope.

I opened it. There were two season tickets to the ball park. Seats 1 and 2, Row C, on the first-base line. Eighty-eight dollars.

"By some odd coincidence," he said, "I happened to be strolling past the gate when season tickets went on sale, so I just waltzed myself in and . . ."

"And you can just samba yourself back down, Andy Bidwell," I said, "and get our money back." Eighty-eight dollars! I hadn't been born a MacDougall for nothing. As my grandfather used to tell me, many a mickle makes a muckle, and it was going to take a considerable muckle to get my pine hutch out of Miss Periander's, not to mention some darling old pine chairs I had seen there too.

"*And*," he said, so pleased with himself that he didn't even hear me, "I found us a baby-sitter of sterling character. Mrs. Wiedhahn. I've practically got her under contract."

Well, this was an achievement.

"And what do you pay her?" I asked.

"Six bits an hour," he said.

"Portal to portal?"

"Well, yes," he said. "But look, we're not taking any vacation this year, and you get an awful lot of fun for the money . . ." He trailed off, in a hopeful sort of way.

No wild pitches, girl, I said to myself. *Play it cool.* So I asked him for Mrs. Wiedhahn's number and I phoned her and told her we wouldn't be needing her.

"Now look, Andy," I said then, very kindly, and I explained. He was to return my ticket pronto, though of course he could keep his if he wanted to.

"I do," he said. His cowlick looked belligerent.

"That's fine," I said. But after all, I continued, we were a responsible householding family now, with a little boy to make a nice home for, and I, personally, wasn't about to spend all that time and all that money commuting to the ball park. However, I said, being very very big, I thought it would be lots of fun to go to the opener and take Skipper with us.

Well, it wasn't. In the first place it was a chilly night, and in the second place, the Fireballs skunked the Blossoms, 18-3. Not that I saw much of the game—Skipper and I set a national record for number of trips to the bathroom in nine innings, and the bathroom is located about seven hundred benches down and two miles under the stands.

That's about all I remember about the evening, except that Andy introduced me to Manager Don Stralee and his wife on our way home. We'd stopped at the Soda Pop Palace, and there were the Stralees. There was a small but well-developed girl with them—well, not a girl, exactly, because she was six or seven years older than I was—named Ginger Malloy.

She was wearing a wedding ring, though Mrs. Stralee whispered something to me about her being a widow. She had a black, urchin-type hair-do and a brassy voice, and she called everybody "doll." She was out from the East on business, she said, and she did seem to have a very businesslike look, especially when she looked at Andy. But I didn't think much of this at the time.

Hindsight. Boy! You always know how you should have played it when the game's over.

It was a wonderful coincidence, or so I thought, that I met Midge Moffatt the following Monday. I hadn't forgotten about that marriage counselor's article, but I had been wondering how I was going to make some interesting new mutual friends for Andy and me, the way it said to.

Midge is a big tall girl who laughs a lot. I had seen her at Miss Periander's before. Then, this Monday when I was there, paying another three dollars on my hutch, Miss Periander introduced us. It turned out that the Moffatts lived near us, and Midge invited us to come to dinner Friday evening and see her collections of cute old things. She was president of the Clackamas County Antique Collectors' Society, and her husband had founded the Little Little Theatre, which was a civic theatre for children. I could see new vistas opening up in all directions.

"You'll love the Moffatts," I told Andy that night. "They're an awfully cute couple. Midge collects—oh, simply everything. And Melvin . . ."

"I hate cute couples," Andy said. "Anyway, I thought Friday night we might go to the b—"

"And Melvin runs the Little Little Theatre, and—"

"The what?"

"The Little Little Theatre," I said, "and they have a little girl, and guess what they call her? Little Miss Moffatt!"

"I guess that clinches it," Andy said. "This is Cuteville. Listen, there's a doubleheader Friday n—"

"And we can bring Skip and put him to bed there," I said, very quickly, "and I told her we'd come about seven."

Melvin Moffatt met us at the door. He was a very friendly little man, not quite as tall as Midge. Midge yelled, "Hi, Bidwells" from the kitchen, and then she loped in, wearing a muumuu and chopsticks in her hair.

"Sit ye doon, sit ye doon," she said, and pushed Andy into an old Swedish nursing rocker. "Now, Melvin," she directed, "you build the nice people a highball and then show Andy your stage sets while I take Marj on the tour."

Midge certainly had a lot of cute old things. She had a wonderful old pewter milk can by the fireplace full of dead branches, and she had a cobbler's bench and a spinning wheel and a marble-topped commode. Then there was a shadowbox that contained a lot of what looked like bicycle taillights. Upstairs she had a canopy bed, and she had even given the claw-and-ball feet of the old-fashioned bathtub a bright red manicure!

But actually the evening never came to a boil. When Midge and I came back down, Andy was still sitting in the nursing rocker, nursing his highball. His cowlick looked limp, and his lap was full of little cardboard stage sets which Melvin was explaining. "I want to show you my sketches for my Pooh Bear settings," Melvin said, and went to get them.

Andy struggled out of the rocker and gave me a dirty look. Then he wandered around.

"What's this?" he asked, looking at the shadowbox.

"My horse buttons!" Midge said. "You know—bridle rosettes. I just can't leave the darn things alone! And this is my sparking lamp," she explained, picking up a little brass gadget off the commode. "It doesn't hold much oil, you see, so the light would go out pretty soon and leave the lovers in the dark, and then, woo-woo!"

"Oh, she's a rascal!" Melvin said, coming in with the drinks.

During dinner Andy kept looking at his watch, and I sensed that his mind was on the ball game. When Midge told us they didn't own a radio or a TV set because it would be bad for their little girl, he more or less clammed up. And when Melvin tried to pin Andy down to help with tryouts for his next production, Andy just mumbled out of it, and we left early.

It was a lovely soft May evening, driving home, with a pretty sickle moon.

"Good baseball night," Andy said. "I wonder how they're doing in the stadium."

I didn't say anything.

"Boy, what a crazy mixed-up house!" he said then, after a while.

"Now listen," I said. "Midge Moffatt has some very nice old things."

"Horse buttons," Andy said.

"And I think Melvin is—"

"Say, I'll bet that little cluck doesn't dare blow his nose around home without asking," he said.

"He's not a little cluck," I said, getting mad. "He's a nice little . . . he's a nice

man, and he doesn't spend all his time at ball games, either. He does things to help the kids and the community and—"

"Well, it takes all kinds," Andy said mildly. "Now, I'm a baseball man."

And right here is where I fouled out.

"Andrew Bidwell," I said, "I am so sick of baseball I could—I could absolutely scream."

"Now listen, baby," Andy said, "you don't understand about me and baseball. I've got a—"

"You've got a hole in your head big enough to drive a truck through," I said. "And furthermore, don't you ever mention baseball to me again."

We were home now. But Andy didn't turn off the ignition. He sat there with the motor idling, looking at me.

"Okay," he said, finally. "I think I'll try to catch the last couple of innings. Don't wait up."

So that is how I got caught between second and third with no place to go.

Not that this bothered me, at first. June is good painting weather, and I got right to work on the bedroom. Andy went to quite a few games, and this left me with a nice clear field in the evening for home improvements.

What began to bother me, though, was a phone call I got one evening after Andy had gone. It was a breezy voice, and vaguely familiar, too.

"Is Mr. Bidwell there?"

"No, he just left for the stadium."

"Oh, but he—" Then the voice stopped. "Okay, doll, thanks," it said.

Then I knew, of course. It was that little black-haired widow I'd met, the night of the opener. On a sudden impulse I picked up the sports section of the paper. There *wasn't* any game at the stadium that night. The Blossoms were in Peninsula City.

About a week later Midge Moffatt phoned me, and asked if I'd had a good lunch at the Blue Heaven on Thursday.

"What lunch?" I said.

"*I* saw you!" she said. "You can't miss that cute ol' cowlick of Andy's!"

I was thinking busily. That little widow was black-haired, and so was I. In a dim light. . . . Suddenly I felt the beginnings of sort of a sickly emptiness, inside.

"Why, it—it was so-so," I said.

Then she asked if I'd like to go shopping for pewter mugs on Friday afternoon, at a new place she'd found, out beyond Sutter's Farm. I said I guessed so.

Sutter's Farm wasn't really a farm any more. It was ten acres of underbrush and stubbly field and parking places where the young people of the town went to get better acquainted. I happened to know this because before Andy and I were married, we . . . never mind.

Anyway, Friday afternoon Midge and I were driving along. Just as we were about to pass Sutter's Farm, a car came out of the gateway. It looked familiar, and no wonder. It was our car. Andy was driving it. And sitting very close to him was that little widow, Ginger Malloy.

I hastily directed Midge's attention to something else, so she wouldn't see them. I can't remember anything else about that afternoon. I suppose we found some pewter mugs or something for Midge. But all I was seeing was Andy, and all I was feeling was this gaping hole inside me.

Well, I gave Skippy his supper and read him a story and put him to bed. Then I sat down in the living room. The quietest living room in all the world. At the stadium there'd be lots of noise now. Everybody making gay, and the boys warming up out on the field, and pretty soon the flag would go up . . . and there'd be Andy.

I looked around the house then. I had finished the bedroom the night before. I had painted it pale blue, but it wasn't much of an improvement. In fact, it looked very cold. There I was with my nice cold bedroom and a lapful of needlepoint to keep me warm.

That's when I moved. I went to the phone and called Mrs. Wiedhahn and got myself into the neatest squeeze-play you ever saw.

"Vot iss you pay?" she said.

"Seventy-five cents an hour."

"Iss bad connection. Vot iss?"

"Sev—a dollar an hour," I said.

"So sorry, iss trouble on the line."

"A dollar and a quarter an hour!" I yelled. "And I need you right now!" Who wants a hutch anyhow? I wanted a husband.

The minute Mrs. Wiedhahn drove into view, I streaked for the stadium.

The first game of the doubleheader had just ended. Everybody was milling. But Andy's seat was somewhere on the first-base line, I remembered. So I plunged in and headed down toward the field, stepping on the benches. And sure enough, I saw that cowlick. And next to it I saw Ginger Malloy. But before I could get there, I saw Andy's long legs hurdling the fence, and he disappeared. I kept on going, to where Ginger was.

"I—I'm Mrs. Bidwell," I said.

"I know you are," she said.

"Andy was—just here, wasn't he?"

"Yes," she said. "Do you need him?"

"I sure do," I said.

"So do I," she said. "Sit down."

But she didn't have to tell me to. The shock waves were really starting to roll now, and my knees weren't there any more. *She* needed him, *I* needed him. But I hadn't been doing much about it.

"You jerk," she said, giving me this very dark look. "You twenty-four-carat—"

"Listen, you can't call me a—"

"Jerk," she said. "J-e-r-q-u-e. Man, man. You let a swell guy like that go free-wheeling around, and you don't even—" Then she stopped suddenly, and I noticed for the first time that her eyes weren't as hard as her voice. In fact, they were nice, warm, dark eyes, and I had to admit it. I also saw her face—I mean, really *saw* it for the first time. It was a good face, and I had to admit this too.

"You really want him?" she said.

I just nodded, vigorously. Suddenly I was about to cry.

"Then hang on to him, doll!" Snuggle up to his warm side! Now listen. Let me tell you something. Andy and I—"

But just then the electric organ moved into high gear and the loudspeaker system erupted a mess of static. There was a moment of comparative silence, and Ginger nudged me and said, "There he is."

He was there, all right. On the pitcher's mound, beside Manager Don Stralee, who had a portable mike. Stralee said, "Fans, I want you to know and support the manager of our state's new Midget Baseball League—and Rose City's Midget Ball Club—Andy Bidwell!"

Then Andy made a little speech. He'd grown up on sand-lot ball himself, he said, and he'd like today's kids to have the same chance. Only, in Rose City, there weren't any sand lots left. And so, when he was offered this chance, he jumped. He wanted to thank the local merchants for their help in buying the Midget ball park—they'd bought Sutter's Farm, and clearing operations were starting on Monday. And he especially wanted to thank Ginger Malloy, widow of the late great Hank Malloy of the New York Yanks. Ginger, as head of the National Midget League, was carrying on the work her husband had begun.

"Ginger Malloy!" Andy called. "Come on down here!" Stralee was moving in again with a huge bouquet of roses.

She went. But before she left, she squeezed my arm. "He'll be back, doll."

They tell me the Blossoms clobbered the Mound City Man-Eaters in the second stanza that night, but I wouldn't know. Andy and I were too busy holding hands, and he was filling me in on the Rose City Buds—that was the name of the kids' team because the Florists' Association had kicked in again. And there was going to be a certain small seasonal emolument, he said, which should take care of getting the hutch and the chairs, and I wanted to cry, I felt so small. And he said it looked as if I'd probably have to be housemother to Skipper and 197 other little Tyke Cobbs, and I couldn't have been happier to hear it.

In fact, we didn't stay for the whole game. At the end of the eighth inning, we stood up, and Andy looked down at me, and I looked up at him, and then we slid for home. THE END

Summer Journey

Brooding over his father's anger, the boy prayed for a way to redeem himself. It came suddenly—in a garish explosion of gunfire and blood.

BY ROBERT P. HANSEN ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT WEAVER

The car was speeding at seventy-five miles per hour through the hot July night. All of its windows were wound down. The airstream roared and blasted inside; it pressed and pummeled the boy's face like a wild liquid, warm, and as relentless as water from a thick, powerful hose. His lashes were blown down. Water streamed at the corners of his eyes. His name was Wesley William Yost. He was trying to watch ahead along the dark, wood-fringed road that swept back beneath the car's headlights, searching for the first possible glimpse of lights at Fox Creek. He knew that they were close and he was worried about the Drive-In. He was afraid that his father would not stop there tonight as they usually did on their trips from Owensboro to Pa-paw Yost's place. Because he was ten years old, Wesley was mainly worried about an ice-cold milkshake, but he was also very worried about his father.

Bill Yost had been driving too fast ever since they had crossed the Owensboro Bridge. This meant he was still angry. Wesley was certain of this, not only because of the speed, but because of the way his father had ignored his mother when she had shouted against the roar of the wind to ask why he was in such a hurry—and then had leaned across the seat to him, apparently because she thought he had not heard, and had shouted her question again. Bill Yost had ignored her, not even giving an indication that he heard, driving with both hands at the bottom of the wheel, a big man with hunched-forward shoulders, driving casually, almost carelessly, and he had not even glanced at Ella Yost.

So he was still angry. Undoubtedly, Wesley thought, it was about the whiskey. But it might not be; it might simply be about Uncle Virge Parson dying and them having to leave Owensboro on a weekday like this. Or it could be one of the private things between the two, like it was a lot of the time, when there would be silence and looks back and forth and short, unrelated things said, grunts to questions, all of which usually came to the point where he was told to go play outside. Then, from the stairs, he would hear their muffled shouting and would never dare come close enough to the door to hear what they were saying. But with a weak, hopeless feeling Wesley thought it was not any of these things; it was about the whiskey, or at least it had started with the whiskey and his father was angry at *him*—not just angry in a flash, as sometimes, but full of deep, disgusted anger that lasted and would take a very long time to wear off. This made it unlikely that they would stop at Eckhart's Drive-In. Wesley watched anxiously ahead as the road unrolled backwards. He wiped the streaming water at the corners of his eyes and thought it was like crying without knowing it.

He had not cried about the whiskey. He was proud of that. It had been a plain accident, maybe a little clumsiness, but the way he had been given the small bottles, hurriedly, six half-pints, slippery glass and unwrapped, one clutched in each hand and two beneath each forearm pressed tight against his chest, and told to slip off fast and take care of them before his mother came out of the bedroom, well, it was a wonder he had not dropped all of them instead of just two.

The whiskey—always little half-pint bottles that would fit a hip pocket—and hiding it in the car was established practice, a secret between Wesley and his father. It was a wonderful, secret thing between them carried on with sly grins and winks back and forth, and sober, innocent faces in front of Ella Yost. It was the best of all the things between them. Some of the other things were when Wesley's hair would be mussed from behind, the big hand going over and pushing his hair into his eyes and his father would say, "Howdy, Mister Boy"; or when they were downtown and Bill Yost had stopped to talk to someone, he would drop a hand down onto Wesley's shoulder; and there were also a few other little things between them, but the game of the bottles was the one he liked the best. Whenever they had an infrequent outing to the lake on a Sunday, and always when they went to visit Pa-paw Yost, there were half-pint bottles for Wesley to hide in the car. It was exciting. The first part was to be handed the bottles. It was up to him then. He had to get down the flight of stairs to the landing back of the grocery store that was on the first floor of their building, and then out to the alley where the car was parked—all without being seen by anybody—open the car's trunk with the key he had been given along with the bottles and hide the little half-pints securely so that if by chance his mother should want something in the automobile trunk she would not come across them. Hiding the bottles cleverly was the other part of the game—once he had hidden them so well that his father had had to call him aside to ask where he had put the last remaining one.

The dangerous part of the game was, of course, his mother. At any moment she might appear and catch him. He was not sure what would happen then, except it would be bad, not only for what his mother might do, but how his father might react to such a failure.

But now he had spoiled it, ruined it forever. He had broken two of the little bottles this evening. They had dropped and smashed on the cement step from the building to the alley, and he had panicked. He had dashed to a shed across the alley and hidden the four remaining bottles under some burlap bags and rushed back, and there was Mr. Murdock on the back step and he was looking at the mess of broken glass and sniffing the whiskey fumes, and as Wesley ran past him to the stairs, he had yelled, "Hey there, boy! Wait a minute." Wesley had plunged up two steps at a time to reach his father for help.

Bill Yost had been coming out of the bedroom with a suitcase. Wesley had run to him and panted out in whispers what had happened.

Now a crowd was standing around the bodies. Ignoring his mother, Wesley watched through the window. Would he still get his milkshake?

From this point it was a nightmare to remember; the stiffening and instant anger in his father's face, the big hand that took hold of his shoulder tight, and his father had called out, "I'll just take this bag downstairs," and given Wesley a firm push toward the door. Ella Yost had called back with irritation that there were two more bags almost ready and to wait, but they went out to the stairs. Wesley was told to stay on the landing.

It had been impossible to remain alone in the limbo of the upper staircase, so he had descended quietly part way, a step at a time, and halfway down he had heard the voices and stopped. Mr. Murdock's old, thin voice had been shrill and angry, accusing his father, and his father had answered back so quietly that Wesley could not catch what he said, not until Mr. Murdock—who owned the grocery store and was their landlord—complained again, loudly, about the shame of sending a little boy on such an errand; then Bill Yost had told him in a hard, clear voice, "Y'all just take yourself off and mind your own damned business."

That had been the end of it with Mr. Murdock. Wesley had come down to the bottom landing. The glass had been cleaned up. His father was washing the cement step with water carried in an old coffee can from the outside spigot. He had merely glanced at Wesley and with one finger gestured him back upstairs.

"But I want to tell you where I put the others."

Bill Yost had only paused wordlessly.

"Over in the shed under them bags." And Wesley had run eagerly out on the step and down to go fetch the four half-pint bottles, but his father had snatched his arm and spun him back violently. "Get back up there with your mother."

That was all. There had been nothing after that, only sullen silence and the speeding after they crossed the bridge.

Abruptly he saw the lights of Fox Creek as the car swept down off this hill road. They went bending into a long straightaway with black-dark fields on either side.

Anxiously, Wesley watched his father for a sign. Bill Yost drove staring straight ahead. His hands made tiny movements with the wheel. The engine sound held steady and the lights were coming toward them fast. Wesley was sick with certainty that they would not stop, certain that his father's anger would take them flashing through the crossroads and they would be swallowed up in darkness again.

Ella Yost glanced at her husband. Wesley held his breath, hoping she would say nothing and do nothing to turn the situation. She could. She could merely point ahead at the yellow neon of the Drive-In, and Bill Yost would ignore her; if his mind was not already set, it would be set instantly against whatever she wanted him to do.

Then Bill Yost lifted his left hand from the wheel. His fingers took the edge of his hat brim—a small gesture, an inimitable gesture that Wesley knew well. Bill took the varnished straw fedora and set it forward half an inch on his head, which meant he was going to do something—spit if he was walking along the street, make a statement if he was at a place such as outside the cigar store where he always stopped to talk a little on a Saturday night when they went shopping. Bill's foot eased on the accelerator. Wesley swelled delightedly as the engine sound changed; it deepened and rumbled. Bill slowed the car with a series of pumping plunges of his brake pedal, and when he turned into the Drive-In he squealed the tires, jerked the wheel to dodge a deep chug-hole, and swooped to a parking place between two cars. He made a surging stop that sent Ella Yost flopping forward in her seat.

"Well!" said Ella indignantly. She patted her hair, glancing at him sharply. Then she shifted in the seat, pulling the wet back of her thin blouse away from her skin, and looking expectantly around the brilliantly lighted place.

The car-hop came. As usual, Bill Yost ordered for them without asking: a hamburger and coffee for himself; a chocolate milkshake for Wesley; a banana shake for Ella.

Tonight was like every other summer night. Eckhart's was very busy, and the jukebox was going loud. The place was a yellow neon oasis in a desert of summer darkness. The nearest town was nine miles away. The next nearest was sixteen, and here at Fox Creek the roads to these two towns crossed and were lit by Eckhart's.

Wesley watched the car-hop who had taken their order, impatient for his milkshake, and he tried to see everything else. He looked at the car on their right, a new, black sedan all muddy halfway up, which meant it had been driven fast over back country roads. The man at the wheel had a fat face and a black hat and chewed a sandwich, his eyes bulging and staring straight ahead as if hypnotized. Wesley watched three kids squirting each other at the drinking fountain. They got a colored man wet who was standing close by at the small window for Coloreds, but he only glanced at them and did not seem to mind. He was waiting to return empty soda bottles. His shirt was open to the waist. He was very tall and thin and the way he stood, all bent at the middle, at his rib cage, he looked like a question mark. He lifted a hand to attract attention, and the first thing was the smash of glass and the boom of a shot coming on top of it. The colored man spun around. His bottles went. They crashed on the cement along with the big sound of the second shot that hit the fat man's sedan next to Bill Yost's car. It hit metal, and the bullet whined. Wesley saw the fat man, his mouth full, grunting something and spitting food, coming out of his car, while beyond, the colored man was running and there was yelling and one woman screaming. Bill Yost was shouting, "Get down. Down!" He was opening his door to get out.

Wesley went to his knees on the floor, but he hung to the window edge, peering over, eyes and forehead and fingers. He saw the fat man tug a gun out from under his coat tail and raise it to aim—and a shot smashed his rear window glass.

He jumped back, pressing against the Yost car, crouched a little, searching for a place to go. He began to back off, making a funny little sound. Wesley pulled his door handle down. The lock clicked. The door swung open partially—and he did not act with any considered intention, or plan, but reacted, rather, in the same way he would to jump and catch something knocked over. He opened the door and slipped back a little.

The fat man sprang forward. He seized the door and pulled it to him like a shield. He crouched very low and poked the gun over the window edge. He held the gun with both hands and took aim. Wesley slid up onto the seat to look out the small, fixed window on the side.

In the open cindered area he saw two men wide apart. The one on the left wore a green shirt and he had his gun pointed. He fired. The fat man shot him. The green-shirted man sat down backwards, hard, and just sat there, oddly. The other man was tall and wore a light-colored hat. He was aiming his gun but nothing happened. He poked with it, trying to shoot. He backed off and put both hands to the gun, jerking at it, and then he began to back away fast. He turned to run just as the fat man fired. The tall man spun and went lopsided to his hands and knees.

Wesley watched the fat man shift his gun, still using two hands, his wrists braced firmly on the window edge, and sight it at the green-shirted man, who was just raising his gun to fire. The shots came simultaneously. One hit the car door, and the fat man's shot took the green-shirted man and slammed him over backwards as if he had been hit with a two-by-four. The fat man swung his gun around again. Wesley saw the tall man running zigzag, and heard the fat man shoot. The tall man went over when his legs stopped; he went over flat on his face in the gutter and slid for a little way because he had been running so fast.

The fat man waited a few seconds

before he straightened. He began to curse, in a tinny voice. He pushed the car door away and walked off. Wesley closed the door easily and jumped onto the seat in order to watch out the rear window.

Everything came to life at once, everybody moving, men hurrying out from their cars, and all around were voices and noises building louder and louder. Bill Yost got up from alongside his open car door. He fumbled as he plucked a cigarette out of his shirt pocket. His hand shook slightly holding the match. He told Ella, "Y'all stay right here in this car. Keep Wesley in the car. Hear?" He hurried off after the fat man.

Ella Yost had heard her husband's order from the floor of the car where she had huddled herself during the shooting. Now she pushed herself up onto the seat again, mussed and indignant. She took a handkerchief from her purse and wiped her hands. "Trash!" she said. "Dirty, filthy trash. Wesley, come down from that window. Someone was surely killed."

"Two of 'em," Wesley said. He had not come away from the window, but actually there was not much to watch now; the fat man had been surrounded by men and the two bodies swallowed up.

"Come down from there," Ella ordered again. He did, and she said, "Brush yourself off. The floor of this car is filthy dirty. I don't know when your father's swept it. Wipe off your hands."

"The man in that car right there," he said. "He's a big fat man, and there was two of 'em shooting at him, and he—"

Ella cut him off. "You *saw* it?"

"Sure." Wesley nodded. "They shot at him and then he just shot both of 'em dead."

"Oh, Lord-God," said Ella.

Wesley said, "He was only just sitting there in his car, right there, and they started shooting at him." He began to speak faster, his excitement loosening in him and unwinding. "He jumped out and he pulled out a gun and he—"

"Never mind," his mother said sharply. "I know enough what happened. I don't care to hear anything else about it."

"But they would've killed him. One of 'em's gun wouldn't work, but the other one—"

"That's enough. I told you. Now hush. Bad enough it happened at all. But around *here*. Just imagine." She became indignant and grew more so, as if the occurrence had been intended as a personal affront. "Trash!" She spat out the word. "Worthless, no-account trash," she said, and with this beginning she went off, launching and expanding into one of her attacks on this, her husband's, portion of the State of Kentucky—Ella was a Lexington girl and had married Bill Yost without ever having seen Fox Creek.

Wesley did not listen, or, rather, he heard without hearing, for he would have known what she was saying if his ears had been plugged. He could follow the petulant rise and fall of her voice and predict her next sentence; he knew every sing-song inflection and sigh and how she would shake her head. He watched a State Police car arrive with its siren screaming and its red light on top circling and blinking. He watched the policemen trying to clear the crowd back from the two bodies. There was a great deal of pushing and circling. Ella Yost's diatribe gradually lost strength and petered out to bitter little repetitions and incomplete sentences. But then, a few minutes later, she began to complain about being left in the car like this. She said that if Bill Yost did not return right soon she was going after him. This was ridiculous, Wesley knew, and Ella knew, but just the same, she threatened and sniffled as if she might be close to tears. Wesley felt a little sorry for her.

When Bill Yost did return, he was with Sellas Pougue. Bill gestured broadly with one hand and Sellas nodded serious agreement. They went to the back of the car and the trunk was lifted. They were going to have a drink, Wesley knew —and a creeping, miserable recollection of the broken bottles came to him. Nothing had changed, he realized. Underneath all that went on now, and afterwards, it would be the same with his father.

Ella was muttering quietly about Sellas Pougue. "Shiftless and worthless. Disgraceful. And I declare, your father don't have one bit of pride in the world."

Why was it, Wesley was thinking, that she did not suspect about the whiskey in the trunk? What did she imagine they were doing back there? Maybe she knew. Maybe she did and didn't dare say anything about it. But she would, surely. She would make some kind of a fuss even though she was afraid of him. He would not bother to hide the bottles if he did not think she would make a fuss. But why didn't she realize what they were up to back there?

A moment later the trunk banged down. Sellas went away and Bill Yost came into the car briskly. "Man!" he said as he slammed his door. "Ol' Benton really done it. I mean he *really* done it. He killed both them boys. The Preston boys."

Ella said, "Disgraceful. Wesley saw every bit of it. Imagine."

"Just four shots," Bill said. "That's all. Every damn one a hit. Man! I mean that was some shooting. They come after him. They been saying they'd get him ever since he sent 'em up last year for bootlegging. He's a deputy, you know, and he told both of 'em back then, he said he wasn't one damn little bit scared of what they'd do. He told 'em he'd cut them down if they ever tried anything. And man oh man, he sure enough did."

Ella said, "A mere ten-year-old child seeing murder with his own eyes. Fox Creek," she added disparagingly.

Over his shoulder Bill Yost gave Wesley a quick look. "You should have got down like I told you. You could've got hurt." He spoke only matter-of-factly, and Wesley had a small rise of hope that the anger might somehow be erased by what had happened here.

Ella was saying, "And *you* with that Sellas Pougue. Shiftless, worthless thing. I never." She shook her head and looked around impatiently. "At least we might get waited on," she said—and abruptly she reached across and blew the car horn three times rapidly.

"Damnit!" Bill brushed her arm away roughly. "What ails you, woman? Can't you see how it is?" Angrily, he flipped his cigarette out the window. "Expect everybody to come a-runnin'." He reached for the ignition and started the car.

"No. Wait," Ella said.

Slowly Wesley slumped back against the rear seat, struck with deep, piercing disappointment. The car was backing out. Wesley clamped his teeth hard, his eyes shut tight and his hands balled into fists, hating his father and hearing his mother saying, "No. Wait. I'm sorry, Bill. It'll just be a minute. You'll see."

But Bill Yost backed around and then swung the car, going slowly, and the crowd parted for him in front of his fenders as he revved his engine. They went past the quilt-covered body of the tall man in the gutter—someone had picked up the light-colored hat and set it atop the form where the shoulders would be. Wesley remained sunk down and unmoving on the back seat. They came out onto the highway. Bill pushed up to fifty in second gear, and in high he continued to build speed even as they climbed the first wooded ridge. Ella Yost had retreated to the far side of her seat, as far away from Bill Yost as she could get. She leaned against the door and stared morosely out at their wedge of headlights as they cut a thin slice into the fringe of woods on her side. The airstream began to roar in the car.

"One more thing," Bill Yost said loudly. "I want you to watch your mouth while we're there. Hear?"

She made no answer or any sign. He assumed she had heard; for he said, "I don't want no smart talk about outhouses and bathrooms like last time."

She turned her head slightly to reply. "I happen to be used to a bathroom."

"Ain't nobody gives a damn," he said.

Ella lifted her chin. "I wasn't raised on an outhouse farm."

"What?" shouted Bill Yost.

"I said," and she turned a little, "I was not raised on any old outhouse farm."

"Just keep your mouth shut about it," he said. "That's all. I'm just telling you."

Ella turned back again, muttering something that was lost in the blast of air. Bill Yost did not hear, or else he did not care. On the back seat Wesley straightened somewhat to be comfortable and to get his face into the airstream. He tried to recognize where they were. In a moment he saw that they were entering the long curve at Cunningham's. The Yost Road turn-off was close. Then something occurred to him. He began to think with building optimism that it was possible, just barely, that at Pa-paw Yost's there would be a cold bottle of pop in the 'frig. He knew if there was, Ma-maw Yost would give it to him. He was remembering one time when there had been a big bottle of root beer and Ma-maw had allowed him to drink all of it despite his mother's objections. It was just barely possible, he was thinking, when his mother turned in her seat, leaning to her husband, and said shrilly, "We're not staying after the funeral. Not for over the weekend. Not if I have to take Wesley and take the bus home."

"Gonna stay till we leave," Bill said without looking at her. "Not on no bus, neither."

"It's no fit place," she almost shouted. "Dirty. Filthy. Seeing people murdered. Wesley saw it. Do you realize that? He *watched* it, every bit of it. Imagine. A ten-year-old child."

Bill Yost said nothing. Wesley was thinking that his father was probably still angry deep down about the whiskey, but not about watching what had happened back at the Drive-In.

Ella said, "He was right up at the window. He could have reached out and touched that man. He could have been killed."

Wesley said, "I opened the door for him."

"What?" Bill Yost leaned back hard against his seat, his head tipped to hear better. "What?"

"*Our* door. Back here," Wesley said loudly. "I opened it so's he wouldn't get shot."

Bill's foot came off the accelerator. "You what? You opened *our* door." He turned to glance briefly at Wesley. He was frowning. "What for?"

The airstream noise had lessened and Wesley did not have to shout. "So's he could get behind it. He got against it, ducked down and he shot those two men."

His mother had turned and was regarding him with astonishment. The car was still slowing. There was very little noise now. "By God!" his father said. "*You* done that? And all that shooting? I bet that door got shot up. Did it?"

Wesley hesitated, just realizing that he might have done wrong, that this was something he could be openly punished for and it was bad because it would include the broken bottles, too.

"Did it?" His father looked back impatiently. "Did it get shot?"

"Just one time. One little hole."

Bill Yost swore and pumped his brake pedal, and Wesley's insides sank.

"Good heavens," Ella complained. "Do we have to stop? We're almost there."

Bill decided to go on. His foot went to the accelerator again, but he drove fast only the little distance to Yost Road and there he turned off and parked just short of the railroad tunnel. With Ella complaining bitterly and with Wesley sitting apprehensively in the very corner of the back seat, Bill took a flashlight from the glove compartment. He opened the door and told Wesley to come along.

A little afraid now, Wesley kept off to one side as he went around the car with his father. He watched as the flashlight was played over the rear door and saw with relief that it was unmarked. Bill opened the door and directed the light. He gave a small grunt at what he saw. Wesley stood still and held his breath.

"Be damned," his father said. He poked his finger into a neat, round hole near the center of the door, and then he said, "Whoo, man. But lookit here."

Wesley came a little closer and saw a jagged hole in the fabric and metal at the edge of the door. His father took the window handle and tried to wind it. It was jammed. "Busted the glass," he said, and he did not get angry at all. "She went in there and busted that glass, and then she must've bounced and come out 'way over here on the edge. Damn, what a hole. That shot would've took ol' John Benton clean in the gut." And he laughed, turning to Wesley. "How about that? A good thing you opened that door for him."

Warm, swelling relief flooded over Wesley. He nodded, grinning, and unable to say anything.

His father slammed the door. "Let's go see if we got hit anywhere else."

"Just there," Wesley said quickly. "Just that one place." He hurried to keep up with the long strides around to the rear of the car. He had a fine, big eagerness in him now.

Bill Yost lifted the trunk. "We could've got hit here, too." He glanced down at Wesley and winked broadly. Then he stooped and brought out a half-pint bottle from beneath the canvas case of tools. There was a good drink left in it. He had it, then wiped his hand across the back of his mouth and bent to set the bottle down flat and noiselessly in the roadside weeds. "Well," he said loudly, "I guess the door was the only place." He banged the trunk closed.

When Wesley got back into the car he might have been floating, for all of the weight of himself he felt; he felt wonderfully, beautifully detached, and he went drifting across the railroad tunnel with the car—knowing that his mother was saying something fretful to his father, but hearing only the sound of her voice as something far away—and he sped suspended through the long curve of road, and there ahead were the lights.

The lights of Pa-paw Yost's came swooping to them. There were cars and trucks parked out front. His father went around a truck and into the lane and stopped partially on the front lawn. The porch light came on and there were people sitting there. There were men sitting beneath the big maple tree and some kids in the lawn swing. Wesley was aware of all this, as he stepped out of the car, but as if from a height or a hidden enclosure. He heard his name called loudly, his Ma-maw's big, familiar voice, "Y'all get on over here. Wesley Yost. Why, land sakes, look at how he's growed."

But he did not go. He was with his father; Bill Yost had come around the car and one of his big hands cupped Wesley's shoulder. They walked across the dry grass together to the maple tree. The men there were turned and waiting for whoever would say something first, and big Bert Phelps, who was even bigger than Bill Yost, was leaning against the tree, and he said, "Well, Bill. What d'you know for sure?"

"Not much, I reckon." And Bill's free hand took his varnished straw fedora and set it forward on his head. He glanced slowly around the group. "'Cept the Preston boys just got killed over to Fox Creek. Just a few minutes ago."

For seconds there was only shocked silence, and then three or four voices at once wanted to know what had happened and who had done it.

"Ol' John Benton done it," Bill said when there was quiet. And then he said, "But ol' John, he wouldn't be alive this minute if it wasn't for this little ol' boy." And the big hand gave Wesley's shoulder a shake. "He saved ol' John Benton's life, for a fact, and you better believe that."

The faces in front of Wesley blurred as he heard his father go on, telling how it had started and about the car door. The big hand held him tight. Wesley reached one arm around and grasped his father's wide belt at the rear. His fingers hooked and took hold and he hung on tight. THE END

His dad's big hand was on Wesley's shoulder. "This little ol' boy," he said, "saved John Benton's life!"

The Good Girl

With scornful virtue, Laurie dodged Richard's good-night kiss at the door—only to open it on a scene that turned her world upside down.

BY PHILIP ROTH ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

Laurie Bowen had taken to protecting herself from the last desperate advances of her young men friends by simply extending to them an ungloved right hand at her doorstep—whether at home or school—and wishing them a pleasant good night. She had come upon the maneuver accidentally: on the steps of Dickson Hall one night *both* hands had shot out to ward off someone's last swaying efforts, and whoever it was had, in his drunken confusion, kissed one, shaken the other, turned on his cordovans, and left. Now Laurie practiced the gesture regularly, and had come to think of it to herself as "European." Richard Renner of Brown, however, was apparently untouched by the manners of that elegant continent. Not only did he ignore the white hand that fluttered out to him, but he cuffed it aside, and for the third time sent his arms flying around her waist.

They were standing so close together, before the elevator in Laurie's parents' apartment building, that they could feel the cold in each other's hair. When Richard's fingers once again went creeping up her side, she sighed very deeply, hoping that Richard would thereby be informed that she was a girl of great patience who was rapidly growing exasperated. Richard's analytic faculties were, however, limited considerably by his own hot blood. Heavy breathing, even heavy *sighing*, had for him but one meaning: he clutched Laurie to him and dove down at what he mistook to be her hungry lips. She backed quickly away, bumping her head on the elevator door.

"What is it with you?" said Richard, his breath flowery with Canadian Club. "Don't tell me you don't find me attractive. You *know* when someone's attracted to you." He looked at her with a depth of concentration that was to inform her that *he* found this moment momentous. His fingers, in the meantime, had spread wider and wider, and were now at the very highest point of what Laurie could allow herself to think of as her waist.

"You're extremely attractive," she said wryly, and undid his hands.

"What's the matter? Did I do something wrong? Did I say something wrong? If I said something, Laurie, I'm sorry. Whatever it was."

"You've been very pleasant," the girl said, with some ironic reserve, however, about the present.

"You going to invite me up?"

When she did not answer, he said, "I just thought I might use your john . . ." But that was so thin a disguise, he left off with it.

"My parents have company, Richard. A party."

"Look, did I say something wrong? Did I do something *crude*?"

"Richard, you *could* come in and I *would* invite you up, but there wouldn't even be a place for us to sit. It's a college reunion. They all went to Cornell."

"Let's go back to the car," he said. "C'mon."

"No," the girl said.

"I've got a heater . . ."

She stepped aside and indicated, with apparent pique, the doorhandle of the elevator.

"I'll turn the radio on," Richard said. "I'll run down my *battery* for you—what else do you want?"

She smiled, too sweetly, and said, "Open the door."

He reached for the handle, managing to kiss her hair on the down swoop. When he pushed south, however, she ducked away and stepped into the elevator. The door was sliding closed when Richard hopped in.

For Laurie, fourteen flights with Richard promised to be as long and dangerous as a safari through Somaliland. In the absence of elephant guns, she set out to protect herself with small talk.

"I really dread going in there," she said, tapping the clasp on her purse. "'Did you have a nice time, dear?' I can hear it already. 'Did you have a nice time, dear?'"

Richard corralled her in a corner. He kept her pinned with elbows and knees. "Did you have a nice time, dear?"

"Richard," she said. Legs and elbows moved back.

"Richard," Richard repeated, drunkenly. "You've got nice diction, you know that? Really terrific diction. . . ."

"I've been in plays," she said, informatively. "Last year at Miss Grayburn's I was Juliet. Not that I'm terribly good, but the other girls, they all had—" she decided, having measured the extent of Richard's inebriation, to go ahead and quote Miss Grayburn without credit "—they all had New Jersey in their diphthongs." Saying it made her feel witty and epigrammatic.

When the elevator shivered, then stopped, Laurie hurried out into the carpeted corridor and, with her loose-jointed gait, preceded him to the door of her parents' apartment, fishing in her small black purse for her key.

Two indefatigable arms came around from the back.

"Richard," she said, but the boy did not let go, and with a skill almost military in its precision, invaded the undefended skin just beneath her ear.

It was doubtless the shock of it—like an unexpected draft in a warm room—that gave her gooseflesh under her clothes.

"C'mon," Richard said. "The elevator's still here."

"For your information, Richard Renner,

"Sag," Mrs. Lasser remarked with tipsy vulgarity, "is the law of nature!" Laurie jumped—horrified to find the older woman watching her.

I played Juliet and not Anna Christie."

"Anna who?"

"Anna and the King of Siam," she said, archly. God, what kind of school *was* Brown! Had he lied when he said he too was a dedicated English major?

"You look a little like Elizabeth Taylor, you know that?"

"Elizabeth who?" Laurie asked.

"You. Like Elizabeth Taylor."

"Of course," she said, with the proper tone of indifference, and opened the door a way. From within she could hear the noise of the party.

"Well," said the young man, in desperation, "you're no dog," and he gave her the most Gargantuan tug of the evening. She let go of the doorhandle and was propelled toward him, not entirely despite herself. Her two arms, however, aided by the handbag and the thickness of their two winter coats, prevented any significant coming together.

"C'mon," Richard said.

She looked directly at Richard's face and for the first time consciously faced a fact: she really wouldn't mind kissing him. She was—to use a word she found at once vague and childish—attracted to him. He might overdo the long meaningful gazes into the eyes; he was nevertheless quite good-looking. He had his merit—to use another imprecise word—physically. And, too, he had been polite and kind to her up until the elevator. . . . Or had he? All that opening of doors and pulling back of chairs and helping on of coats—had that been nothing but groundwork? Surely at the end of the evening it had been a motive less than noble that had led him to take her for a nightcap to that crowded belly-dancing place on the West Side. Was that dark, scantily clad young lady slithering around on the floor supposed to give Laurie ideas? Was all that smoke and those tassels and the oriental music supposed to *arouse* her? Laurie was a girl who spoke her mind, and she had put the question directly to him: "What's the idea of this, Richard?"

"The idea?" he said. "It's an art form. What are you talking about ideas? It's an Egyptian art form. . . ."

She looked out to where the spotlight shined—the Egyptian artist was reclining on the floor. "Is it?" Laurie said.

"Cripes, Laurie," Richard said, "I didn't think you were a *Philistine*."

Well, she wasn't a Philistine! She just wouldn't kiss him! Everything he did was premeditated and cold. Had his passion been spontaneous, here at the door, then she might have allowed herself to be a little spontaneous too. But she despised sexual plotting! She reached for the doorknob again, and put one foot safely inside the apartment.

"It's been lovely, Richard."

"Stop teasing me," he said. "It's not fair."

"You tease yourself."

"God," the young man suddenly said, almost incredulous himself, "all I want to do is *kiss* you." And this time when he tugged her elbows, she came forward and allowed him her lips.

Richard moaned. It was, Laurie's intuition informed her, only the simulation of passion, and it offended her.

"Good night, Richard."

"C'mon. We'll go down to the car. I've got a heater."

"There'll be other nights," she said, simulating some herself. And, before he could breathe another "c'mon" she turned and was in the smoky, noisy apartment.

And the next moment her purse was clattering onto the floor. She had smacked directly into someone—and she could tell who it was before she was even able to see. The perfume overwhelmed one with its owner's identity.

"Excuse me, dear," Mrs. Lasser said. "I think my olive is lost. I was looking for it . . . when you came in." The woman held up an empty martini glass.

"I'm afraid I didn't see it, Mrs. Lasser," Laurie said huffily.

"Well, I was just inside *here*," Mrs. Lasser said with deliberation. She pointed to a spot directly before the door, and showed all her teeth, though she wasn't exactly smiling. "Just sort of passing by when you came in. Do you see it anywhere? It's just a little green olive."

"No." Laurie bent down and began to gather the odds and ends that had fallen from her purse. Under her cigarettes, she found to her surprise, a little green olive. Well, olive or no olive, Mrs. Lasser was still an eavesdropper! She'd probably planted the olive on purpose—for an excuse. Holding the wet thing between two disdainful fingers, Laurie handed it to Mrs. Lasser.

"Thank you, sweetheart," the woman said. She accepted it and dropped it vacantly in her glass. "Here, let me help you." She lifted her scarlet dress an inch above her knees, and then all at once melted down to the carpet. "Whooo-oops," she said, and was sitting on the floor.

Laurie gathered her few belongings from about Mrs. Lasser's shoes and ignored the rest of her. Then the girl stood and turned to go, leaving Mrs. Lasser, legs outstretched, glass in hand, staring at the seams of the girl's stockings.

Laurie turned just her head. "Thank you anyway," she said.

"It's nothing," Mrs. Lasser replied.

Laurie suddenly felt a drop of sympathy for the silly drunken woman on the floor. Maybe she hadn't been playing the peep after all—given her condition, she might well have just lost her olive. "Would you like help?" Laurie asked, and for the second time that night, the girl extended her ungloved right hand. Mrs. Lasser took it.

"Alley—oops," groaned her mother's oldest friend.

Mrs. Lasser turned out to weigh a little more than Laurie had imagined. She wasn't stout, however—just substantial. She stretched the seams of her dresses, but they weren't especially large dresses. The woman rocked against Laurie for a moment, getting her balance, and the slender girl was made particularly aware of the other's abundance. And of her odor again. Above the smell of perfume, or undercutting it, was a stronger aroma. It was as if she'd dabbed gin behind her ears and at the nape of her neck. She leaned against the girl a moment longer than was comfortable or dignified.

"Good night," Laurie said, suspecting the woman all over again as a peeper, and disliking her for it. "Do try to have a nice time."

Mrs. Lasser did not move—and Laurie turned back in time to hear the woman speak in a raspy, deep voice. "You certainly have gotten—" Laurie waited "—*tall* for your age."

Roger's head appeared around the corner of the living room. She had always called her father Roger, her mother Claire; it was the way they lived.

"That you, sweetheart?" he called.

A Cornell '63 beanie—hers—sat on his head. On anybody else's father, she knew it would have been unbearable and corny. But he was a man with a little dash, some bravado, and the faded good looks of an old movie star—he was an old stockbroker—and he managed to just carry it off. *Just* carrying something off made a person engaging, Laurie thought. Her father puckered his lips at her and said, "A good girl?" Oh, she felt marvelously free! His saying that—parodying all the terribly *concerned* fathers—always confirmed her belief in the specialness of her family. Other girls wound up in the back seats of cars—heaters and radios going full blast—because they hated their fathers, detested their mothers, and were dreadfully unhappy. *She* was happy.

She delivered to her father a small peck of the lips, and swished on, leaving the party guests behind. When she saw there was no one in the bathroom, she went directly there to wash off the New York City grime she'd carried back with her across the George Washington Bridge. As she filled the basin with water, she stepped out of her shoes and looked in the mirror above the sink. Certainly she resembled Elizabeth Taylor. Others had noticed earlier and commented sooner. Of course, years ago, at Miss Grayburn's, the resemblance had probably been more striking. Now Laurie preferred to think

of herself as slightly ascetic-looking. Less paint, more starved thoughtfulness. There had recently been a graduate student, in fact, a fellow a bit more worldly than Richard Renner, who'd seen in the eyes of Laurie Bowen the eyes of a Modigliani nude. She had accepted the compliment with trepidation, and that was all she had accepted.

Now she looked seriously at herself in the mirror, and formed a kiss with her lips, the kind of peck she had delivered from a distance to her father. She watched to see if her nose moved any—it did not. Turning her head slightly, she tried another kiss, this one longer, moister, with what in tennis might be called a follow-through. She tried it again, though this time with the bottom-lip turned out. It looked comic with no recipient. She closed her eyes.

When she looked again in the mirror she was thinking of the more conservative kiss she'd given her father. Whenever he asked, "Were you a good girl?" he would get as his answer that ancient little closed-mouth peck. No answer would have done as well—actually the little game continued to be played not so much for practical reasons as for reasons of sentiment. He had been asking the question since she had been old enough to respond, and that he should continue this childhood sport pleased them both. Laurie, especially, liked to have the past brought up into the present. Unlike her roommates at Miss Grayburn's, and unlike Nancy this year at Cornell, she had no ill words to speak of the childhood her parents had created for her. To her, childhood was driving home late at night over the George Washington Bridge—they had been taking her to the theatre since she was old enough to behave—with the fur of her mother's wrap against her right cheek, her father's rough coat against her left. To have her father's old question asked of her still, made Laurie at eighteen and Laurie at seven the same person. And it wasn't at all, she informed Nancy, that she was still a child—it was that she had always been treated like an adult. Nancy acted smug and psychoanalytic and turned her back. But it was Nancy, not Laurie, who called her mother an s.o.b., and who each month anxiously counted days on the calendar. Some life that was!

She unbuttoned her blouse and hung it over the towel rack. She wet the washcloth and was about to wash her face when she saw herself once again in the mirror. For an instant, in her black bra, there was some slight resemblance to the belly-dancer. She had very little trouble remembering the dancer's contortions—the jumping tassels, the twangy, heated oriental music. Before the mirror she closed her eyes, humming, and like the dancer reached up with her hands to her breasts. She began to move her hips in a slow circle.

"Dear?"

She jumped. "*What?*"

"May I come in?" The question was academic—martini fumes and perfume were already at her back. She was touched with panic. How long had Mrs. Lasser been standing behind *that* door! The eavesdropper! The sneak! Had Mrs. Lasser seen her . . . belly-dancing? Laurie adjusted her bra straps as though she had only been testing for comfort.

"Too high?" said Mrs. Lasser. "Apples drop from trees, dear. Sag," the woman said, despondently, "is the law of the universe. We're supposed to be thankful for gravity, you know—it keeps us from slipping off the earth," she explained. "I don't know about you, but I'd risk slipping off if it'd cut down the sag some."

Mrs. Lasser's drunken, offhand vulgarity convinced Laurie that she hadn't been seen. She could act offhand herself. "Actually, it was a little low . . ."

"How nice for you," said Mrs. Lasser, who then hiccuped.

"Do you want to use the bathroom?" Laurie thought Mrs. Lasser might become sick. "I can come back," she said, grabbing for her blouse.

"No, no," Mrs. Lasser said. The woman cocked her head and examined Laurie's figure. Then she said, "I wouldn't try to force things *too* high, dear. I wouldn't want to bind myself, I don't think, especially if I was slight in the breast to begin with. . . ." And then the ample, nasty woman came around behind her. She jumped into view a little above and to the left of Laurie's reflection. Laurie felt squashed as she watched the woman widen her left eye, wider, wider, as though to pop it loose. Then she closed it, twitched the lid, fluttered the eyelash. Raising a handkerchief to the lid, she dabbed at her mascara.

"It runs . . ." the woman mumbled.

"Oh?" Laurie said, with the skepticism of one who's never had that problem.

"When you bawl, dear," Mrs. Lasser informed her. "Let's not discuss my problems. You just get nice and clean."

Mrs. Lasser moved away from the sink, and dropped down on the edge of the tub. Laurie turned the sink tap on full force to signal her exasperation. But Mrs. Lasser continued to sit there as though any minute she was going to come over and help with the rims of her ears.

At last, to Laurie's relief, the woman said something. "Do you have a cigarette?"

Laurie gave her the pack from her purse. She lit the cigarette for her with a match from the belly-dancing place; she struck it defiantly, so that Mrs. Lasser could see the cover—"The Oasis, Oriental Dancing . . . No Cover at All." But apparently the woman didn't see. She inhaled deeply with her eyes heavy-lidded—then, eyes slowly parting, sent the smoke out of her mouth through puckered lips. She seemed to be in a trance.

"Who was he?" Mrs. Lasser said.

"Who?" said Laurie. It had sounded as though Mrs. Lasser was referring to someone who had just emerged from the stall shower and passed into the hall.

"Your young man."

"What?" Laurie feigned innocence. Surely the woman wouldn't *admit* to hiding behind doors!

But she would. "Don Juan," she said.

Laurie didn't answer.

"Mr. Persistence," Mrs. Lasser said.

"Richard?" Laurie said.

"Richard. Is that the groper?"

"Richard is the young man who escorted me to the door. Richard Renner."

"Richard Renner," Mrs. Lasser said, contemplatively.

"Correct! Richard Renner. R-E-N-N-E-R. He's a junior at Brown, he lives in Teaneck, New Jersey, he has a younger sister whose name I don't know, his father is an aeronautical engineer. I don't know how much he makes."

"Richard?"

"His father."

"Who's interested in fathers? It's sons, sons, *sons!*" Mrs. Lasser cried, waving her arms. "Sons!" And this time she gave an extravagant flourish of the arms that only sobriety could have handled. She slid backwards into the bathtub. Her legs flew up, her heels flashed for an instant, and there staring at Laurie was a maze of hooks and straps, girdle, flesh, stockings. "Woooie . . ." came a voice, undaunted, and echoing from the bathtub.

"Mrs. Lasser? Are you all right?"

Mrs. Lasser looked up, resigned: gravity had dealt her still another dirty blow. "Yank me, sweetheart," she said.

Laurie pulled her out.

"All I was saying," explained Mrs. Lasser, "was that I dig offsprings about Richard's—" she tried to stifle some digestive disturbance, then gave into it—"*size*," she boomed.

"Mrs. Lasser, you have no right to embarrass either of us in this way. You had no right to eavesdrop at the door, either."

"Which door?"

Laurie felt herself turn the color of Mrs. Lasser's dress. "The front door!"

"Oh."

"Look, Mrs. Lasser, I was . . ."

"Adjusting yourself. Don't we all."

"This is repulsive!" Laurie said.

"It'll be our secret."

"We don't *have* any secrets, Mrs. Lasser!"

"Then it won't be our secret," Mrs.

Lasser said, shrugging her shoulders. "Neither door."

"I have nothing to be ashamed of. I am responsible for whatever I do. My parents have always had the utmost faith in me."

Mrs. Lasser stood now and stretched. "She sings, she dances, she defies the laws of gravity—" she cried "—she defies the laws of *nature!*" And she emphasized the last word with an unexpected, not quite professional, rattle of the pelvis.

"You're dis*gustingly* drunk!"

Mrs. Lasser banged the shower with an open hand, looking at the bathroom ceiling. "I'm disgustingly drunk! I'm forty-four! I'm Cynthia Lasser and I don't care! Bring on the sons, bring on the offspring! I'm Cynthia Lasser! I don't care! Bring on Richard Renner! Take me to your car, Richard Renner, turn on your heater! I'm Crazylegs Lasser, Cornell '36! Whoopeee!"

"Stop it!" said Laurie, horrified. "If you would like to use the bathroom I will *gladly* come back later."

All at once Mrs. Lasser's energy seemed to fizzle out. She hung her head —though not with shame—then raised it, and looked Laurie straight in the eye. "No, no . . ." she said. "No, you finish whatever you have to finish. Adjust what needs adjusting. I just thought you teenagers liked to talk about your dates with an older person."

"My dates are my business," Laurie said. And added, with sarcasm, "And yours are yours."

"My dates? You mean my George, or do you know something?"

Laurie knew nothing and said nothing.

"Laurie, sweetie," the woman said, "do you know what's a big night for my husband, my George? Staying up to watch 'What's My Line?' Sometimes I say to myself, Cynthia, Cynthia if you could only get him to stay up for the *weather*, maybe . . ." She dwindled off. "How's school, Laurie?"

"Fine," Laurie said curtly.

"It must be lovely," Mrs. Lasser said, "with all those gorges and the snow . . ." She sounded mildly lyrical, mildly depressed. "Is Dean what's-her-name still going through the boathouse with her little flashlight? What the hell was her name? . . . McClelland?"

"McClelland," said Laurie, "is a building. McClelland Hall."

Mrs. Lasser reached out and brushed the girl's dark hair. It was a gesture both tender and deprecating. "It once was a dean, sweetheart. What is it Milton wrote—'When old age shall this generation waste'—"

Laurie pulled away from Mrs. Lasser's hand. "Shakespeare," she said flatly.

"Don't be haughty with me, sweetie. I was only playing anyway. I wouldn't take Richard away from you for the *world*." Then she kissed the girl on the forehead, snapped her brassière strap for her, and left.

All Laurie saw for a moment was her own upper half reflected in the mirror. Then she was at the bathroom door, clutching her blouse before her.

"You couldn't!" she called after Mrs. Lasser. "You couldn't if you *tried*!"

But the woman's satin dress was shimmering out into the party again. Silently, Laurie stood in the doorway watching Mrs. Lasser begin to do a tango up to a man in a Cornell '63 beanie. The man in the beanie saw the scarlet dress, faced it, glared at it, held one hand across his belly, the other over his head, aloft and menacing. The woman crouched, tangoing, tangoing up to the hand, under it, and then there was an uproarious shriek as it came whacking down on the moving, tangoing behind. The couple embraced and stood there holding each other and laughing. The man's hand rested on the lowest part of what Laurie could in no way consider Mrs. Lasser's waist.

She had to look away—and, beyond, she saw her mother, who, with her shoes off, was dancing some wild, crazy step with a man Laurie didn't even recognize. And beyond them, in a whirl of smoke, amidst the crackling of glass and cubes and the bobbing corny red balloons, tall men huddled up and danced with women whose necks, ears, wrists, fingers jumped with a blaze of jewels. Laurie raced down the hallway to her bedroom.

When all the highstepping Cornell alumni had departed, Laurie, pajama-clad and unslippered, came out of her bedroom and into the living room. On the long white marble coffee table was a broken brandy snifter, a half-dozen glasses with cherries, cigarettes, chewy cigars, and fruit pits afloat in them, a serving dish with a crooked row of smoked oysters curled across its center, a quarter-filled bottle of Pepto-Bismol, five coffee cups, three spoons, and, like an emblem of the natural world, of all that was sweet and complete, a red apple.

Though Laurie had come out of her room for a snack—and because she couldn't sleep—she found herself without an appetite. That choicest of childhood pleasures, sneaking out after a party for a post-party party of her own, now very slightly soured her stomach. To eat smoked oysters off the plate between the broken snifter and the Pepto-Bismol would be like scavenging among ruins. The room was singularly unfestive, and sordid-looking. Only the apple seemed *right*, but when she approached the table she discovered that someone had bitten into it, too. She began to yank the pillows from under the table and carry them back where they belonged. It was unlike her mother to leave the place in such a mess. Laurie set about straightening up with considerable passion. When she thought she was finished she discovered a pair of shoes in the fireplace. The laces were undone and the toes curled up slightly at the end. Standing as they were, legless and a little sad, they brought to mind Roger's old, old story of the spiteful little girl. There was once a spiteful little girl—Roger used to tell Laurie, who would be sitting on his lap—and this little girl informed her mother and father that if they should punish her for anything she would run out into the garden and eat worms, and then she would die, and her parents would have to clear her clothes from her closet, and then, oh, then wouldn't *they* be sorry when they saw her little shoes? Wouldn't they? And family legend had it that Laurie always had answered, moralistically, *no!*

Well, whoever owned those shoes in the fireplace would be sorry; now, as his wife motored him home, not only would traffic be spinning sickeningly by him, but his feet would be cold as well. She plucked the shoes from the fireplace. From her parents' room she heard singing.

"High above Cayuga's waters . . ."

Her mother's sunny soprano sounded clouded over. Laurie turned, angered, and headed toward the singing, carrying the shoes with her.

"Lorna, I thought you were sleeping."

"I have to tell you something," Laurie said urgently.

Claire showed no emotion. She was sitting cross-legged on her bed, wearing a black slip and waiting for Roger to return with the Sunday *Times*. She massaged her foot and squinted at her daughter. "What are you doing with those shoes, Lorna?"

"Nothing," Laurie answered.

"Whose are they? Roger's?"

"If Roger's were in the fireplace, then they're Roger's," Laurie said. Her mother was acting so distant and removed, calling her Lorna!

"Where?" Claire said.

"In the *fireplace*."

Her mother smiled. "Oh. Put them down there."

"Claire," Laurie said, hanging on to the shoes, "I have to tell you something."

"Don't you feel well? You look flushed. Go take your temperature."

"I feel fine. Damn it!"

"Lorna . . . stop being irritable."

"I didn't think I was the one who was being irritable."

"Go to sleep," her mother said. "Just leave the shoes." Gingerly she placed the foot she was massaging down on the bed, and then leaned back and stretched.

"Mrs. Lasser was disgusting to me tonight," Laurie said.

Her mother remained extended on the bed and ran a hand through her blue-black rinse. "Cynthia?"

"She spoke very indelicately about Richard."

"Richard?"

"*Richard,*" Laurie said. "Don't you listen when I talk? Richard, my date tonight. From Brown. First she spied on us, at the door. There was nothing to see and she only wasted her valuable perverse time. But the whole notion of a grown person spying is repulsive."

Mrs. Bowen remained immobile. "She must have been . . . fooling. Or something. I mean, it doesn't sound terribly perverse."

"Voyeurism is perverse!"

Claire Bowen propped herself on an elbow. "What in hell were you *doing* out there?"

"I refuse to answer that. It's an invasion on my privacy. Whatever she told you about anything is ridiculous!"

Mrs. Bowen narrowed her eyes, though not with fatigue. "She didn't tell me anything. I didn't even speak to her."

There was a tiny unfolding inside Laurie, like a bud opening. It was relief. She went on courageously. "She had the nerve, Claire, to follow me into the bathroom and tell me that *she* wouldn't take Richard away from *me*."

Her mother shut her eyes a moment. Her hands moved lightly across her face as though parting clouds. "Who's Richard again? . . . Oh, oh . . . *Richard.* So? What else?" she said, almost cheerily.

"What else!"

"What else?"

"That!" Laurie said.

"Dear . . ." Claire Bowen straightened her legs with some effort. "She was drunk."

"Am I supposed to excuse her? If you'd seen the exhibition she put on!"

She thought she saw something resembling levity in her mother's face again.

"What right does she have to make obscene remarks to me?" Laurie said, and she made a violent gesture, as if to heave the shoes through the floor.

"Lorna, what is it you'd like me to do? Don't stand there pouting."

"I don't know what you can do or cannot do. *You're* the mother, for God's sake! She'll probably call you up tomorrow with some cock-and-bull story, and I just thought you *might* like to hear the truth. That's all!"

Mrs. Bowen drew a breath, and then let herself fall slowly back onto the bed.

"When she calls," Laurie's mother said, "I'll tell her that in the future she shouldn't go around threatening my daughter with stealing her gentleman callers. How's that?"

"Not funny! Frankly, I do not think she's Richard's cup of tea anyway."

Mrs. Bowen's eyes opened. "No?"

"No, Claire, I don't think so," Laurie said, with a tiny sneer.

Claire Bowen came up on her elbows again and looked not at her daughter but at her own black slip. "Isn't she sexy enough for Richard?"

"Really, Claire! Richard Renner is a junior at Brown!"

"Cynthia Lasser," her mother answered in a low, growling voice, "is no Methuselah!"

"She certainly doesn't act as though she were! She's got about as much wisdom as a two-year-old!"

"Wisdom! Look, Lorna . . ." her mother began. "Lorna . . ." She brought herself under control. "Go to sleep," she said, at last. "And drop those damn shoes, they look silly."

She dropped them, with a vengeance. "God, you're all sympathy!" And she stormed from the room. In the corridor something squashed under her foot. It was an olive—probably that damn Cynthia Lasser's again!

A cold draft suddenly whipped through the thin cotton of her pajamas. She looked up to see that her father had just come in the front door. He stood in the doorway a moment, mumbling over something in the *Times*. Then he saw his daughter.

"Hi," he said. "A good girl?"

Laurie felt still another chill, but the door was closed.

"What's the matter?" Roger asked, and he smiled pleasantly, and reached out with his hand to swat her across the backside as she moved past him.

She must have looked shocked—for she saw in a moment that *he* looked shocked. To the surprise of both of them, she raised her arms and crossed them in front of her pajama shirt.

Slowly he lowered his hand to his side. "How was New York?" he asked, and when she continued toward her room, without answering, he asked, in a tone she'd never heard before, "Laurie, were you a good . . .?"

"No!" she called—she turned, with glistening Modigliani eyes. "No! I was just awful! I did everything I could think of! Oh, Roger," she wailed, "you're no different. *Nobody*'s any different!" and she fled to the dark privacy of her bed, where oriental music rose like a fever in her brain. THE END

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Cosmopolitan's Complete Mystery Novel

End of Night

"An execution is a serious thing and around here we do our level best to have it go smooth and quick, and we try to do it with some dignity, too."

BY JOHN D. MACDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY MITCHELL HOOKS

Riker Sales Owen, the defense attorney, cannot be condemned for writing long memoranda to himself during his defense of those four who were called The Wolf Pack. The official designation was the State *versus* Koslov, Golden, Hernandez, and Stassen. The charge was murder in the first degree.

It was his first—and most probably his last—case conducted under the hard glare and distorting lens of national publicity. Perhaps no one could have "won" the case—that is, achieved any penalty less than death.

Riker Owen, at forty, had a record of success. After it had been decided that the co-defendants would be tried in the City of Monroe, the stunned parents of Kirby Stassen, the only defendant with family resources, made a logical choice in retaining Owen in their attempt to save the mortal existence of Kirby Stassen, their only son, their only child, their only chick, their only illusion of immortality.

Owen had that comforting record of success, and he also had a persuasive plausibility that lessened, slightly, their horrid fear.

In the early days of the long trial most of the correspondents in the courtroom believed themselves privileged to watch the birth of a new legend. But as Owen tried, he could not sustain his own illusion. The gloss cracked. The strings became visible. What had been considered quickness of mind was shown to be dreary gambits, well rehearsed. Originality dwindled to a contrived eccentricity. By the time it was over he had suffered a total exposure, and had been revealed as a dull-witted and pretentious poseur.

Yet it cannot be said that he lost the case, because it can never be proven that anyone could have won it.

The notoriety of the case gives a special interest to Owen's memoranda. The first memo in the Wolf Pack file was written after his first few conferences with the parents of Kirby Stassen, his client.

The Riker Sales Owen Memoranda

I have experienced a partial failure of communication with Kirby Stassen's parents. I can understand why this must be. All their lives, they have been conscious of a great gulf between the mass of decent folk and that sick, savage, dangerous minority known as criminals. Thus they cannot comprehend that their son, their decent young heir, has leapt across the unbridgeable gulf.

The father, Walter Stassen, is a big, meaty man, positive, driving, aggressive, accustomed to taking charge of any situation. He is about forty-eight. In twenty-five years he built one produce truck into a tidy, thriving, one-man empire. He has lived hard, worked hard, played hard. I suspect he has neither patience nor imagination. Now he faces a situation he cannot control.

The mother, Ernestine, is a year or two younger, a handsome, stylish woman with an eroded face, a body gaunted by dieting, a mind made trivial by the routines of a country club existence. She is highly nervous. I suspect that she is a borderline alcoholic. At our two morning meetings she was perceptibly fuzzy. If so, this situation may push her over the edge.

They have measured their lives by their possessions. From the way they speak of Kirby, I believe that they have considered him to be, up until now, another possession, a symbol of their status. It pleased them to have a tall, strong son, athletic, bright, socially poised.

I met with strong opposition when I stated my intention to defend all four simultaneously. They did not want their invaluable Kirby Stassen linked so directly to horrid trash like Hernandez, Koslov, and Golden.

I explained that six major crimes were involved, and, of course, many minor ones which we need not consider. The problem was jurisdictional, meaning who would get them first.

Addressing myself to Walter Stassen, I said, "Think of each crime as a poker hand, face up. The law has selected the strongest hand, the one most likely to win the game. That's why they were delivered into the hands of this state. We have the death penalty here. And this crime is more airtight than the others. And the prosecutor is dangerously able."

"What makes this one so strong?" he asked.

I shrugged. "You've certainly followed the case in the papers. Witnesses, opportunity, sound police work, clear evidence of significant participation in the crime by each one of them. The state will not entertain a motion for a separate trial

"You're kidnapped," I told her. "We came along and you were knocked out, lying on the road. So we brought you along with us."

Michael Hooks

for any defendant. But I can represent Kirby separately. Someone will be appointed to defend the other three when they are arraigned on Monday. Maybe that person will approve of the line of defense I am developing. Maybe not. It is a good way to guarantee that all four will be . . . electrocuted."

"What is your line of defense?" Walter Stassen asked.

It took time to explain it to them. On the basis of preliminary investigations, I do not feel that I will find any significant holes in the state's case, any room for a reasonable doubt. I told them I would admit the commission of the crime. At that point, Ernestine Stassen tried to walk out, weeping. Her husband grasped her roughly by the arm, whirled her back and pushed her into the chair and snarled at her to be quiet.

I said I intended to show how the four defendants came together in the first place by pure accident, that because of the personalities involved, because of the interaction of those personalities, compounded by the indiscriminate use of stimulants, alcohol and narcotics, they had embarked on their cross-country career of violence. The group had performed acts which would have been outside the desires and capacities of any individual member of the group. I would stress the randomness and lack of logic of their acts, the meagerness of their gain, the flavor of accident throughout the entire series of incidents.

"And if it works, Mr. Owen," he asked, "what's the verdict you're shooting for?"

"Life imprisonment."

Mrs. Stassen jumped to her feet, her eyes wide, mad and glaring. "Life!" she shouted. "Life in prison? What the hell kind of a choice is that? I want Kirby free! That's what we're paying you for! We'll find somebody else!"

He silenced her. He said he would give me their decision later. I arranged for them to visit Kirby in his cell, for much longer than the usual time allotted. When Mr. Stassen came back to my office I could see what he would look like when he became very old. His wife was not with him. He told me they would go along with my wishes in the matter.

I was committed to defend Kirby Stassen. And his unpalatable companions.

Robert Hernandez. Think of the sort of young man who might kill you in an alley. Five foot ten, over two hundred pounds. Brutish, battered, wary, sullen. His intelligence is at the lowest serviceable level, but he has none of the traditional amiability of the dim-witted.

It is his first arrest for a major crime. He is an illiterate. After a short childhood in foster homes, he began to do manual labor. He was a migrant worker, a drifter, with arrests for drunkenness and assault. He met and joined up with Sander Golden and the Koslov girl in Tucson just a few weeks before Kirby Stassen joined them in Del Rio, Texas.

His attitude toward his possible future is stolid and pessimistic. If you kill people and they catch you, they turn around and kill you. That's the law. But they had themselves a big time before they were caught.

He doesn't care who defends him. "If it's okay with Sandy, it's okay with me." That is the only strange thing about this brute, his blind affection and esteem for Sander Golden. He will make a horrid impression on the jury. But I can do nothing about that. He has to be in court.

Sander Golden is twenty-seven, but looks younger. He is five eight, with sharp, sallow features, mousy, thinning hair, intensely bright blue eyes behind heavy spectacles which are mended at the left bow with a soiled knot of adhesive tape. He looks frail, but there is a darting, wiry tirelessness about him, a chronic condition of manic frenzy.

I am certain he thinks of himself as a genius. He is pathetic and ridiculous, but also, in some devious way, evil and dangerous. He represents the cult of nonthink, this new rotten spot in our culture which suggests that any act is acceptable, that any sensation is its own justification.

We cannot learn his origins, and he will not tell us. He has two arrests and two short-term convictions on his record, both on the West Coast—one for pandering and one for possession of narcotics.

He darts and whirls and paces, and stares at you out of those bright blue, psychotic eyes, and the words tumble out of him, words about Zen, love, nonconformity, and the cultural continuum.

Those people who enjoy statistical speculations about fate can attempt to estimate the probability that these four particular disturbed people would join forces, and then drive through Monroe in their stolen car at exactly the right instant in eternity to intersect the orderly design of the life of Helen Wister.

She was taken on a Saturday night, the twenty-fifth day of July, just a few days after her pending marriage to Dallas Kemp had been announced. We can assume that up until the moment when her life was struck by this ugly lightning, it was, for her, a normal day in the life of a young woman, spiced, undoubtedly, by her anticipation of her wedding. . . .

The Victim

Helen Wister awoke slowly at midmorning on that twenty-fifth day of July, yawned and stretched with a luxuriant sense of well-being, and then padded over to the window and looked out at a perfect summer day, at sun and a misty blue sky, sprinklers turning on the green lawn that sloped down to the fish pool and the rock garden. Everything is right with my world, she thought. Everything but one last sticky obligation. Not my fault, really, but a thing which has to be done tonight.

After her shower she packed fresh tennis things and a swim suit in her zipper bag and, dressed in skirt, blouse, and sandals, went downstairs. Her mother was on the phone, talking about appointing some kind of a committee. They exchanged morning smiles. Helen fixed juice, toast, and coffee and took them out onto the kitchen patio.

Jane Wister carried a cup of coffee out and sat with her daughter, and said, "The bride-to-be was radiant."

"Glowing with tremulous anticipation," Helen said. "Why don't you appoint a committee to run this wedding?"

"Baby, your father and I think you're getting a pretty nice guy."

"I know I am."

"After some of those clowns you ran around with—"

"You hush!"

"What's the schedule for today?"

"Dal and I are meeting Francie and Joe at the club for lunch. Then tennis. Then a swim. Then a drink."

"You may run into those twelve-year-old Martians posing as your twin brothers. I think they plan to spend the day making the pool unbearable for the general public. What are you and Dal doing tonight?"

"I'm going to see Arnold Crown tonight, Mom."

"You're what? What does Dal say about that?"

"I haven't told him yet."

"You're doing a very stupid thing."

"I can't help it. I feel responsible. I was nice to Arnold because I felt sorry for him. I had no idea he was going to . . . get so carried away. I can't help it if he got the wrong idea. But it was my fault for going out with him in the first place. And I've got to put a stop to all this constant heckling, all these notes and phone calls."

Jane Wister smiled at her daughter. "Ever since you were eleven there's been some smitten Arnold hanging around. Let your father handle it. Or Dal."

"I promised I'd see him tonight, Mom. I'll settle him down. Don't fret about it."

Helen Wister did not find a good opportunity to tell Dal Kemp about Arnold Crown until a little after four that afternoon. They had swum in the crowded pool, and then Dal had pulled one of the poolside pads over onto the grass.

"How about a picnic tomorrow, woman?" Dal said lazily. "You bring the food. I have to go look at the Judland site again."

"That's a lovely place for a picnic. Too bad you're going to ruin it putting a house on it. Sure. I'll bring food."

"We'll make it an early night tonight, hey?"

"Dal, honey, I promised Arnold Crown I'd go see him tonight."

He sat up abruptly. "Are you out of your mind? I . . . I forbid you to see that meathead."

She glared at him. "You what?"

"I forbid you!"

"Just why do you think I want to see him?"

"To tell him to leave you alone, I would hope."

"So what's wrong with that?"

"Everything's wrong with it. He's got hallucinations about you. He isn't rational. He ought to be locked up. And you want to go hold his hand! No!"

She narrowed hazel eyes. "I'm twenty-three, Dallas. I've been away to school. I can earn my own living. Up until now I've done what I've thought best. I intend to keep on that way."

He took her home earlier than had been planned. She gave his car door a hefty slam. He squealed the rear tires as he drove away.

At eight-thirty, as the street lights and the car lights were coming on, she turned her M.G. into Arnold Crown's service station and parked beside the building. Arnold appeared immediately.

"I knew you'd come, Helen."

"I said I would." We have to have a talk."

"I know. Your car'll be okay here. Go over and get in the Olds. I'll be right with you, soon as I get a jacket."

"Where will we talk?"

"I thought we could just ride around and talk, the way we used to."

She got into his car. He seemed more relaxed than she had expected. She thought: "You can almost hear the wheels in his head going around as he adjusts himself to any new idea. I didn't ask him to fall in love with me. He drove me home that time because my car wasn't finished, and we stopped and had a Coke. He seemed so terribly alone."

He got in beside her and drove out of the station and turned left on Jackson.

A few moments later he said, "A guy with a station over on Elm wants to sell. It's a good location. I talked to the bank."

"That's good, Arnold."

"I figure one station won't bring in enough. You're used to things nice."

"I don't want you to talk like that!"

"That's the way I got to talk. Honest to God, I never been so happy, Helen, you coming to your senses and stopping this kidding around."

"Arnold, I'm afraid you're getting the wrong idea, about my agreeing to see you tonight."

"It's the best thing ever happened to me. I mean you go through month after month of hell, and all of a sudden it's over and the sun comes out. I got a surprise for you, Helen, honey."

She looked out to see where they were. He had turned off the turnpike onto a secondary road which served the widely scattered farms.

"Please find a place to stop so I can really talk to you, Arnold, and make you understand."

He slowed the car, but it was several miles before he found a place that suited him. He pulled over and stopped. She could see a tumbledown barn with its roof making a sagging line against the stars.

She turned toward him.

"Please don't say anything until I'm finished, Arnold. You've got to stop dreaming, because the dreams aren't going to come true. You've got to stop bothering me. I'm in love with Dal, and I'm going to marry him."

There was a silence. She heard his harsh laugh. "You got a couple things wrong there, Helen. It was you and me right from that first day."

"It *never* was! You were lonely. I thought you should have somebody to talk to. That's all."

"You have to keep on playing those games, don't you, right up to the end."

"Arnold, you have to try to understand."

"Now it's time to tell you about the surprise I got."

"Surprise?"

"I planned it all out careful, honey, just the way you'd like it. This crate is all tuned and gassed. Smitty is going to run the station. I got a thousand bucks cash on me. In the back end is two brand new suitcases, yours and mine. Both full of brand new stuff. I know I got pretty things you'll like, and they'll fit. So you don't even have to go home again. We're going to drive on through to Maryland and get married there and go on up to Canada for the honeymoon. How's that for a surprise?"

She heard her own nervous laughter. "But I'm going to marry Dal—"

His big leathery hand closed suddenly on her wrist, so strongly that she hissed with pain. "That joke is over and I'm sick of it, Helen. We're taking off from here, right now. We'll wire your folks."

He released her and started the car. As the Olds jumped forward, she turned and opened the door and plunged out.

She made four or five giant running steps, fighting for balance, hearing a hoarse yell and a scream of brakes, and she tripped and dived headlong into a tumbled blackness where a sudden white light burst like a bomb in her head. . . .

Death House Diary

I am Kirby Palmer Stassen, writing this record in my cell.

They keep asking me how it all started—how I got into a mess like this.

It started on a day of unseasonably warm rain last February. I was standing at the window of my room in the fraternity house, staring out. Pete McHue, my roommate, was stretched out on the couch behind me, cramming an assignment into his head, where it would remain forever.

There was soft and mournful symphonic music on the FM radio. I felt sad and sour and meaningless. I was trying to think about my life. I could have drawn a chart of the college part of it. In the first weeks of my freshman year nobody seemed to realize my importance and significance. So I'd gone after them. Draw a neat line that swoops right on up from the base line and peaks early in spring of my junior year. Kirby Stassen, big man on campus.

And then the goofing had begun. Drop that line down to the base line. Kirby Stassen, senior. No honors, offices, athletics. I was on academic probation for the first time. Ahead of me, stretching forever and ever, I saw a gray boredom, leading the kind of life the old man had lined out for me.

"Stop fidgeting and sighing, Stass," my roommate said. "You bother me."

"Indeed?" I said politely.

"You bother everybody, boy. Go away."

That was when it went click in my head. Just what *was* keeping me there? One moment I was part of the whole dull routine. And a half-second later I had moved an incalculable distance away from all of it. I had peeled myself loose from my environment. I was standing, a stranger, in the debris of my past. I even had a feeling of nostalgia for what I had just given up forever. And there was an excitement in me, the first in a long time.

I brought my luggage down out of the attic. Pete was genuinely shocked when he understood I was leaving for good. I couldn't give him any reason that made any sense to him. I sorted my stuff and made a discard pile. I packed the one suitcase I would take with me. I tagged the other stuff for shipment home.

I had intended to go from room to room, exchanging the grip and the hearty masculine farewell with the brothers, but I just went right down those stairs and out the back of the house and got into the convertible. I cashed a check that wiped out my small local account. One hour after the moment of decision I was on my way toward New York.

That's how it started. The trick is to figure out why it will end right here, in this place where it is their aim to strap me down, pull a switch, and turn out all the lights on precious, unique, irreplaceable me.

When I try to think of what they are going to do with me, I cannot quite fit my mind around it. I am a chipmunk trying to tuck a coconut into his cheek. At the final dramatic moment, the cavalry will come over the hill and rescue Your Hero. I cannot shuck the notion that I am still one of the Good Guys. But I am a Bad Guy, one of the Wolf Pack—a name I resent bitterly.

And I resent being a parlor game for every amateur psychoanalyst in the country. Most of them like to call me a constitutional psychopath. They say I have just *looked* like a Normal American Boy, and all the time I have been a monster.

I have no past history of blood thirst. I have nearly racked up a car to keep from killing a squirrel. I have felt indignant at cruelty and violence.

The light in this cell is never extinguished. It is countersunk in the ceiling and shielded by heavy wire mesh. I have been told by one of the death house guards that in the event of power failure a standby generator cuts in automatically. This same guard told me how Nan Koslov will be handled. She is in isolation in the women's prison a hundred miles away. On the morning they destroy the four of us, she will be brought here just in time for her appointment. "Ladies first," the guard said, and winked.

Anyway, I left college, drove to New York and checked into a small hotel. I phoned home that first evening and got my mother on the line. I could hear from the background noise that they were having a party. Ernie sounded slightly loaded. She went to the bedroom extension where she could hear me.

The whole thing went just like I knew it would. She acted as if it were a disaster. I told her I'd find work. She asked about money and I told her a check would help. She put the old man on the phone next. I held the silent line while she briefed him. He came on big and ugly. I was spoiling his plans. Well, by God, there'd be no more gravy for a fool who'd quit five months before graduation. And what did I have to say about that? I said goodbye and hung up.

Ernie's check for five hundred came two days later, along with a rambling letter telling me how hard this was on the old man, and how they didn't know what to tell people.

By the time her letter came, I had a job, if that's the right word for it. I had looked up Gabe Shevlan, a fraternity brother who had graduated the previous June. Gabe had just recently gotten a job assembling and packaging the components of a new television series. Once it was all set, they were going to make the pilots in Portugal. Gabe took me on as a sort of assistant to the assistant unit manager, a position which can best be described as that of an office boy without an office.

It was a weird world, full of compulsive people. Working hours were noon to midnight. The shooting script looked good. A solid male lead had been sewed up. The producer, who had to be given a piece of the package, was top drawer. But there was still the problem of the director. And that is how I came to know John Pinelli and his actress wife, Kathy Keats. He was being seriously considered as director—so seriously that he received the impression he was in. He was a big, soft, pink-and-white man. He'd been hot in Hollywood, with a reputation for quality work, until he had been associated with several flops. This was his chance to come back, in a new medium.

The first three or four times I was with Pinelli and his wife, I thought Kathy Keats was artificial and slightly ridiculous, though truly beautiful. She had a Dietrich face—long, delicate, Slavic—a slender throat, an erect bearing, and silver-blonde hair done in intricate ways. At a distance she looked regal. At close range she was a small woman, perhaps five foot three, a hundred and five pounds. In any social situation she gave the impression of terrible control, posing for invisible cameras, rationing the flowering brilliance of her smile.

She was, excuse the expression, show biz. Quite without warning, I was smitten. She was Woman. She was my obsession. Gabe became aware of it, and told me I was out of my league. I knew she could be no less than thirty. I sensed the tempered toughness of her mind, but I also sensed—which could have been the product of infatuation—a lostness about her, some great and lonely need which only I, of course, could fill.

I did dirty jobs for Gabe Shevlan. And the dirtiest one he gave me was to go to the Pinelli apartment and tell John we weren't going to use him. It would be a vicious, unexpected rejection. They had milked him of his ideas about the script. They had paid him nothing. He had no contract. Had it not been for the chance of seeing Kathy, I would have refused.

It was a borrowed apartment, large, shadowy, luxurious, and unkempt. It was five o'clock. They were both there. I told him. At first he refused to believe it. Finally it got to him. Kathy witnessed the scene, remote and contemptuous. The three of us went out together. John drank heavily and steadily. At midnight I overtipped a cab driver to help us get him up to the apartment.

I waited in the living room until Kathy finished tending to him, and came out. She gave me a tilted look, sour and insolent.

"You do the hatchet bit very well."

"This was my first attempt."

"I predict a big future for you, dear."

"The whole thing makes me feel sick."

"You'll get used to it. I told John not to trust that shifty Shevlan child. Oh, it's a dirty, dirty world, Kirby Stassen. But . . . I don't blame you."

She smiled at me. It was the first time she had made any real attempt to communicate. I had the loose courage of a few drinks, and I felt wise and wordly. She was standing close, so I put my arms around her and kissed her. Her back felt lean and fragile under my hands. There was no response in her. She endured until I released her, feeling clumsy and foolish as I stepped back. She yawned and said, "This is *not* the children's hour, and I know you wouldn't want to bore me, so please go home."

Three days later I lined up a job with another agency and quit Gabe. My new job was dull. I could not keep Kathy out of my mind. I used to walk by that apartment and think about her and hope I would see her. Once I went in and touched the bell button with my fingertip but did not press it. I didn't know what I would say to her. But everybody else in the world bored me.

One noon in March I saw her coming out of a shop on Fifth Avenue. I had looked for her every day and had seen a thousand women who were not quite her. I caught up with her, grinning like a fool.

She was completely blank for a moment before she said, "Oh, it's the hatchet man, junior grade. I've forgotten your name, dear."

"Kirby Stassen. You will now have a drink with Kirby Stassen. We will talk over old times, old battles lost and won."

She agreed. We went to a place on Fiftieth. I saw the men look at her as we went through the lounge to a table.

We talked. I told her about quitting Gabe as soon as I could. It seemed to amuse her. She told me John wasn't working, that he was being brushed off by everybody in town. She had been filming TV commercials. I told her her eyes were the precise color of violets. She told me I was a sweet, foolish child, but such things were nice to hear. Good for the morale. I told her my job was dull and I would accept a new position, a job of being with her at all times and telling her things to build up her morale.

She said the owners of the apartment were returning from Italy soon and they would have to vacate, and there was a chance that something might break in Mexico for John Pinelli. She stopped suddenly and stared at me and said, "Of course you can drive a car, Stassen. But are you joking about quitting your job?"

"No, I'm not joking."

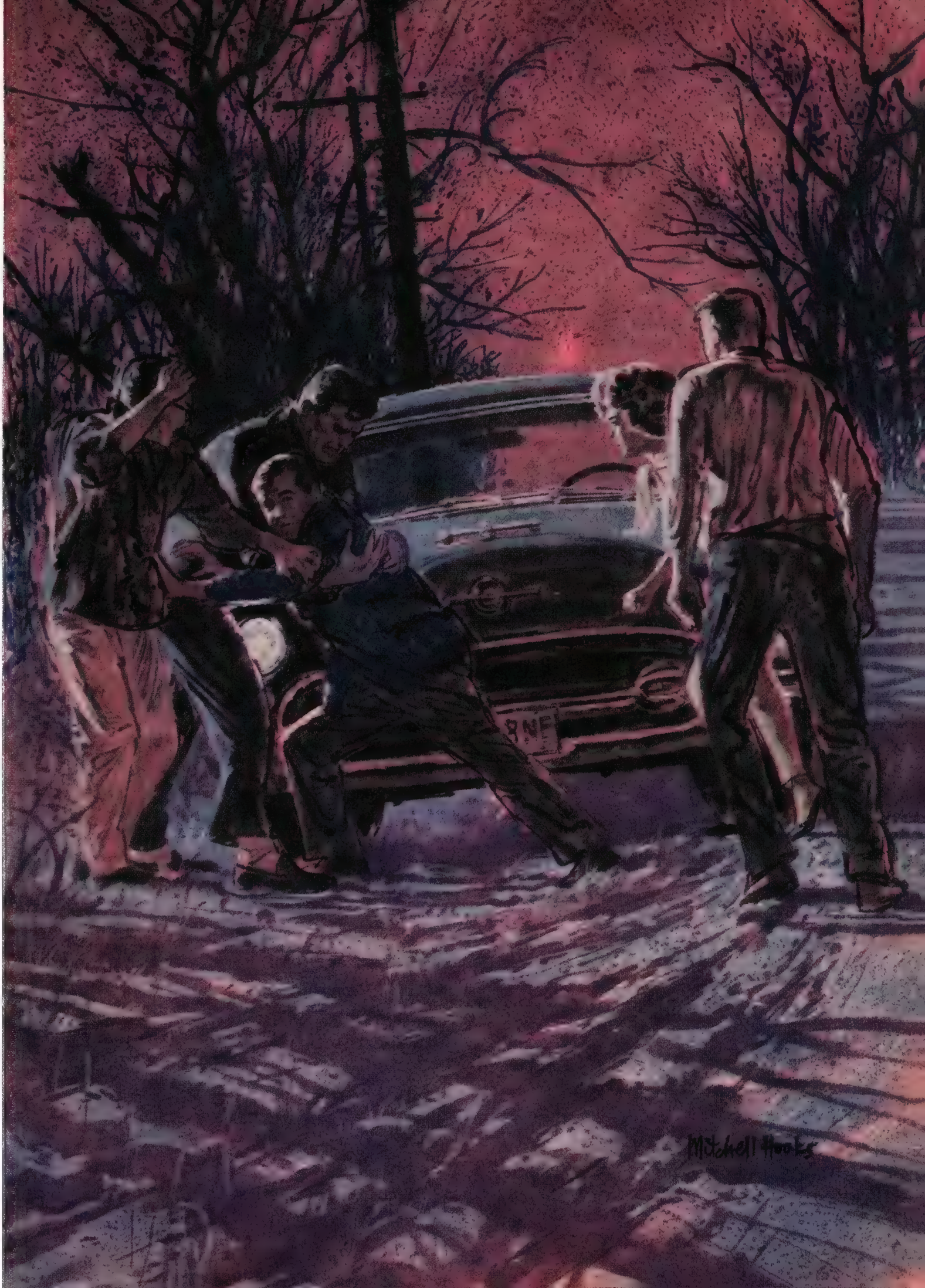
"We were going to fly. We've a car in storage. John is a horrible driver, and I never learned how. I could take all my clothes. . . . If you could drive us down to Acapulco, Stassen, we could make it a business deal. Say . . . all your expenses and a hundred dollars?"

When I told her how happily I would do it for nothing, she said, "No, thanks. We don't need a travel chum. We need a driver. Then we'll know where we stand."

I quit the job and got their big, black, two-year-old sedan out of dead storage.

I peddled my convertible in Jersey for thirteen hundred, a horrible whipping to take, but I couldn't take the time to arrange a better deal. So I was able to start the trip with $1600. The afternoon

"All of a sudden it was terrible. I knew they were going to kill him."


Mitchell Hooks

before we left I took the big black sedan around to the Pinelli apartment and, under Kathy's orders, loaded it, unloaded it, reloaded it, time after time. Kathy and I had both crawled into the back seat to extricate one case she wanted put in a more available place. When she tugged at it, her hand slipped and she fell against me, and in that awkwardness I clasped and kissed her temple and turned her and kissed her mouth, felt her mouth suddenly afire and alive before she twisted away with a feigned impatience to face me gravely in that gray light of winter and say, "Just be the driver."

When we got out of the car she looked up at me, in a still and speculative way. The slow snow came toppling down and a flake caught in her eyelashes, and I knew we had made some sort of sly pact that required no words. "I'll just drive the car," I told her.

At ten o'clock the next morning I drove through the Lincoln Tunnel. It was a metallic morning, crystalline. I had not informed my parents. A sudden card from Acapulco would be more dramatic and satisfying. John Pinelli sat in back; Kathy was beside me. They seemed morose, with no lift of excitement or anticipation. But I felt like singing. I tried to tell them about the route I thought would be best, but Pinelli cut me short by telling me to use my own judgment. They had no deadline. At four each day I was to start looking for a nice place to stay. Good motels would be acceptable. We were usually on the road between ten and eleven in the morning. Kathy made the selection of a place for lunch. It was the only meal I ate with them.

At each motel, I registered and paid with the money Kathy handed to me. A single for me, and a twin-bed double for them. I would park by their unit and carry their luggage in. Then I was on my own until we were back on the road at midmorning the next day. It was a good effort to make 250 miles a day. They never changed seats. Four or five times a day she would lean forward, turn the car radio on, search the dial from end to end and turn it off. Each day she would spend at least an hour working on her nails. She would buy magazines and leaf through them, dropping each one out the window as soon as she had seen all the pictures in it. Sometimes she would catnap for ten or fifteen minutes. John Pinelli slept oftener, longer and heavier, slumped against the luggage, snoring.

I was part of the machine to them. It irritated me. They acted as though they believed me stone deaf. Once or twice a day, without fail, they would have a savage argument, either about money, or his career or her career, or about real or imaginary infidelities. They said things to each other I would not have said to a snake. I learned their financial picture. She had some annuities. He owned pieces of two movies and one television series. They had perhaps thirty thousand a year coming in. Because that was one-tenth of what he used to make, they felt impoverished and bitter. The most vicious battles were about his decision to sell his piece of the television property and reinvest the proceeds in this new Mexican movie venture, where he would be given a chance to direct. They would say murderous things, and ten minutes later they would both be peacefully asleep.

Only once on that whole trip did I become something more than a servant. We had stopped at a motel just west of Montgomery, Alabama. I sat out by the pool in the warm dusk. She came out and sat with me, and called me Kirby instead of Stassen and told me John was napping, and she proceeded to draw me out, to extract the full report on Kirby Palmer Stassen. She made me feel like the most interesting man in the world. There was so much warmth and charm that after she had gone I felt as if I had been standing in a hot chocolate shower.

But the next morning I was Stassen again, part of the overladen black sedan.

We stopped over a full extra day at Laredo. She had shopping to do. The car needed servicing. Something happened to the two of them at Laredo. Something happened to their marriage. After Laredo, there were no more quarrels. There was, instead, a cold politeness, a mock flavor of consideration. Some unknown incident gutted their marriage at Laredo, and from then on they were strangers who happened to be married to each other.

I know my relationship to Kathy Keats bears no objective relationship to this Wolf Pack mess. Of course, had I not driven the Pinellis to Mexico, I would not have met Sandy, Nan, and Hernandez later on. Yet, had it not been for Kathy, and for what happened between us, I would not have been *ready* to meet those other three.

Here's another way to say it. Once you have destroyed somebody, and you are filled with an unbearable remorse, you can even believe you can dilute that remorse by destroying somebody else.

Maybe the right word for what happened to me is suicide.

The Riker Sales Owen Memoranda

I am still trying to understand these four I must defend in court.

Because of Kirby Stassen's poise and good manners, and our coming from the same sort of background, I felt in the beginning that I could communicate with him. His appearance is disarming. He is large—about six two, 195 pounds, with heavy bone structure, and what is called an "open" face and manner. His Acapulco tan is fading, but there is enough left to make a pleasant contrast with his pale gray-green eyes, healthy white teeth, and his sun-bleached hair and eyebrows.

He moves with the lazy ease of the well coordinated, treats me with respect only rarely flavored with derision, and keeps himself clean and neat.

Yet I seem unable to communicate with this presentable young man.

As an example, I shall reproduce here one of our early conversations:

"Regarding the first crime in which you were involved, Kirby, I would like to ask you this: Would you have killed or helped kill Horace Becher if you'd been alone, or with a different group?"

"That isn't the way it happened. It wouldn't have happened that same way again in a thousand years. I can't see the sense in the hypothetical question."

"Just as a game, then, can you devise a situation where you would feel called upon to kill that man?"

"I guess so. I guess if I escaped from this place and hitched a ride with him and he turned the car radio on and figured out who I was. I guess I'd do it."

"Would you feel it was wrong?"

"Oh, I know it would be wrong, sir. Anything against the law is wrong, isn't it?"

"But would you feel guilt? Remorse?"

"That would depend on who he was."

"I don't follow you."

"I mean if he was a valuable person, I mean that would be a waste. But if he was just . . . you know . . . a real drag, ignorant, stupid. Why should anybody feel a big load of guilt about that?"

"He was a human being, Kirby."

"I know, sir. With desires and aspirations and an immortal soul. But in the scheme of things, that joker was just about as significant as spit on a wet sidewalk, and just about as attractive."

"Oh, then you admit the existence of some scheme of things?"

"Don't you, sir?"

"Of course I do! Describe to me what you'd call a valuable person."

"Well . . . somebody who's willing to live 'way out, sir. Somebody who doesn't go along with the whole cruddy regime. Somebody who's willing to try to bust the race out of this big trap we're in. Like Sandy says, somebody who can give love without keeping a set of records on it."

"Do you consider the four of you to be valuable people, Kirby?"

"I don't want to sound disrespectful, sir, but that's a pretty stupid question."

"You don't call yourself valuable?"

"We're all just as nothing as that Becher."

"But you felt capable of judging him?"

"Who judged him? He was all creep. He wasn't a rare specimen. There's twenty million of him, all so alike you can't tell them apart."

"Kirby, what I'm trying to do is reach you—find some common area of agreement, so we can talk."

"I understand, sir, but we never will."

"What do you mean?"

"The pipes are clogged. The semantics are bad. Take an object—pencil, automobile, bank vault, we can agree fine. But when you get onto love and guilt and hate, we just can't follow each other. The words don't mean the same things to me as they do to you."

"I've explained to you the way I plan to defend you."

"Yes, sir. This business of working on each other . . . intoxicating each other. You want to make us sound like an accident that just got together and happened. Do you think it will work, sir?"

"I don't think anything else will."

"Okay, if I was alone I wouldn't have killed that salesman. That's a stupid answer to a stupid question, sir, but maybe it will help you out."

"My purpose is to help you out."

"I'm cooperating, sir. I'm with you all the way."

The Victim

After Dallas Kemp had dropped Helen Wister off on that late Saturday afternoon in July, he drove directly to the small building which housed his studio and bachelor apartment, feeling swollen with righteous anger.

He was a tall and slender twenty-six, a man of dark coloring, large, clever hands, talent and energy. He had wagered a small inheritance on his desire to be in business for himself and now, in his third year, he knew he had made out even better than he had expected.

Until a few months ago, marriage had been something to think about when he reached his thirties, but Helen Wister had upset that scheduling. He had met Helen at the sort of large cocktail party he usually tried to avoid. He knew she was a recent Smith graduate, now doing some sort of social service office work at City Hall, that her mother was a socialite do-gooder type, wealthy in her own right, that her father was a highly competent and successful orthopedic surgeon.

He had heard of Helen Wister, but he had not been prepared for her poise, her warm smile, her luminous beauty. Beautiful women always made him feel awkward and self-conscious, and so it was his habit to cover his confusion with a gratuitous rudeness. He was braced to dislike Helen Wister, ready to detect arrogance, imperiousness, selfishness, ignorance—all the traits of the thoroughly spoiled young woman.

Naturally, in order to penetrate her social disguise, he had to take her out many times. They quarreled violently over everything about which there could be two opinions. Quite suddenly, in the midst of his strenuous efforts to unmask her, it all turned into love. Her basic and obvious sweetness and decency were genuine. She was aware of and quietly pleased by her own beauty, and glad it was something she could bring to him, a gift wrapped in love. They were delighted with this new magic they had discovered. Marriage became a pressing inevitability.

He knew how best to ease his own anger and indignation, and so he went directly to his drafting table and worked with isolated concentration until he suddenly discovered that it was eight o'clock, his muscles were cramped, his anger was gone. He began to realize, with considerable uneasiness, that he had acted badly.

He phoned the Wister home and talked to Helen's mother. Helen's car had been gone when Jane Wister had returned home at seven. They agreed it was foolish of her to go see Arnold Crown, but there had been no chance of stopping her. Dal said he would try to locate her.

When he pulled into Arnold Crown's service station in his station wagon, he saw Helen's little black M.G. parked in the shadows beside the station. There was a car on the grease rack. The sole attendant at that hour, a small, pallid man in his forties, was working on it.

"Arnold Crown here?" Dal asked.

"Nope."

"Isn't that Miss Wister's car out there?"

"Yep."

"Is she with Crown?"

"Yep."

"Do you know when they're coming back here?"

"Are they?"

"She'd come back for her car, wouldn't she?"

"Now, why would she need that little thing when they got Arn's car? Be stupid, I'd say, taking two cars on a honeymoon. Sort of unfriendly."

Dal Kemp stared at the man. "Honeymoon?" he said weakly.

The attendant smiled. "They went off to be married. Left less than a half-hour ago. That cute little gal was shy and pretty as a picture, let me tell you. Had their suitcases in the back of Arn's car."

"She's supposed to marry me," Kemp said stupidly.

The man cackled at him. "You lost out, brother. The ladies, they got a trick of changing their minds awful sudden."

Dal Kemp drove directly to Monroe Police Headquarters and, after a short wait, was taken to a Lieutenant of Detectives named Razoner, a bored man who looked astonishingly like a horse. He asked questions and took notes. Though he was polite, it was obvious to Kemp the man felt Helen had left with Crown voluntarily. It was only after Razoner, at Kemp's insistence, had talked over the phone with Mrs. Wister that he began to show more concern.

It was almost ten o'clock when Razoner was called away from his desk, leaving Kemp there alone. When Razoner came back, his excitement was evident. He took Kemp to the office of a portly man named Captain Tauss, whom Razoner identified as Chief of Homicide. After Razoner had briefed Tauss on the story Kemp had brought in, Kemp was informed that the County Sheriff had located a body tentatively identified as Arnold Crown. There was no information about a girl.

Within minutes, a uniformed driver was slamming the police sedan through heavy city traffic with Razoner beside him, Tauss and Dallas Kemp in the rear. A few miles beyond the city limits they swung onto a secondary route.

They topped a ridge and plunged into a valley filled with a confusion of lights and autos. As they pulled off the road, Kemp saw an abandoned, sagging barn on the left. On the right, snugged into a deep ditch and tilted far onto the right side, was a gray sedan. An ambulance was parked parallel to the sedan, rear end open, and a draped body was being loaded.

A huge, wide man wearing khakis, a baseball cap and a sheriff's star sauntered over to them. "Evening, Barney, Lew."

"Hello, Gus," Captain Tauss said. "Have you got a positive on him?"

"Arnold Crown for sure, Barney. A resident of your fair city. He was given a wicked beating, that one, with a face like spoiled meat, and then there was some work with a knife."

"We have information there was a girl with him, Gus. Have you any—"

"Come on over and listen to me talk to some nervous witnesses, boys. That gang of reporters are getting impatient. It's a quiz show I put on, called People Aren't Very Funny."

As they followed him, Kemp heard Captain Tauss say contemptuously to Razoner, "Gus Benson, the showboat sheriff. Anything for a headline."

Two scared youngsters waited in a white glare of headlights and floodlights. They were two neighborhood boys, farm boys, about thirteen years old. The interview was conducted inside a shadowy circle of reporters and police.

Benson's manner put the boys at ease and he quickly established the facts. They had their parents' permission to camp out in the loft of the abandoned barn. They had arranged themselves next to the big loading window facing the highway. At about nine o'clock the gray sedan came along, moving slowly, and parked directly opposite the barn. The lights and motor were turned off. They could hear a man and a woman talking. They seemed to be arguing, but the boys couldn't hear the words clearly. It seemed to be an argument about getting married, and the boys wished they would go away. Suddenly the lights went back on and the car started up very suddenly. It was apparent the woman had jumped out a little too late. There was just enough starlight so the boys saw her fall and roll and lie crumpled and still on the edge of the pavement. The car swerved out of control, and plunged into the ditch. The man climbed out and came running back, shouting, "Helen! Helen!"

Another car came from the west, moving very fast. The oncoming lights shone directly on the man in a blue jacket trying to pick a blonde woman up and move her off the road. The oncoming car was a big, dark Buick. It stopped in a controlled skid on the dry pavement, expertly handled, about twenty feet from the unconscious woman. Four people got out of the Buick.

"Bobby," the Sheriff said, "what do you mean when you say those four people acted funny?"

"I don't know. Just funny. They talked loud and they were laughing and joking around, not like the way you act when there's trouble and you stop to help."

"You've remembered that the unconscious woman wore a green blouse and a white skirt. Can you remember what the other woman looked like and wore?"

"She had on pants. Light. Maybe they were tan. And a yellow blouse and high heels, and she had curly, sort of brownish hair. She was pretty, I think. There was one big, dark, tough-looking guy. One was a skinny little guy with glasses who kept hopping around and laughing. The other one was the tallest, with lighter hair and a good tan."

"Would you recognize them if you saw them again, boys?"

"Sure, Sheriff. They were right out there in front of the car lights."

The story was extracted by the Sheriff while the group listened in fascinated silence. The thin man with glasses had created the trouble. He told Crown he was lucky there was a witch doctor in the audience. They paid no attention to Crown's pleas that she be taken to a hospital. The man in glasses said the country was in terrible shape if they were throwing beautiful blondes away. He knelt and grasped the girl by the shoulders and said, "Speak to me, darling! Speak to your old buddy!" Crown pushed the man in glasses away from her. The tough-looking one struck Crown in the face and knocked him down. Crown scrambled up and tried to fight back, but the others kept circling around in back of him. The one in glasses had picked up rocks from the roadside.

The boy swallowed hard and said, "All of a sudden it was terrible. They weren't laughing and joking any more. I knew they were going to kill him. Like when I was little and I saw a pack of dogs come and kill one of our calves. They didn't bark at all. They just kept circling him and finally they pulled him down and bit his throat open."

"Then you saw them kill Mr. Crown?"

"Yes. We were too scared to make a sound. It seemed to take a long time, but I guess it wasn't so long, really. The three men kept knocking him down, and he kept getting up slower and slower. The tough one grabbed him by the neck and held him back against the car and that's when the girl finally got close to him. I saw the knife in her hand when the headlights shone on it. Then she was in the way so I couldn't see the knife, but I saw her elbow going back and forth real fast. Then they stepped back and the tall one took aim and kicked him off the car where he was leaning, right down into the ditch. They looked in his pockets, and they turned and ran back toward the Buick. The blonde girl was sitting up. They went right to her and helped her up and sort of walked her to the Buick and put her inside. They all got in and slammed the doors and drove away. Then we went home and phoned you, Sheriff."

Someone in the group said softly, "Like a pack of dogs. Or wolves."

"I can use that," another voice said. "The Wolf Pack Murder."

The Sheriff turned to answer the questions of the reporters.

"Sheriff, do you think this is the same group that's already in trouble?"

"From the information which has reached my office, I feel almost certain this is the same group which recently committed the murders in Uvalde, Texas, and Nashville, Tennessee. So you can anticipate competition, gentlemen. I imagine the networks and press services will move in here in force."

"So won't you get competition too, Sheriff? From the F.B.I.?" There was knowing laughter in the group.

"Cooperation, gentlemen. Not competition. Any other questions?"

"Have you got any leads on the blonde they took, Sheriff?"

Captain Tauss spoke up. "I've been waiting for the chance to tell Sheriff Benson that she is very probably Helen Wister, Dr. Wister's daughter." He turned to Razoner and Kemp and said, "Let's go." He ignored the excited questions as they walked quickly to the car.

Death House Diary

I am Kirby Stassen, putting my life down on white paper.

As I loaf here in this functional cube where I am expected to prepare myself for death, I keep thinking of Kathy Keats as she looked on that hot morning in Laredo. Until something went suddenly and irrevocably bad in her marriage, she had dressed conservatively, that is to say, conservatively for an actress. But when we left the motel, she wore tight little pumpkin-colored short shorts and a full-sleeved yellow silk blouse, a big white coolie hat, red high-heeled shoes, sunglasses with red frames. And she walked with a lilt that was dangerously close to a runway strut.

It was, I now suspect, an act of defiance. It was a Kathy-way of emphasizing a new and sudden turn in her life.

At nine-thirty we crossed the bridge into Mexico. I unloaded and reloaded the car for the customs people, sweating in the sunshine. We buttoned the big black car up and I turned the air-conditioning on, and we went plunging down across the brown-baked land toward the distant spine of the Sierra Madre.

I told myself that I was a college boy who had gotten restless and quit. And I had taken this little job driving a fading minor actress and her washed-up director-husband down to Acapulco. But it couldn't be so simply described. We were unsuited to the labels we tried to give ourselves, insulated from each other by tensions we could not define, caught up together now in a pattern which moved toward a resolution we could not guess.

Death is easier to face if I tell myself it is a punishment for crimes which are not written in any statutes. The crime against John Pinelli, for example. Kathy and I share that guilt.

They decided to stay over in Mexico City a few days to confer with the other principals in the movie venture and fly down to Acapulco later. In her most complete *contessa* manner Kathy gave me two thousand pesos and told me to drive to Acapulco, locate the beach home of Mr. Hillary Charis, which they had arranged to rent, and move in.

And so, on a sparkling April day, Kirby Palmer Stassen, that faithful old family retainer, wheeled his employers' automobile through the mountains and down through the Cuernavaca-Taxco tourist complex to the tropical Pacific beach.

The beach house was west of the city. It was perched on a huge fist of rock that thrust itself up abruptly, fifty feet above the highway, a hundred feet above the beach on the other side. It was a faded blue with a red tile roof. Inside were tiled floors and plaster walls in tints of blue, green and lavender. Lush plantings thrived in random pockets in the solid rock. Armando—he seemed very old and slow, sinewy and silent—was the gardener, and his wife was Rosalinda, the cook, a timeless Indian woman, square as an upended crate, impassive—with a smile that was rare, slow-blooming, and gloriously warm.

With my phrase book and two years of college Spanish, and with Rosalinda's fifty words of English and her great gift for pantomime, we established practical communication. I could not make my position clear. I believe she pigeonholed me as a sort of indigent nephew.

I cannot forget those four good days I had there. They were the last good days of my life. I did not know where I was going, but after a long grayness of discontent, I was confident the direction of my life would soon be revealed to me, and I would find it good.

I picked John and Kathy up at the airport on a hot Friday. There were two men with them, August Beren and Frank Race. Beren was an imperious little weasel in a soiled beret—obviously the dominant member of the project, full of

impatience, rude contradictions and foul words. Frank Race was frail, towering, languid. He wore a cotton cord suit and had the remote, impenetrable arrogance acquired in a fashionable preparatory school two decades ago. The change in John Pinelli was astonishing. That great, soft, pink-and-white thing was charged with snap, glitter; and enthusiasm.

Late that afternoon I finally managed to catch Kathy while she was making herself a drink. I asked her if she had found everything to her satisfaction. She said, indifferently, that everything was fine. I presented the short list of what I had spent, and the change from the two thousand pesos. She told me to wait, and went to their bedroom and returned with two fifty-dollar bills.

"Thank you so much, Stassen," she said.

"Do you want me to pack up and get out right now, Kathy?"

She seemed startled. "You can stay on as long as you like, Kirby. There's certainly enough room."

"On what basis? You like things orderly. Guest? Chauffeur? I'll take any status. To be near you."

"Don't be tiresome, please. You could be useful, I suppose. Actually, it would be a sort of vacation for you. And you'd have very little to do. Your keep and . . . five dollars a week?" The shape of her mouth was a provocation—intentional.

"Yes, m'am. Thank you, m'am."

"John does hate to drive," she said, and picked up her drink and walked away. To be near her. That was enough. She was the golden future, inevitable, and, without words, she had promised it all to me.

Beren and Race stayed through the following Wednesday. The four bickered constantly. The big problem was a script for the first release by Sierra Madre Productions. They had brought down a stack of scripts. They were in violent disagreement about the relative merits of the scripts. I sat in a deck chair in the night and listened to Kathy and Frank Race read key scenes from the script John Pinelli favored. Kathy could prickle the hair on the nape of my neck with her talent.

John Pinelli flew back to Mexico City with Beren and Race. Kathy did not, at any time, invite me to eat with her or swim with her or sunbathe with her. But, as I adjusted my schedule to hers, and did all those things, she did not order me away. She was not cordial, but there was a growing awareness between us.

Pinelli came back with Frank Race and a small fat writer whose name I can't remember. After days of disputation, Kathy went back to Mexico City with them, and stayed but one day. I knew things were going badly with the enterprise. They had lost a property they coveted, through some misunderstanding over an option. Their marriage continued to be icy and overly polite. Kathy seemed

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to become ever more depressed, and I yearned to comfort her. Sometimes she would talk to me in a remote way about old times and yesterday's triumphs and madnesses, but it was as if she talked to herself, desiring no comment from me.

What happened between us had become inevitable. It needed but any accidental touch, a glance, an affirmation. I was handy, healthy, naïve, and adoring. Her life was being eroded, emotionally, professionally, financially. Age was beginning to do damage she could no longer disguise or repair. And so I became her vote of confidence, a worshipful stimulant to sagging self-esteem.

The triteness of an Affair With an Older Woman is self-evident. Her guaranteed, certified beauty was sweet salve for my ego. It was Adventure. I had become a Sophisticate. Had it remained on that level, it would have done no harm. But now, before my eyes, I saw how I was changing her. The princess came back to life. Her eyes were shiny-bright and her step was gay as a dance. Her mouth was made for smiling and for a kiss. She hummed funny little tunes and we bought each other silly little presents in town, and we made up our own jokes and told them in our own brand new language.

If that is not love it is, of course, as close as I will ever get.

Such arrangements traditionally have a slapstick ending. The lovers grow careless. The florid husband enters at stage left, gasps, totters, then begins to flail away with his umbrella.

We grew careless. Certainly the relationship was no secret to the servants. Rosalinda no longer favored me with her smile, and she found it impossible to understand my Spanish.

Kathy and I napped one day in the master bedroom, her head in the hollow of my throat, her breathing slow and warm. I was awakened by a curious sound, like that of an animal, that I could not identify. I turned my head and opened my eyes and saw John Pinelli clinging with one hand to the footboard of the other bed. He was bent forward from the waist, gagging and retching, and I thought that in his spasms he might fall.

Kathy, beside me, screamed suddenly in a madwoman's voice, "You wanted proof, didn't you? That's what you've wanted for years, isn't it? Now you've got it! So enjoy it!"

I got out of there. I was trying to get away from the sounds he was making, from the hysterical venom of her voice, and from myself. I fled down the cliff-face steps to the sun platform. I lay there on my back, my forearm across my eyes. A sweet magic can turn in one instant into something soiled and shameful.

I was there over an hour, before they came and got me. They were two big men, as tall as I am, and infinitely more assured. Their command of English was excellent. I can understand now that a resort which attracts moneyed people from all over the world must, in self-interest, retain the very best police talent.

I went up the tall steps with them, wondering if, under some local law, John Pinelli could have me tossed into a Mexican jail for what I had done to him. The house seemed crowded with men in khaki who wore big, shiny *pistolas*.

They took me with them to the master bedroom. At the doorway one of them said, "Please be careful not to step in blood, Señor Stassen."

Pinelli lay face down on the floor.

A gun was shown to me. It was a huge .45 revolver with a silver insert in the grip on which was engraved, "To John, Fastest Gun on Location, from Wade, Joan and Sonny—'Revolt at Box Canyon.'" I remembered seeing that picture during my junior year, and liking it.

The cold, careful cop voice came from far away. "He took it from that drawer there and perhaps loaded it, his back to the woman, spilling the two shells you see over there. He turned and fired at the woman and missed her. There is the place on the wall where the bullet struck. The servants say she was then screaming continuously. She could not, of course, get by him, as there is the one door. It is believed she was trying to scramble under the bed to hide when he moved closer and fired and struck her high on the left side. With so much gun and so little woman, it was . . . ample. After that he killed himself, holding the barrel against his throat."

The official hand closed on my upper arm and led me around the blood and over to where I could see Kathy, on her back, between the other bed and the wall, dead on the gray-silver tile. She was as tiny as a starved child, gray and shrunken. The skull shape showed with macabre clarity under the dwindled flesh on her face. She was as ancient as remorse.

One of them took me out onto a small patio near the master bedroom. I could see the pastel confections in the distance, the great resort hotels of Acapulco, shining with fun and money. He shook cigarettes out of his pack and gave me one, lighting it with a steady hand.

"A little fun and it turned out badly, eh, *hombre*?"

"He didn't have to kill her."

"Maybe she was all the fat one had left. Your mouth will stay shut, *chico*."

"What do you mean?"

"Small intrigues are good for business. We are mentioned in the columns. But a sad, dirty business like this helps no one. The servants will say nothing. I guarantee that. He was in bad health, *hombre*. Despondent. I can produce a doctor who will swear he was treating Señor Pinelli. It will be very nice if you leave Acapulco on the six o'clock plane for Mexico City. If you should go to some other place and talk of this thing, we could find new evidence here, perhaps, requiring your return for questioning. Do you understand?"

I understood.

I went to Mexico City. Money is a symbol of survival. Getting rid of it in empty, meaningless ways is a form of rejection and suicide. I remember very little about that period. Wherever I went, whatever I did, Kathy was a half-step behind me, and I could not turn quickly enough to see her standing there, smiling.

Finally I was down to a cheap room and eleven dollars. I went to the Embassy. They put me in touch with a couple from Del Rio, Texas. They had an old station wagon and two small children. The man had fallen while climbing one of the pyramids and broken his arm. His Mexican wife could not drive.

We crossed the border on Sunday, the nineteenth day of July. I had five dollars left. He gave me ten. I didn't know where I would go or what I would do, and I did not give a damn in any case. I walked east out of town on Route 90, thumbing the traffic with no luck. Not far out of town I came to a beer joint. The heat was sickening. I went in, and after the glare outside, I was blind. A high, penetrating voice said, "And now enters Joseph College, having himself some big fat adventures before he poops out and joins Rotary."

I turned and looked in the direction of the voice, waiting for my vision to adjust, waiting for my first look at Sander Golden, Shack Hernandez, and Nan Koslov.

The Riker Sales Owen Memoranda

I often find myself wishing I had never agreed to defend this girl.

Nan Koslov is twenty. She has a heavy mop of chestnut brown hair. Her figure has a peasant solidity.

Her features are quite plain, the nose rather flat, the mouth broad and soft, the skin texture coarse. Her only make-up is a dark lipstick, carelessly and lavishly applied. Her nails are bitten into the quick.

Sander Golden calls her an animal. That word captures the essence of her. She makes a man feel there is something he needs to prove to her.

Her background is drab. Her people are Polish peasants who settled near Bassett, Nebraska, in a tenant farming situation. Nanette was then six. She learned English rapidly, attended public school, and worked on the land. Her people were so strict as to border on cruelty. Nanette matured early. At fourteen, after being expelled from junior high school, she ran away with a migrant farm laborer who abandoned her in San Francisco. She looked older than her years. She obtained work as a waitress. When she was sixteen she fell in with a Bohemian group in that city. For the next three years she was a fixture in that cur-

ious subterranean world of San Francisco which specializes in incomprehensible jazz, foolish painting, and hysterical poetry, with their inevitable by-products of mysticism, coffee house conversation, drug addiction, violence, and self-pity.

Last year a painter with whom she was living was killed as a result of a violent argument during an impromptu party. Friends hid Nanette until it became known the police wanted her for questioning. She fled to Los Angeles and it was there she met Sander Golden. When a narcotics raid broke up the new group, she left Los Angeles with Golden. Their tentative destination was New Orleans, where Golden had friends. They met Hernandez in Tucson, and the three of them traveled together as far as Del Rio, where Kirby Stassen joined the group.

It is difficult to assess the effect of Nan Koslov on her three companions. They all sought to prove to her that they were beyond rules and restrictions. But in order for her to achieve this effect upon them, it was necessary for her to communicate to them her own taste for recklessness.

This is a girl who has lived only for sensation. For kicks, as Sander Golden says. Though she denies it, there is a chance she was involved in the killing of the artist in San Francisco. He was stabbed in the throat and in the nape of the neck with a table fork. There is primitive violence in this woman. She may have found a new pleasure in the act of killing.

Also, Sander Golden had her on his own routine of stimulants, a schedule which he terms "the biggest thing since the wheel." It involved a carefully regulated intake of powerful tranquilizers, plus raw Dexedrine and barbiturates.

She asks me many questions. She bites her thick lip, and then asks if you feel anything when you are electrocuted. I tell her it is very sudden. She asks if I can get them off. I tell her I will try. And she asks me again if it will hurt. She asks the way a child might ask about a whipping.

The four of them became a strange interrelated group. She was Sander Golden's, from the beginning. Hernandez wanted her badly. Golden apparently wanted to prove to himself that he could control Hernandez in spite of this additional strain upon their relationship. He flaunted his possession of the Koslov girl. The girl was aware of the game and increased the tension by flirting with Hernandez, teasing him the way one might tease a caged bear.

Of course, the first I knew of the invasion of our country by this foursome was when, one Sunday morning, I read the front-page account of the murder of Arnold Crown and the abduction of Paul Wister's daughter. I had been following the news stories of their track of violence. Until the murder of Crown, the authorities were not certain whether it

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was two men or three men or four men and a girl involved. It was a stroke of luck that the Crown murder had occurred in front of unseen witnesses. I had expected to read that Sunday morning of their having been trapped and captured. Their luck was incredibly good.

The Victim

By ten o'clock on Sunday morning, July 26, the provisional headquarters of the F.B.I. team assigned to the Wolf Pack case had been transferred to Monroe. The F.B.I. had come into the case as a result of the previous kidnap-murder near Nashville. The Special Agent in Charge was Herbert Dunnigan.

Dunnigan called Sheriff Gustaf Benson into his office. Another showboat sheriff, he thought, looking at the displaced ranch hat, the inlaid ivory grips on the inevitable .38 Special, and the big, bland, meaty, political face.

Dunnigan tapped the Sunday paper on his desk and said, "You took the ball and ran with it, Sheriff."

"Murder day," the Sheriff rumbled. "Gus Benson day."

The big man looked indolent, smug, content. Dunnigan felt annoyance. "Let's assume these people can read. They read that a pair of country kids can pick them out of a line-up, and those kids have given a detailed description. Let's assume they have a little sense left. What do they do, Sheriff?"

"Kill the girl and bury her deep. Ditch the car. Split up and run."

"You surprise me, Sheriff. Will you admit you've made a mistake?"

"No. It's a safe bet that the girl was dead before the papers were on the street this morning. It would fit the pattern."

"I'll go along with that."

"A little over three months from now the people of Meeker County are going to go behind the green curtains and pull the little levers. Gus Benson is a name they should remember, but you have to keep reminding them. This will put me in for four more years, Dunnigan."

"And if it's at the girl's expense?"

"This will be a fifth term. This is a big county. I've fought like an animal for a big budget. There isn't a dime of it goes to waste. You won't find a cleaner county in the state. It's all my baby, and I mean to keep on taking care of it, keeping the sharpshooters out, keeping the lid on. So I had to get to be a legend, sort of. Hell, that's why these kids called me. They feel they know me. If some hungry boy beats me at the polls, the organization will be all shot. This is only one murder, Mr. Dunnigan. One stolen girl. There's almost exactly a million people in Meeker County to take care of."

"My job is to—"

"Let's you hold it one minute and give a little thought to how you'd handle things if every four years you had to get voted back into your job by a lot of people who pay your budget out of taxes."

Dunnigan grinned. "Okay, Sheriff. It shouldn't be an elective office."

"I could do a better job if it wasn't. Anything you want, we'll do our damnedest to do it for you, and do it right."

Under Dunnigan's direction, the investigation proceeded swiftly and logically.

Scores of tips came in. The Buick, containing people matching the description, had been seen in forty different places, heading in every possible direction. These tips were assigned to appropriate agencies to be checked out.

The farm boys were brought in and questioned again by Dunnigan and his people. Additional fragments of description were pried out of the memories of the young pair. A commercial artist tried to come up with pictures that would satisfy them. They were satisfied with the rendition of the husky one, and a little less satisfied with the drawing of the balding one with glasses. The other two would not come through. The two usable drawings were sent by wire transmission to thirty cities in the Southwest, with an urgent request for help in identification.

Of the dozens of photographs of Helen Wister available, Dunnigan selected the one he thought was most satisfactory.

"She *is* a beautiful girl," Dunnigan said. "Ask the wire services to use this one exclusively. Feature it. Get TV coverage. I don't think anybody will ever see the lady alive again, but there is a ten-thousand-to-one chance."

When the Buick had braked hard, one tire had stubbed and chattered on the road, leaving, in black rubber, the distinctive tread pattern of a Goodyear Double Eagle. It was not a tire that would be standard equipment on the car.

In midafternoon the car was identified, almost beyond doubt. It had been stolen on Friday evening in Glasgow, Kentucky, from a bowling alley parking lot. It was a dark blue '59 Buick. The owner had had Goodyear tires installed before delivery. The plate number was put on the teletype circuits immediately.

The Glasgow police made a street-by-street search until they found an abandoned red and white Chevrolet with Arkansas plates, the car which matched the description of the one involved in the Nashville killing.

Specialists went over the car. The steering wheel and door handles had been wiped clean, but there was half a fresh thumbprint on the rear vision mirror. Wedged in the front ashtray was an empty folder of book matches from a motel in Tupelo, Mississippi.

In a staff conference attended by local police officials, Dunnigan expressed hope that the Arkansas Chevrolet would, through back-tracking, lead them to the Ford station wagon taken from the tile salesman slain near Uvalde, Texas.

"We are dealing," he said, "with four crazed misfits, antagonistic toward society. I suspect they were triggered by the killing of the tile salesman. It may have been unintentional, the killing of Horace Becher. From that point on, they have had nothing to lose. They have been lucky. I assume that in a twisted way they are enjoying this nation-wide attention. Let us not predict logical behavior on their part."

Dunnigan then displayed a Telefax copy of a mug shot of one Robert Hernandez, taken from the files of the Phoenix Police Department, and told the group that Social Security files were being checked to find his last place of employment.

"This is a subhuman punk, a brawler, a drifter, with a record of minor arrests. Through back-checking we have a faint chance of identifying the others before we actually pick them up."

After hours of waiting numbly, Dal Kemp was able to see Dunnigan for a few moments on Sunday night. Dunnigan did not give Kemp the assurances, empty as they might be, that he had hoped for. And there was nothing, of course, that Kemp could do to help. And so he did the only thing which could make his vigil more endurable. He went back to his drawing board. They had spent many hours talking of the house he would build her. In his lock box was a surprise for her, a property deed to two hillside acres. Dallas Kemp went to his drawing board and began the preliminary sketches for the house in which he would live with Helen Wister. It was his affirmation, his use of all his skill and talent in an almost superstitious ceremony. Without expressing it directly, he felt that if he did his job well, with beauty and validity, she would come back to him unharmed.

A bright, round, flawless sun rose up out of the Atlantic on Monday, the twenty-seventh day of July. Those beginning their vacation were delighted with their choice. The morning newspapers across the nation gave maximum page-one coverage to the Wolf Pack. Many of them struck upon the layout device of putting pictures of Helen Wister and Robert Hernandez side by side. Morning commentators said the criminals were still at large. On buses and subways, over breakfast tables and lunchroom counters, around office water coolers and factory Coke machines, the nation talked about the Wolf Pack and Helen Wister and voiced wild theories.

Four hundred and thirty miles north northeast of Monroe, in the small resort community of Seven Mile Lake, Pennsylvania, the sun climbed high and bright toward noon. The whole south shore of the lake was a honky-tonk strip of motels, cottages, hotdog stands, boats and bait, beer joints, shooting galleries.

In the middle of the commercial area

were the Lakeshore Cottages, owned and operated by Joe Rendi and his wife, Clara. At eleven o'clock on Monday morning Joe Rendi had a shouting match with his wife. It was she who had answered the night bell just before dawn. It was she who had taken the responsibility of renting Number 4, one of the two-bedroom cottages, for twenty dollars. The cottage was already rented to Pittsburgh people who had sent a deposit and would stay through Labor Day.

"They won't leave!" Joe yelled. "I'm telling you. They conned you. They'll stay a lousy week and we lose a steady rental. I'll give you a clout in the head."

"They're traveling," Clara said patiently. "Two couples. He was a very nice young man. They'll be out of here in the evening. I've got all morning to clean it up before the Shoelockers get here." She lifted her voice to a sudden screaming pitch that turned her face bright red. "And how did we get so rich we don't need twenty bucks? Are you all of a sudden making so much I don't have to work like a horse any more?"

Number 4 was silent throughout the long, hot day. The dark, dusty Buick had been backed into a narrow carport. Children yelped in the dusty areas between the cottages. The vacation boats roared all day long. At eight-thirty that night Joe Rendi walked to Number 4. The car was gone. It was empty. And Clara, damn her, would crow for a week.

Death House Diary

Kirby Palmer Stassen Dies in Chair! I write it, and try to understand it. I cannot visualize the world going on in its matter-of-fact way after I am gone.

The crime writers and the sociologists will have a dandy time for several years, digging me up and making me walk across their printed pages and answer their questions. They will know all of the answers, of course.

Perhaps this bitterness today is the result of the short visit from Mr. Riker Sales Owen, pompous, pretentious, patronizing me with his professional "dear boy" mannerisms and his hopeful lies about being close to obtaining a stay of execution. He is too dull of wit to understand that hope, no matter how false, is the worst thing he can bring to this place. Only out of utter hopelessness can any armor be fashioned.

I had carried my account as far as Chubby's Grill on Route 90 on the outskirts of Del Rio.

It was a Sunday afternoon. Sandy Golden had jeered at me, but not in a way that made me angry.

I smiled over toward the dingy corner where the voice had come from, then bought a bottle of cold ale at the bar and carried it over.

"Every college boy likes to be recognized *immediately* as a college boy," he said. "It's like scratching a dog behind the ear. Have you been dude ranching, man? You aren't wearing your Marshal Dillon threads."

"It's a new kind of ranch kick, man," I told him. "Nobody wears anything. They kept us on health food. You had to carry your own horse."

"Sit, college boy," he said. "Meet Nan and Shack. What's your name?"

"Kirby Stassen."

"Sit, Kirboo, and we'll talk up a storm. I've fallen among dull comrades. I'm Sander Golden, poet, experimenter, cultural anthropologist. I dig the far pastures of the spirit. Sit down and browse a bit, Kirboo."

I sat. My eyes had adjusted to the dimness. Shack was an ugly-looking monster. Sander Golden was a soiled, jumpy, and amusing phony, a little older than the rest of us, close to thirty, I decided. His glasses were repaired with tape, and sat crooked on his thin nose. His teeth were not good and he was going bald. Nan was a sulky, sultry broad with too much hair and a practiced way of staring directly into your eyes.

They had a bottle of tequila *anejo* on the floor. Sandy and the girl were drinking it out of little porcelain sake cups which, I later learned, he carried in his beat-up rucksack. Shack was belting it down. I bought a house setup and, on invitation, started belting along with him.

The conversation with Sandy spun in dizzy directions. He was showing off, I knew, and I was waiting for a chance to trap him. I didn't get it until he got onto classical music.

When I contradicted his error he sat as still as a bird on a limb, staring at me, then suddenly snapped his fingers. "You're right, Kirboo. What goes with education? I thought all you types learned was Group Adjustment and Bride Selection." He turned to the others. "Hey, maybe I got somebody to talk to, you animals. Shack, hand me the sack."

Shack bent and picked the rucksack up. Sandy held it in his lap and opened it. He took out a large plastic compartmented box filled with pills.

He looked at his watch, took two out, two different ones, and pushed them over in front of Nan. She took them without comment. He put two aside for himself. Then he selected three and pushed them over to me.

"Eat in good health," he said.

I was aware of how intently the three of them were watching me. "What are they?"

"They'll put you 'way out in front, college boy. They'll get you off the curb and into the parade."

If I had anything left to lose, I couldn't remember what it was. I washed them

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down with tequila. "You've got a supply there," I said.

Nan joined the conversation for the first time. "Honest, he had those perscription pads in L.A. and anytime anybody goes anyplace, they got to hit a new drugstore for Doc Golden."

Sandy said, patting the box, "It gives me this deep sense of security."

"What'll they do to a square?" Nan asked.

"That's what we're checking out, Nan," Golden told her.

As we talked I waited for something to happen. I didn't know what to expect. It happened so gradually that I wasn't aware of the change. Suddenly I realized that my awareness of everything around me had been heightened. The golden color of the sun outside, the stale, beery smell of the low-ceilinged room, Nan's bitten nails, Shack's thick, hairy wrists, Sandy's eyes, quick behind the crooked lenses. The edges of everything were sharper. The edge of my mind was sharper. When Sandy talked, I seemed to be able to anticipate each word a fraction of a second before he said it, like an echo in reverse. There was a constant tremor in my hands. When I wasn't talking, I clenched my teeth so tightly they hurt. When I turned my head it seemed to be on a ratchet, instead of turning smoothly. I had a constant butterfly-feeling of anticipation in my gut. And everything in the world *fitted*. Everything went together, and I knew the special philosophical significance of everything. Sometimes I seemed to see the three of them through the wrong end of a telescope, tiny, sharp, clear. Then their faces would swell to the size of bushel baskets. Shack was an amusing monster. Nan was loaded with dusky glamour. Sandy was a genius. They were the finest little group I had ever met.

And the talk. How I could talk! The right words came, the special words, so I could talk like poetry. I didn't need the tequila. I got onto a talking jag. I put my trembling fists on the table and, leaning forward, I told them the Kathy story, all of it, and I knew as I was telling them that it was a pitiful shame there was no tape recorder there so it could all be saved. I told it all, and I finally ran down.

"He's really humming," Sandy said fondly.

"Too much D?" Nan suggested.

"He's big. He can use a heavy charge. So you're headed no place at all, Kirboo?"

"No place, on my own time, free as a fat bird," I said. My ears were ringing. I could hear my heart, like somebody hammering on a tree.

"We'll go to New Orleans," Sandy said firmly. "I've got wild friends and playmates there. It'll be a long ball. We'll scrounge a pad and live fruitfully, man."

"This party gets bigger, we can rent a Greyhound," Nan said sourly.

"Look at all he can learn," Sandy said. "We can take his mind off his problem, Nano."

"Who needs him?" Nan said.

Sandy, quick as light, thumped her so hard on top of the head with his fist that for a moment her eyes didn't track.

"You're a drag," he said, grinning at her.

"So we need him," she said. "You don't have to clop me on the skull, man."

"I can let Shack do it, you like that better, doll."

I didn't know at that time where she kept the knife, but it appeared with a magical swiftness, clicking, the blade lean, steady, pale as mercury, ten inches from Shack's thick throat.

"Hit me one time, Hernandez," she said, barely moving her heavy mouth as she spoke. "Just one time."

"Aw, Nan," he said unhappily. "Put it away, huh? I haven't done nothing."

There were two customers at the bar. The bartender came around the end of the bar and over to the table. "No knives, hey," he said. "No knives. Don't give me trouble."

As Nan folded the knife and lowered it below the edge of the table, Shack stood up. There was a lot of him to come up so quickly and lightly. "You need trouble?"

"No. That's what I was saying, fella. I don't want trouble." He turned away. Shack caught him in one stride, caught him by the forearm and spun him around.

"I got mixed," Shack said. "I thought you wanted some trouble."

The man was big and soft. I saw his face turn gray and sweaty. I didn't understand until I looked at Shack's hand on the man's arm. Shack seemed to be holding him casually. Iron fingers were deep in the soft, round arm. The man's knees sagged and he forced himself erect with an effort.

"No . . . trouble," he said in a weak, gasping way.

"That's nice," Shack said. "Okay." For a moment his face tightened with effort. The man made a bleating sound and closed his eyes and sagged down onto one knee. Shack hauled him up, gave him a gentle shove toward the bar, and released him. The man tottered back to the bar. Shack sat down.

"The philosophy of aggression," Sandy said. "She got sore at me and took it out on Shack who took it out on Fatso. Tonight, when he gets home, he beats up on his old lady. She kicks the kid. The kid beats his dog. The dog kills a cat. End of the line. Aggression always ends up with something dead, Kirboo. Remember that. It's the only way to end the chain. She puts the knife in Shack's throat, that would have ended it. We're all animals, college boy. Pill time again, children. Then we'll get out of here."

We went out into a low slant of sunlight. I had my suitcase. Sandy Golden had his rucksack slung over one shoulder. Nan carried a large, sleasy hatbox. Shack had his few possessions in a brown paper bag. The world was bright, aimless, and indifferent. We hitched for an hour. There were too many of us. It didn't seem to matter. Nan sat on my upended suitcase. Sandy talked about life, God, jazz, Zen, and action painting. In the last light of the day an old man in a stake truck stopped. He had the three of us get in back and he put Nan in front with him. He dumped us in Brackettville, thirty miles away. He had to turn north there.

I had been with them long enough to sense the undercurrents between them. Shack was stalking Nan, with a relentless patience, with implacable purpose. She was aware of it, and so was Golden. But Shack was stopped short by his humble desire to please Sandy in all ways.

We found a place in Brackettville. A dollar fifty a bed. Moldering little eight-by-ten cabins faced in imitation brick, each with an iron double bed that sagged like a hammock, one forty-watt bulb, one stained sink with a single faucet, one chair, two narrow windows, one door. Cracked linoleum on the floor. Sheets like gray Kleenex.

There were six cabins and we were the only trade. We took three. $4.50 for three beds. We sat around Sandy and Nan's cabin—Shack on the chair, Sandy and me on the bed, Nan on the floor. We talked half the night. Shack and Nan dozed.

We broke it up. I was in the middle cabin. I wasted no time piling into the sack, trying not to think about bugs. As I went to sleep I could hear Sandy and Nan yelling at each other.

Before deep sleep reached up and gobbled me, I had a few moments to wonder what I had gotten into. I was on my way to New Orleans. One place was as good as another.

At noon the next day we were a mile east of Brackettville on 90, high and swinging on Dr. Golden's elixir, aimlessly thumbing the cars that banged by.

Sandy passed the time by kidding Shack Hernandez about his awareness of Nan. The scene had elements of the bull ring in it. Hernandez could have snapped Sandy's spine in his hands. The girl was the cape, spread in front of the black bull, then whipped gracefully away as he charged. I knew Sandy was testing his own strength and control. But when the scene was over, Shack looked at me in a way that made me entirely uncomfortable. Up until then he had been indifferent toward me. But I had witnessed his humiliation and now I could sense he wanted to get those big hands on me.

We finally got another lift in a truck, this time a pickup, with two weathered men in the cab, and the four of us in the back. This time we made forty miles. To Uvalde. After food and cabins, slightly

better than before, we didn't have much money left. We sat in Nan and Sandy's cabin and pooled all we had. Not quite nine dollars.

"Going along like this," Sandy said, "we'll have long beards by the time we get to Burgundy Street. Or we'll starve."

"We can stop and work some," Shack said.

"Never use that word in front of me again, sir," Sandy told him.

"It's on account of we're too many," Nan said. "I've been telling you. We can split up, and you and me, honey, we could make it all the way through in a day, honest to God. I know."

"We're all too happy together to break it up," Sandy said.

"This is happy?" she asked sullenly.

"Shut up," he said. "This is hilarious, like. Anyhow, I've got an idea. For tomorrow. We've got to start being shrewd, like. Use all assets and talents. We need a car of our own, children."

"Grand theft auto," Shack said darkly.

"Maybe we can just borrow one."

"How?" I asked.

"Watch and learn," he said. "Watch and learn, college boy."

The next day was Tuesday, the twenty-first of July. That's the day they say we started our "career." Sandy slugged us hard Monday night, and we weren't stirring until noon, and then he hopped the four of us high and far, and got what was left of the tequila into Shack. He made us walk east on 90 until we were dragging.

It went off exactly as he planned it. Nan stood on the shoulder of the road with her hatbox. We lay behind rocks and brush. A man, in a blue and white Ford station wagon, a new one, came to a screaming stop fifty yards beyond her and backed up so hastily you could guess he thought he'd better get her before the next guy stopped. She got into the front seat with her hatbox. She smiled at him and suggested he set the hatbox in back. He took it in both hands and strained around in the seat. While he was in that position she stuck the point of her little knife into the pit of his belly, punctured the skin just enough, and told him that if he moved one little muscle, she'd open him up like a Christmas goose. She convinced him. He didn't even let go of the hatbox. She held him there while two cars went by. When the road was clear in both directions, we scrambled up and hurried to the wagon and got in. Sandy and I got into the back. Shack went around and opened the door on the driver's side, took aim, and chunked the man solidly under the ear with his big fist. The man sagged. Shack bunted him over with his hip and got behind the wheel and in a moment we were rolling along at a legal speed. Nan checked the glove compartment. She found a .32-caliber automatic and handed it back to Sandy. He shoved it into his rucksack.

"I *do* like station wagons!" Sandy said reverently, and suddenly we were all laughing. No reason.

I felt no twinge of guilt or fear. It didn't seem to me we had done anything serious. It was all a complicated joke.

The man stirred and groaned and lifted his head. "What are you people doing—"

Nan put the knife against his short ribs. "No questions now, Tex," Sandy said. "Later."

After we'd gone five miles, Sandy told Shack to slow down. The road was clear. We turned off onto a sandy road that was hardly more than a trace. We crawled and bumped over rocks until we had circled around behind a barren hill, completely out of sight of the road. Sandy had Shack turn it around so we were headed out. Shack took the key out of the switch. We got out.

There was a pile of rocks twenty feet from the car. Nan and Sandy sat on the rocks. I sat on my heels not far from them. Shack took a half cigar from his pocket and lit it, and stood leaning against the front fender. The man stood beside the open door of the car. He rubbed his neck and winced. He was about thirty-five, with blond hair cut short and a bald spot. He had a round, earnest, open face, pale blue eyes, a fair complexion. His nose, forehead, and bald spot were red and peeling. He wore a light blue sports shirt, sweaty at the armpits, and gray slacks, and black and white shoes. He had a long torso, short bandy legs, and a stomach that hung over a belt worn low. He wore a wide gold wedding band and a heavy lodge ring.

He tried to smile at all of us, and said, "I thought the little lady was traveling alone. My mistake."

"What's your name, Tex?" Sandy asked.

"Becher. Horace Becher."

"What do you do, Horace?"

"I'm sales manager of the Blue Bonnet Tile Company out of Houston. I've been making a swing around the territory. Checking up."

"Checking up on girl hitch-hikers, Horace?"

"Well, you know how it is."

"How is it, Horace?"

"I don't know. I just saw her there . . ." He visibly pulled himself together. His smile became more ingratiating. You could almost hear him telling himself that he was a salesman, so get in there and sell, boy. "I guess you folks want money and I guess you want the car. Everything is insured, so you go ahead and take it. I won't give you a bit of trouble, folks. Not a bit. I'll wait just as long as you say before I report it, and I won't be able to remember the license number when I do. Is that a good deal?"

"Throw me your wallet, Horace," Sandy ordered.

"Sure. Sure thing." He took it out and threw it. It landed near me. I picked it up and flipped it to Sandy.

Sandy counted the money. "Two hundred and eighty-two bucks, Horace. That's very nice. That's decent of you, man."

"I like to carry a pretty good piece of cash on me," Horace said.

"Mmm. Credit cards. Membership cards. You're all carded up, Horace. American Legion, too?"

"I got in just as the war ended. Had some occupation duty in Japan."

"That's nice. Belong to a lot of clubs, Horace?"

"Well, the Elks and the Masons and the Civitan."

"What's your golf handicap?"

"Bowling's my game. Class A."

"Drink beer when you bowl?"

"Well, that's part of it, I guess."

"You're in lousy condition, Horace, with that big disgusting gut on you. You should cut down on the beer."

Horace slapped his stomach and laughed. It was a flat and lonely sound under the hot sun, and it didn't last long.

"Who's the fat broad in this picture, man?"

"That's my wife," Horace said, rather stiffly.

"Better take her off the beer, too. These your kids?"

"Two of them. That was taken three years ago. I got a boy eighteen months old now. Like I said, you people can take the car and the money, and no hard feelings."

"If we do, would you call it stealing, Horace?"

The man looked at Sandy. "Wouldn't it be?"

"That's a raunchy attitude, man. You're a big, successful clubman. And you get this chance to loan us a car and some money."

"A loan?"

"We're your new friends. Treat your friends right, Tex."

"Sure thing," he said brightly. "It can be a loan, if that's the way you want it."

He had been edging back toward the open car door. I had noticed it and I guessed Sandy had. Suddenly he whirled and plunged headlong into the car, yanking the glove compartment open. He scrabbled with both hands, releasing a gay rain of trading stamps, dislodging Kleenex, sun lotion, road maps. His hands moved more slowly and stopped. He lay half across the seat as though in exhaustion, and we heard the rasp of his breathing. He pushed himself slowly back out of the car and stood and smiled in a small, sick way.

"Now that wasn't polite, man," Sandy said.

A faraway jet made a faint ripping sound. Becher stood in his own small black pool of shadow. He was sweating heavily. The situation was changing. He had triggered it. I could feel a coiling and turning in my stomach.

Shack walked slowly back to the tailgate, opened it, slid a heavy cardboard carton out onto the tailgate.

Horace turned and saw him and said, with automatic authority, "Careful with that! That's a special order. Imported Italian tile for a bar top."

Shack picked the box up in his arms. With a great effort so smoothly controlled that it looked effortless, he swung it up over his head and launched it in a high arc. It turned slowly in the hot, white sunlight and landed with a jangling smash on the rocks. The box ruptured. Bright shards of tile clattered on the stones.

That changed it, also. It was a symbol. Becher probably sensed the way things were changing and accelerating, and so he said, "I can write it out for you. The loan of the car and the money. You'll have something to show."

Nan yawned like a cat. Sandy picked up a few stones and threw them carefully, one at a time, until the fourth struck and broke an undamaged tile which had slid out of the broken box.

It was all growing and moving. We were all getting close to the edge of something.

Becher could not quite believe what was happening to him. On one level I think he felt it would all come to an end, and it would be a story for him to tell in the home office, and out on the road. But on a more primitive level there was a dread inside him. His color was bad. His mouth kept working. A man could stand like that in a pit of snakes, wondering how to communicate, how to appease, yearning for invisibility.

Shack pulled the salesman's suitcase out of the station wagon, dropped it on the ground, unzipped it. He pulled the clothing out, then stood up with a fifth of bourbon, half full. He uncapped it, took two long swallows, coughed and offered it to Sandy.

"Give it to Horace," Sandy said. "He's a nervous cat."

Shack gave Horace the bottle.

"Chug-a-lug," Sandy said.

"It's warm," Horace said faintly.

"Every drop, man. No stopping. Or you get some hard things to do. Drink it down, man."

He looked around at us, licked his mouth, then made his try. He tilted it up, squeezing his eyes shut against the sun. The soft throat worked. The level went down. He almost made it. But his stomach rebelled. He staggered and went down to his knees. The bottle dropped and broke, and he was very sick. He got up slowly and leaned against the car. His face was yellow-gray.

"You're out of shape," Sandy said. "You need exercise. Anybody got any ideas?"

"Somersaults," Nan said. "They're real nice exercise, man."

"Somersaults—around the car," Sandy said.

"I don't think I . . ."

"You'll get some hard things to do, Horace. Come on!"

Shack drifted closer to him. Horace started. He found a soft place for his head. He went over sideways the first time. He did it right the second time. When he rolled into a sitting position, the stones bruised his back. He went slowly and laboriously around the car. He stopped, florid, shaking, gasping for breath. Sandy told him to go around once again. It took longer. As he was balancing, near Shack, to go over again, Shack booted him solidly and he went over very quickly, so quickly he rolled up onto his feet, staggering to find his balance.

"Do it every day and you'll live longer," Sandy told him. "Will you do it every day?"

"Yes, sir," Horace said. There was no resistance in him. He had accepted humiliation, and there wasn't much of him left, beyond a blind desire to please. His life had given him no tests of strength, no resource with which he could resist this nightmare in the high noon sun. He hoped to endure. That was all.

Nan was kneeling, pawing through the suitcase. She took out a toilet kit and opened it, took out a shaving bomb and pressed the button on top. A long worm of suds spouted onto the stones. She grinned at Sandy and at me.

"I can write it out, about loaning the car," Horace said. It was a talisman phrase, repeated like a prayer, without hope. His mind was dulled by illness, fear, pain, and exhaustion. "I can write it out," he said again.

Sandy trotted to his rucksack and took out the automatic. His blue eyes were all a-dance behind the lenses of his glasses. The look of the gun in the sun changed it all again. I came slowly to my feet on cramped legs. Nan stood, her head tilted to the side. Shack was motionless, emotionless.

Sandy snatched up the shave bomb and flipped it underhanded to Horace. It bounced off his chest onto the ground.

"Pick it up, Horace. That's just fine. I love you, Horace. You're the backbone of the new South. Move away from the pretty car. Farther. That's my boy! You're a swingin' thing, man. This is the William Tell bit. Make like you can hear the drum roll, citizens. Balance the can on the head, Horace."

Horace's eyes seemed actually to bulge. "You can't—"

"Trust me, man. I'm a dead shot. Get it up there! I love *you*, Horace Becher, sales manager, bowler, family man."

Becher stood with his eyes shut and his hands at his sides. He swayed slightly. Sandy bit his lip. I saw the muzzle of the gun make small circles in the air. He held it at arm's length, sighting carefully.

The gun made a snapping sound, a

sound hardly more impressive than that of a child's cap pistol. Horace flinched violently and the can fell to the ground. Sandy made him pick it up and put it back. He aimed again. The pistol made its little crack. A little black hole appeared high on Becher's forehead, slightly off center toward the left. His eyes came open as the can fell off. He took one step to spread his feet wide, as though to brace himself. And then he went down easily, breaking the fall. He was braced on one elbow for a moment, before he rolled onto his back. His chest lifted high, and then the air went out of him with a shallow, coughing, rattling sound.

Everything had changed forever. We all knew it. We had been walking back and forth through a big doorway, and suddenly it had been slammed, locked, bolted, while we were on the wrong side of it.

Nan made a soft, tremulous sound. I looked at her. She was standing bent forward from the waist, her fists pressed hard against her belly. Her thick underlip sagged and her expression was totally empty and slack.

Sandy went darting over and looked down at Horace Becher. He laughed in a high, wild way. He whirled toward us and fired one shot straight up into the air and stuffed the gun into his pants pocket.

"A hundred thousand guys so much like him that you couldn't even tell them apart with an electron microscope," Sandy said breathlessly. "I love every square one of them. I dig all their dull little lives. It doesn't count, just one of them. You'd have to kill them all, digging them at the same time, and they're like the marching Chinese, so you can't."

I don't know if he aimed that shot to kill. It doesn't really matter. We were going to kill him. We'd begun to smell death. His helplessness kept pushing us farther and farther. My legs were trembling as I got into the car. It had happened. The sky would never look exactly the same again. Once it had happened, it became what we had been looking for. It mattered, and yet it didn't matter. I had helped soap a dirty word on the biggest window in the world. Yet for me, nothing could ever be important after looking at Kathy, bloodless gray on the blue tile floor.

We drove east. We made time. Sandy was behind the wheel, Nan beside him, Shack and I in back. Within five miles I knew Sandy was an expert. He held the wheel high and hard and sat with his chin thrust forward, and he was a part of the car.

"How are we swingin', college man?" he asked me with a hard gaiety in his voice.

"We're 'way out, Sandy."

"Break out the kick box, Nan," he told the girl. I swallowed my pills dry. The edges of the world had begun to blur, but in fifteen minutes the D-kick was back, and reality was brilliant, steely and ludierous. I thrummed like an open power line. We sped away from the sun that slid down the western sky, lengthening the shadows. We got right up there onto the curling edge of our big wave, and Sandy and I alternated making up verses of a requiem for Horace Becher, Sales Manager. We made Nan and Shack join in on the choruses. We bought gas boldly, and kidded around with the pump jockey, in the town of Sequin, beyond San Antone. Ol' Horace was daid on the lone praireee, and they wouldn't find him for a month, and we'd merely saved him from the coronary which would have gotten him anyway.

We had funds and a car which would float along at ninety, so that every minute brought us a mile and a half closer to New Orleans.

Shack went soundly asleep. We hammered an endless hole into the gathering dusk. Nan fooled with the car radio, changing stations with annoying frequency, keeping the volume high.

And, off the random dial, the name of Horace Becher roared out at us. The car swerved slightly as Sandy reached over and slapped the girl's hand away from the dial.

A woman from Crystal City, Texas, loved animals and despised buzzards. She had a habit on trips of watching for their slow circling over animals near death. When their area of interest seemed accessible, she would park and hike into the barren land. She had rescued colts and calves and sheep and hurt dogs. She took a carbine along to put hopeless things out of their misery.

This afternoon the woman had seen the black birds circling low, had walked in and found the dead man, the broken tile, tire tracks, the spilled suitcase, the wallet, and the bolder carrion birds tearing at his face. She had shooed the birds off, covered him with a heavy tarp out of her truck, and had called the Rangers and guided them to the body. Aided by the information in the wallet, they had put the car description and the plate number on the air. An hour later a truck driver had reported seeing a blue and white station wagon turn out onto the highway where the man had been found. I remembered a truck in the distance when we had turned out. It had been far away, but it had passed us while we were picking up speed, and soon we had passed it. He reported that this had happened at about one o'clock or a little later, that the station wagon had turned east, and there had been several men and a woman in it.

We heard all of it, more than we could use. Shack was cursing in a heavy, monotonous way. Sandy pulled over onto the shoulder, turned off the lights, punched the radio off.

"We've got a car we don't hardly need, man," he said.

"We should split up," Nan said.

"We got the car and it's night and we can make time," Sandy said. "Getting far away is the deal. It's important to make miles. But the vehicle is a drag."

"So?" I said.

"I don't like the going east," Sandy said. "Not enough roads through the swamp country. Too easy to check the cars. So let's get off these big fat roads. Let's go to New York. It's a good town. When you're there, you're lost."

"In this car?" Nan asked.

"Who said in this car? Let's turn north on a nice little road, and we'll find a spot to trade cars, and we'll keep on rolling on those nice little back roads."

We put the dome light on and checked the maps. We found a good place to turn, and we kept pushing. I spelled Sandy for a while and he slept. I wanted to be rid of the Ford. Every pair of headlights in the night was potential danger.

By two in the morning we'd made over five hundred miles and we had come to a small place named Lufkin. A roadhouse beyond town was doing capacity business. A lot of banners were strung up, so I guess it was some kind of club affair. We parked a hundred yards beyond the place, and Sandy went back with Shack.

Nan and I waited in the dark car, ducking low whenever another car came by and the headlights swept across us.

"I keep telling him and telling him it's better we split up," she said indignantly. "No, he's got to have a crowd, an audience, like."

A car without lights suddenly drifted up beside us and pulled in ahead of us. The brake lights glowed briefly. Sandy yanked the door open beside me and said, "Go get in the other car. Make it quick, man."

Nan and I got into the other car. Shack was behind the wheel. The Ford pulled around us, lights on. Shack followed it. They'd picked up a weary old Olds that smelled like a farm yard and sagged low in the back left corner. We were on the road to Nacogdoches. Sandy, ahead of us, slowed way down as we crossed a small bridge over the Angelina River. No cars were coming. Beyond the bridge was a long slope covered with brush. Shack came to a stop as Sandy turned the Ford down the slope. He gunned it and went churning through the brush, bounding

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recklessly, making a hell of a racket. We could see only the reflected glow of his lights. They went off. In a few minutes Sandy appeared in the beam of our headlights, grinning toward us. Shack got out. They scuffed out the tracks of the Ford on the shoulder. They had stolen a plate from another car. With difficulty we got it onto the Olds and threw the Olds plate off into the brush.

Sandy took the wheel and we got back up to speed. The engine was noisy. Sandy laughed with delight. "Man, we lifted the plate first, and we moved around until a drunk came wobbling out. He stopped at this car and we came in behind him and soon as he had the keys in his hand, pow, like a tree fell on him."

About a hundred and sixty miles later we crossed over into Arkansas.

Sandy checked the maps and we headed more directly east. Somewhere west of El Dorado, Arkansas, with the misty sun high, we turned off on a dusty track that faded away in dense woodland. Sandy slept in the front seat, Nan in the rear seat. Shack and I stretched out on opposite sides of the car.

Sandy nudged me awake with his foot when the day was almost gone. There was an icy stream a hundred feet away. We used the cold water to freshen up and shave.

As we drove east into the Arkansas dusk, I felt dull, wooden, spiritless. I felt as if all the furniture of my mind had been reupholstered in dusty black velvet. I took a hundred small naps, and in the periods of going to sleep or awakening, their voices sounded metallic and unreal over the rolling thunder of the Olds.

I was asleep when they picked up a better car, a red and white Chevrolet, a new one, in some small city in Arkansas. They picked it up in the parking lot of a private club.

Sandy shook me awake in the predawn light. We were parked outside the office of a motel near Tupelo, Mississippi. "We got to have the services of the clean American yout'," he said, "he who by virtue of his shining countenance is above suspicion. Rise and give me that scoutmaster beam, Kirboo."

After I got out and yawned and rubbed my face and stretched, I was able to be the responsible errand boy. The red neon vacancy sign was lit, and a light over the night bell. After three long rings I heard somebody stirring. A very pregnant, dough-faced blonde in a red satin housecoat opened the door, stared stupidly at me and said, "Yah?"

I paid her eighteen dollars for two twin-bed doubles. It was a fraud motel, glossy and landscaped on the outside, full of borax furniture and junk plumbing on the inside. I almost fell asleep standing up in the cranky shower. By the time I got into bed, Hernandez was snoring like a snare drum. It didn't bother me a bit.

We were back on the road just as the sun went down. We were on our way through Nashville. I am not going to write the Nashville episode into this record. The newspapers did enough chop-licking over it. It was a sick, dirty business, pointless, cruel and bloody. This is, I suspect, as close as I can come to apology. The business of Horace Becher had no particular grace or style. But it had a flavor the Nashville affair did not. The Nashville affair was symptomatic of sickness and desperation. I took part in it directly. From then on, Sandy dropped the "college man" routine. He brought it up one more time after that, during the Helen Wister thing, but that was all. In Nashville I won my dirty spurs.

Also, in Nashville, I learned we were going to be caught. I had been thinking we might get away. We might get to New York and split up. But Nashville showed me we weren't going to let ourselves get away. When things started looking too easy, we would give them bloody reasons to intensify the search. Even if Sandy had not dropped and lost Becher's pistol at the scene of the Nashville killing, I know the two would have been tied together. His losing it there was, I think, a guilty compulsion.

Nashville was a pointless gesture of hostility, a dirty word yelled at the world, without style or meaning. After Nashville we were committed all the way. We discussed splitting up, and agreed that it would be a good idea, and decided we would split up later, when we got the chance. But I think we all knew we'd never get the chance, and, in some obscure, perverse way, didn't want the chance.

The Riker Sales Owen Memoranda

I have defended these four to the best of my ability.

Now, as this trial nears its conclusion, I feel that I have become bogged down in trivia and have not given the larger issues sufficient attention. John Quain is a clever and tireless prosecutor, and I have not been able to avoid every trap he has set for me.

Kirby Stassen, in his well-cut flannel suit, polite, attentive, detached, would look more at home at the press table. He writes me short notes from time to time, and some of them have been mildly helpful.

Sander Golden jitters and twitches endlessly, finding his role as spectator hard to endure. He mutters to the other defendants and has to be silenced a dozen times a day. He makes arrogant faces at the jurors, and writes me wild, almost incoherent notes of an astonishing degree of illiteracy.

The girl is bored and placid. She plays with her hair, nibbles her nails, yawns frequently without covering her mouth, crosses and recrosses her sturdy legs.

Robert Hernandez endures it all with the unmoving patience of an ox, hairy hands resting slack on the top of the table as he stares unblinkingly, day after day, at the same spot on the courtroom floor, fifteen feet away.

The Victim

By three o'clock on Monday afternoon, after Helen Wister had been missing over forty hours, prognosis worsening with each additional hour, Herbert Dunnigan pulled most of his special group out of Monroe, having exhausted all local investigative possibilities. The roving tape crews, and the radio, magazine, and newspaper people moved out also.

In the late afternoon Sheriff Gus Benson sat in his big leather chair behind his oversized desk in his corner office on the second floor of the County Courthouse. With him were his favorite deputy, crickety, sour, dangerous little Rolly Spring, and a close friend and local newspaperman named Mason Ives. Mase had the classic attributes of a superb reporter. He was lean, rumpled, bitter, iconoclastic, skeptical, imaginative, compulsively curious—with a prose style that was spare, angular, and felicitous.

The three men studied the temporary wall map, printed in black and white, a map of the whole country upon which the red line crayoned by Rolly Spring, depicting the route of the Wolf Pack, stood out vividly.

"I'm just a plain old county shurf," Gus Benson said.

"Sure," Mase said. "Just a simple, kindly, old criminologist with two graduate degrees."

"Now, Mase, you know darn well a lot of big, bright, important people are studying this thing backwards and frontwards."

Mase sighed. "And you just happen to have an idea and you want to try it out on me and you want me to try to poke holes in it, and we've gone through this a dozen times in the past. Remember me? I write your campaign speeches."

Rolly Spring grinned. Gus Benson got a cigar going properly and said. "According to the make on Hernandez, he's just bright enough to feed himself. Those country kids reported a lot of smart talk from the wise apple with the glasses, a playful-type killer. They toyed around with that tile salesman before they killed him. The blonde was there, so they took her along. Impulse. So they're on drugs or stimulants. Don't say anything yet, Mase, because I haven't said anything. They picked their route smart, Mase. Fast secondary roads. Traffic patrol is spread so thin these days, they can't cover much but main highways. If they keep under the speed limit, they're pretty safe, even wearing hot plates.

So, all right, we're beginning to get a kind of M. O. on them. We know they travel by night. They pick fast secondary

roads. They head consistently north and east."

"I'm with you, Gus."

"Now, unless they're completely nuts, they're running for cover. I'm assuming it's New York. If you want to lose yourself, go where the people are." He got up and went to the map and, with the red crayon, drew a quarter-circle north and east of Monroe. "That line is four hundred miles from here, Mase. They could go that far Saturday night. They'd hole up through Sunday. They'd stick to their M.O. and change cars. So it would have Pennsylvania plates, and all we can guess about it is it won't be a junker. And last night they drove across Pennsylvania, and if there's one thing that state hasn't got, it's good fast secondary roads going east and west. They couldn't make good time last night, Mase." He drew a vertical line close to the border of New Jersey. "I figure they're holed up somewhere along or near that line right now, Mase."

"So?"

"So they're so close they can get careless. They know how hot they are. They've been traveling hard and, drugs or no drugs, they're bushed. It stays light until nearly nine. They're handy to the Pennsy Pike that feeds into the Jersey Pike. Traffic runs heavy in the evening. Crossing Jersey any other way is a rough piece of driving. Maybe the Wister girl used up some time, and switching cars took some time, and they fought the Pennsylvania roads all last night. Hell, maybe they aren't as far as Harrisburg. And maybe they're already in New York. Maybe they drove on through this morning. But . . . with so many people all anxious to do something, it would give them something to do, checking out those turnpikes."

"With fifty thousand cars roaring east at sixty-five, how do they do it?"

"They stop for a ticket when they get on. There's twelve entrances from Harrisburg to the Jersey Pike. So you alert the guys in those booths to look for a pretty good automobile with Pennsylvania plates and three men and a woman in it. Or, on the off chance, three men and two women. Ninety-nine out of a hundred passenger cars have one, two or three people in them, or people and kids. When you get four it's usually two couples, or four men, or four women. So you suspend all normal traffic control activities and have the patrol cars check every entrance booth report on the eastbound cars answering that description. What do you think?"

Mason Ives stood at the window for a while. He turned and said, "Why not? If it doesn't work—if you can sell the idea—who'll ever know or care? If it works, you could be a hero. But isn't time running out on you?"

"Would you write it all up, Mase, so it would be ready . . . you know, just in case? With a copy, maybe, for Peterson over at the radio station?"

"Maybe I should wait until you sell Dunnigan the idea."

Rolly Spring gave an abrupt whinny of laughter. "Hell, Mase, he sold it to Dunnigan an hour and a half ago, and he's got a recording of the phone call where he says it's a wonderful thing how the world's greatest police department will listen to a plain county shurf."

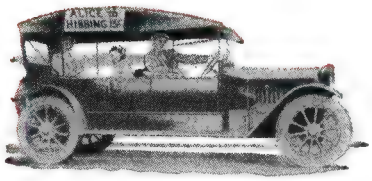
Mase stared at Benson. "Just tell me this. Have you ever thought of being governor?"

"Only some nights when I can't sleep good, Mase," Benson said comfortably.

On Route 30, between York and Lancaster, near the Susquehanna River, is the small Shadyside Motor Court, six units set back behind a farm house, owned and operated by an elderly widow named Pearl Weaver. It is her habit to inform her guests that she will supply a bountiful "country breakfast" for sixty cents a person.

On Monday, not long before dawn, the night bell awakened her. She switched on the porch lights and made careful inspection of the young man who stood on her porch and the vintage of the big automobile in her driveway before unlocking the screen and renting two of the units to the party of four.

During the day, as she went about her work, she was conscious of those people sleeping out there. Though she knew some people preferred to drive at night and sleep by day, it always irritated her. It seemed unnatural. From time to time she looked out at their brown and tan car with its double headlights and

1914: Bus with a  *four-mile route.*

Why Did They Name It... Greyhound

The Greyhound story has its beginning in the rugged Mesaba Iron Ore Range in Minnesota. There, in 1914, a young Swedish miner named Carl Eric Wickman opened an agency for the Hupmobile auto. Young Wickman failed to make a single sale, and rather than return to his job as a diamond drill operator, he used the seven-passenger Hupmobile to transport miners between the small towns of Hibbing and Alice. For this four-mile jaunt over treacherous and unpaved roads he charged 15 cents, or 25 cents for a round trip. The first day's receipts netted $2.25.

The "jitney bus" proved to be popular with the miners and was "stretched" to accommodate two additional seats, with extra passengers clinging to the running boards and fenders. Unable to take care of all the business coming his way, Wickman induced a blacksmith friend to go into partnership with him, and together they bought another Hupmobile. The new car was enlarged to seat ten passengers, and the two partners expanded their routes.

In 1915, these two pioneers offered the first long-distance trek—a ninety-mile stretch between Hibbing and Duluth. In fierce winter weather drivers were equipped with block and tackle and snow shovels, and their courageous passengers were provided with lap robes and hot bricks for their feet. By 1916 the partnership had grown to a five-member firm with five buses, each member serving as a director, an officer—and a bus driver.

Because of dusty road conditions in those early days, the buses were painted battleship gray. The addition of extra seats to the touring cars had given them an extremely long, slim look. One day an innkeeper whose hotel was located along the route remarked to Carl Wickman that the buses looked "just like greyhound dogs streaking by." The name caught on, and Wickman adopted the slogan, "Ride the Greyhounds."

Eventually, GREYHOUND was incorporated into the name of the company. The nickel-and-dime venture that began as a one-man, four-mile route in Minnesota forty-six years ago is today the world's largest intercity passenger carrier—with over six thousand buses chalking up more than half a billion miles every year.

—ELIZABETH FRANKLIN

1960: Coaches that cross the nation.

gleaming grill, parked heading out. At four o'clock in the afternoon she heard the water pump running and knew they were stirring around.

She had forgotten to mention breakfast to the young man, and the extra two dollars and forty cents would be welcome. She kept careful watch, and when she saw them getting into the car, she hung her apron on the back of the kitchen door and went out to walk along the curving drive and intercept them.

As she smiled and held up her hand, the car, instead of slowing down, seemed to leap toward her. She felt that she could not move, and an awareness of death flashed bright and hot in her mind. She whirled and dived to her left, plunging so that her feet left the ground. The wide end of the front bumper cracked her ankle painfully. She landed with a sickening jar on the soft earth under a tall red maple, sprawling in fright, pain, and indignation.

When she sat up, dazed, using distance vision that would have pleased a hawk, she looked into the car as it turned onto the highway a hundred feet away, saw a pouting girl with tangled hair, and an ugly man with a thickened, animal face, and a fox-faced one driving, wearing glasses, laughing with the tanned young man.

She spoke in tones of wonder to the gray squirrel who ran down the trunk of the maple to chatter at her. "Tried to kill me!" she said. "Tried to run me down for no reason in the world!" She found and loaded the shotgun of her long-dead husband and, after her fear had decreased, she walked a half-mile to the house of her nearest neighbor and called the Pennsylvania State Police.

A few minutes after Mrs. Weaver had been interrogated by experts, word was flashed to all entrances of the turnpikes, and to all other police, to watch for a 1958 or 1959 Mercury two or four-door sedan, two-tone brown and tan, with fog lamps, radio aerial, Pennsylvania plate—number unknown—containing three men and a woman.

A boy named Carl Lartch lived in Laughlinton, Pennsylvania, in the Laurel Hill area of the state, not far from the 2,684-foot summit of that range of hills. Carl was sixteen, a frail, shy, withdrawn boy, ignored by his contemporaries, a source of worry and concern to his parents.

On Monday morning, July 27, Carl rode up into the hills on his bike. As soon as he was well out of town, the bicycle became a white horse and Carl became a bronzed, romantic hero, smiling in a slow, sad, knowing way. His destination was one of his secret places. He carried bread, cheese, a Thermos of milk, two books, a notebook and a pencil.

Far up in the hills he turned into a sandy side road which was seldom used, and hid his bike in the brush on the short, steep slope leading from the roadbed down to a wide, noisy brook. He noticed fresh tire tracks on the road, the first since the heavy rains of last week.

He crossed the brook, climbed a hill to his wide, grassy place shaded by old trees, and spent the kind of day his parents could not understand. He looked out over the whole world. He finished his library books. He ate all the food he had brought. And, after much erasing and crossing out, he composed four more long stanzas to add to his epic poem of valor and gallantry.

When the world began the first subtle changes of dusk, he went back down the hill, and came out at the creek at a different place from where he had crossed in the morning. When he saw color at the corner of his eye, he had the indignant thought that someone had defiled his special brook with trash.

He turned his head and saw, sprawled among the round boulders at the water's edge, a silent symmetry of a woman's legs, a soiled white skirt wrenched upward to mid-thigh, a quiet curve of back in close-fitting green, a hand stubbed cruelly against a boulder and wedged there by the weight of her. The face was hidden, but a swirl of water tugged constantly at a strand of her blonde hair.

As he pedaled wildly down the last slope into Laughlintown, his mouth was wide open, ready for screaming.

It went well because it was handled by experts, and because the plan was flexible, imaginative, and airtight.

The instructions from the control centers were monitored and recorded, and thus this particular pickup was sufficiently well documented to become a classic—written up in the mass magazines, and used as a case study in police schools.

The pickup presented a unique problem. A high-speed, high-density, limited-access highway is no place for heroics with sirens. A car can't be forced over onto the shoulder without the risk of a gigantic pile-up. A chase could result in heavy casualties among innocents on vacation. It was decided that it should be a stalk so discreet the prey would be lulled into a place where they could be taken quietly. It could be assumed that if it was fumbled, their desperation could result in explosive violence. It was assumed the vehicle was a rolling arsenal.

At 5:22 the target car entered the Pennsylvania Turnpike at Entrance 22 at Morgantown. The attendant phoned the nearest control center immediately and reported the license number. It checked out as a car reported stolen in the Pittsburgh area Sunday night.

When word was received that the vehicle was on the pike, an all-points alarm was sent, and the nearest patrol vehicles were diverted to the priority target. During the twenty miles and twenty minutes it took the target vehicle to reach the Valley Forge area, the pattern of the stalk had been established. An unmarked vehicle containing two officers had caught up at high speed, slowed, and drifted close enough to confirm the identification, before dropping inconspicuously back into position four hundred yards behind the Mercury. A patrol car followed approximately a mile behind the unmarked car. As quickly as possible, other patrol cars were stationed at the exits ahead, one at each exit, each one in contact with the unmarked car which was tailing the target vehicle.

Should the target vehicle move over to the exit lane, the unmarked car would increase speed to exit behind it. The patrol car a mile back would be alerted and would increase speed also, and exit as close as possible without creating alarm. The patrol car waiting outside the gates would receive a radio alert. As soon as the target car had committed itself to one particular exit, the waiting car would move and block it. The attendant would drop to the floor of the booth. The unmarked car would block any attempt to back away. The rear car would plug traffic at the exit ramp to keep the public away from the party.

Though it was not anticipated that the target vehicle would leave the pike so soon, this eventuality had to be covered with great care.

Pursuers and pursued rolled at a steady sixty miles an hour through the hot late afternoon toward the shadows of dusk gathering far to the east.

At Central Control, men watched the big electric map and talked in low tones. It was particularly important that there should be no news break. The Mercury had a radio. So far, the lid had been kept on. And any news break which hinted what was going on would bring a thousand idiots in their cars onto the pike, hoping to see blood.

"The tanned young man is now driving. Eyeglasses is in front beside him. Hernandez and the girl are in back. The girl seems to be asleep. It is a four-door vehicle."

The group of men made an executive decision. They checked with the New Jersey Turnpike. The interchange between pikes was an inefficient and potentially dangerous place to try to take them. The same tail car would follow the quarry onto the Jersey turnpike. The Jersey people said they would be ready and waiting by the time the guests arrived at the interchange.

At 6:35, the target vehicle transferred at the interchange to the New Jersey Turnpike. The remote tail dropped off, and a new patrol car picked up its function. It contained three officers, and heavier armament.

The break came at 7:18 when the Mer-

cury slowed, moved over to the exit lane, and entered a service area. With the unmarked car a hundred feet behind, it moved past the parking lot and the Howard Johnson restaurant to the banks of gas pumps.

The tail car reported this event to Central Control. Control said, "Can you take them there?"

"It isn't too good. Lots of cars at the pumps. Kids running around, but . . . hold it! The driver has gotten out and the one with glasses is behind the wheel. The one who got out is pointing over toward the waiting area beyond the pumps. Looks like they'll park it there. Now it looks good."

"You got 33 with you, and we can back you up with 17 in . . . four minutes, and 28 in six minutes."

"Put 17 down there ahead on the grass, ready to plug access to the pike just in case. We'll take the one who was driving right now."

Kirby Stassen went first to the men's room, from there to the cigarette machine, from there to the crowded order counter for take-outs where, when his turn came, he ordered four hamburgers and four coffees to go.

When the sandwiches and drinks were ready, the girl put them on the paper tray and put it on the counter. As Stassen reached out with both hands to pick it up, a big hand reached from the left and another from the right, and the cuffs snapped down snugly, with metallic efficiency, onto his wrists. He tensed for a moment, looking neither left nor right, staring incredulously at his wrists, then let all the air out of his lungs in a long, gentle sigh. The men who held the ends of the two sets of cuffs yanked his arms down to his sides.

They walked him to the manager's office, searched him roughly and thoroughly, handcuffed his wrists behind him, and left him there under the cold eye of an enormous trooper in uniform.

Nanette Koslov came clacking out of the women's room in her slacks and high heels, hips swinging loosely, her hatbox bouncing against her thigh; two large men moved in, one on each side, and grabbed her, each one clamping one hand on her wrist and the other on her upper arm. Her scream silenced all the clatter. With her eyes gone mad, with foam at the corners of her mouth, she bucked and spasmed with such strength that the two strong men could barely hold her, and one of them, twisted off balance, went down to one knee. But they gained control, and half-ran her into the private office. They held her arms straight out while the dining room hostess, agreeable to this extra duty, searched her, found the knife, placed it on the corner of the desk. Nanette Koslov was still taut, waiting, savage as an animal, so they cuffed her by wrists and ankles to a heavy office chair.

Hernandez and Golden waited in the car. It was too far away from the main building for them to have heard Nan's animal screamings. The long minutes passed. Golden got out of the car and stared toward the building. The dying sun glinted orange against the lenses of his glasses. He shrugged and started toward the building at a fast walk. A man who had been crouched low came angling out from behind a parked car at a dead run. Before joining the state police he'd had three pro seasons with the Steelers. It was like hitting a rag doll with a sack of bricks. Golden went out and stayed out for twenty minutes. The glasses skittered forty feet across the asphalt without breaking.

When the ex-defensive football guard was halfway to his target, a man who had crawled into position rose up suddenly and filled the open window beside Hernandez with his big shoulders, with his face wearing an expression of hard joy, with a rock-steady hand aiming the barrel of the .38 revolver at the center of Hernandez' face.

"Just move a little," the officer pleaded in a half whisper. "Move a finger, an eyeball—anything."

Hernandez sat like a stone.

A man opened the rear door on the other side of the car and got in. The wrists were so large the handcuffs were set at the last notch.

They were loaded into patrol cars and taken off the turnpike, jailed on suspicion of murder, printed, photographed, identified, given prison-issue denim, and locked in isolation cells.

The finding of Helen Wister had been on the radio and television newscasts since seven. That story was vastly fattened by news of the capture released in time to hit the nine o'clock news.

The Stassens would have had the news before nine, had they been home. They were at a large cocktail and buffet dinner party. At nine they were just beginning to eat. Somebody turned on the television set. It was ignored until somebody yelled, "Hey! Listen to this!"

They listened. Ernie Stassen had a five-martini edge. She put her plate down with great care and went over and turned the set off, and turned and looked at all the other guests. She wore a curious smile. The room was very silent. "That's all nonsense, of course," she said in a high, flat voice. She laughed. "It's a ridiculous mistake." Stassen took his wife by the arm and led her out. All the way out she talked about the mistake in her high, wild voice. When they reached home the reporters were there, waiting for them.

Millions heard the news and were glad that the four had been taken. Thousands realized they had been on the turnpike at the same time. They told their friends about it, and enjoyed a sense of having participated in something historic.

At Bassett, Nebraska, reporters did not arrive at the Koslov farm until the following morning. Anton Koslov, with his muddy, barking accent, had one statement to make. His daughter, Nanette, was dead. She had been dead long time. No more talk about Nanette. Go way.

In several score cellar apartments, cold-water flats and coffee houses, the acquaintances of Sander Golden gathered and marveled at his unexpected notoriety. They said it wasn't like him to do anything newsworthy. They said he was a mild and amusing type, a no-talent type with an erratic intelligence.

One freckled little poet with red handlebar mustachios did remember a time in New Orleans when Sandy Golden had been less than mild. "He was splitting a back alley pad on Bourbon, 'way over, with Seffani, the bongo man that killed himself a year ago, remember? And one night they're like dead, man, and Seffani's chick, a large one with runty little brown teeth she felt were killing her career, she strips them clean of bread and goes has her teeth capped pearly white, so a month later she's in Kibby's back room, loaded with C up to here, snoring a storm, and Sandy went out, came back with pliers from someplace and he uncapped that big girl. That Golden could come out mean, man. Bear it in mind."

The story had been sagging. The papers had been fighting to keep it alive.

THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Armed Forces Day, May 21, 1960

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Dwight D. Eisenhower

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

And suddenly they were rich. They had three new identities to pry apart aside from Hernandez. New backgrounds to search. They had a Rich Boy-Only Son, and they had a green-eyed Refugee-Ex-Model, and they had an honest-to-God hipster who was the Brains of the Wolf Pack Rampage.

They kept it dancing for a week until it finally died, falling off the bottom of page 16. But it wasn't death. Only coma. The trial would play big, bigger than all that had gone before. When the trial came along, they were all ready. And it fed an estimated one million dollars into the economy of the City of Monroe.

Death House Diary

Can they do this—*will* they do this to me? To smiling Kirby Stassen?

It is going to happen TOMORROW. That's the biggest word in the world. It's hung on the back wall of my mind, flashing off and on. I didn't sleep at all last night. If I can manage it, I'll stay awake all night tonight too. I believe exhaustion may help.

I am very aware of a strange thing—and I suppose it is a very ordinary thing to all those condemned—it is a yearning for all the things I will never do, a yearning with overtones of nostalgia. As though I can remember what it is like to be old and watch moonlight, and to hold children on my lap, and kiss the wife I have never met. It is a sadness in me. I want to apologize to her. I want to explain it to the children. I'm sorry. I'm never coming down the track of time to you. I was stopped along the way. . . .

Sander Golden drove circumspectly through Monroe that long-ago night, and it wasn't until after he had turned off onto Route 813 that he began to make time again. Speed felt good. I wanted to get far away from many things. I wanted to put a lot of space and a lot of time between me and Kathy. And the salesman. And Nashville.

The world kept changing for us, moving faster toward an unknown climax. I kept trying not to think backwards or forwards, but only of each moment after moment of actual existence. The most recent dosage from Dr. Golden was beginning to sing and swing in my head, and I welcomed it, relishing the optimism it brought. It put you 'way out where nothing bad could ever happen. All senses were sharpened. You were with the three best people in the world, acquiring stories you could tell when you were an old, old man. It was like being fifteen again, after three cans of beer, eight of you in one car, rocketing home from the beach through the vacation night.

After Sandy banged the brakes on and we came swerving to a stop, the wonderful tableau in front of the headlights, centered in the white glare, was like outdoor theatre.

At first the man thought we were going to help, and quite possibly we might have helped had he reacted differently. It was all balanced on the edge of impulse. We had no plan. Everything was improvised. The man—he was tough and husky and scared sick about the girl—pushed it just far enough in the wrong direction, and in a little while, as soon as he and Shack started belting each other, I knew we would kill him. That's the way things were moving for us. Nan had the greatest need for it. It was becoming a necessary release for her. Sandy had begun to move the same way, but he was not as far along as Nan. There was that need in both of them, and suddenly you could sense it. I cannot make any guess about Hernandez. I am not certain about myself. I knew we would kill him.

My need was related back to Kathy in a way that made killing symbolic for me. I needed to help this man become dead because Kathy was dead.

I was in it, a part of it, my identity submerged in the group until, as if awakening from a dream, I saw Nan working that knife into him, and saw her face, and it was like looking down into Hell. I raised my foot, put it against his hip, and shoved the body off the back slant of the car into the ditch, in order to get it away from her.

The girl was sitting up. She was beautiful, dazed and docile. In the headlights I saw a lump over her right ear, the blonde hair bloody and matted. We got her into the back, in the middle on my left, between Nan and me. Shack was in front, crouched over, counting the dead man's money by the light of the dash panel.

"We're rich!" Sandy crowed when Shack give him the total.

My knees felt frail. The knuckles of my right fist were puffy and tender. I was very conscious of the girl beside me, sitting perfectly still.

"One less flannelhead in the world," Sandy said.

"I thought you loved them all, every one," I said.

"I do, I do, dear boy. God loves them, too. He made so many of them. Nan, darling, turn around and watch out that back window. Our new lovely darling will be missed by somebody. I want to pile up those fine miles tonight. Blast if you see lights moving up on us, chick."

"Why the hell did we have to bring her?" Nan demanded.

"Chivalry, dear. Old-fashioned, warm-hearted chivalry."

"We need more women," Shack said firmly.

The girl spoke. "I want to go home, please," she said politely. It was a very small, clear, childish voice. I knew I had heard a voice just like that before, and it took me moments to remember it had been a party where one of those amateur hypnotists found that my date was a very good subject. So he had "regressed" her back to, I believe, the third grade in school. She had spoken then in this same childish voice.

A car passed us, going in the opposite direction, and for a moment I could see her face in the headlights. She was looking at me gravely and politely.

"What's your name, dear?" I asked her.

"Helen Wister."

"How old are you, Helen?"

"I'm . . . almost nine."

Sandy gave a whoop of laughter and Shack said, "That's the biggest nine-year-old broad I ever—"

"Shut up!" I told them. "She's hurt. You can get amnesia from a blow on the head."

"My head hurts and I want to go home, please," she said.

"This is spooky," Nan announced. "I don't like it."

"She could have a pretty bad brain injury, Sandy," I said.

"Now wouldn't *that* be a dirty shame!"

"We could dump her in one of these small towns."

"Very interesting," Sandy said. "The stratification of society at work. She comes from his own class. He recognizes that at once. So all of a sudden she's a sister. What's she done, Kirboo? Touched your heart?"

"Well, what *are* you going to do with her?"

"I'll clue you, Samaritan. We keep her aboard. If she gets worse, we'll dump her, but not in any town, man. Right, Shack?"

"You're the boss," Shack said.

"*Please* take me home!" Helen begged.

"We are taking you home, dear," I told her. "It's a long way."

"How long?"

"Oh, hours and hours. Why don't you take a nap, Helen? Here." I put my arm around her, pulled her head onto my shoulder.

The child-woman snuggled close. She sighed heavily a few times. As quickly as any child, she fell into a deep sleep.

The girl circled in my arm was clean and fresh, and her sleeping breath was

MAY, 1960

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humid against the base of my throat. Something stirred in me in response to her helplessness, and yet at the same time I resented her. I had seen too many of these shining girls, so lovely, so gracious, and so inflexibly ambitious. All you had to do was give her all the rest of your life, and come through with the back yard pool, cookouts, Eames chairs, mortgage, picture windows, two cars, and all the rest of the settings they required for themselves. All they offered was their poised, half-educated selves, one hundred and twenty pounds of healthy, unblemished, arrogant meat, in return for the occupational ulcer, the suburban coronary.

Not for me, I thought. I shall never be suckered by that conformity routine. Then I suddenly realized I had gone well beyond the point of choice.

She woke twice during the long night ride and each time she complained in a sleepy-child voice about wanting to be home in her own bed.

Sandy found the place we would stay, shabby, dusty cottages at a resort area called Seven Mile Lake. He had a special genius for picking safe places. It was good to hole up. He'd had the radio on a few times, and the whole world was looking for us. The radio told us we had grabbed the daughter of a wealthy surgeon, and she had been planning to marry an architect. We learned for the first time that two young boys watched us kill the man. We learned his name was Arnold Crown, and that he had owned a service station. The world told us that we were crazed by drugs, on a cross-country slayfest.

We could not identify ourselves with the people they were describing. Sandy finally said, "They shouldn't oughta let people like that run around loose."

It broke us up.

I had no trouble with the woman who rented us the cottage. All she had eyes for was the twenty-dollar bill. We got our stuff out of the car trunk and went in and turned some lights on. The bedrooms were off either side of a small sitting room. Nan escorted Helen to the bathroom. Sandy and I sat on a sagging couch, leaning back, our heels on a coffee table. Shack stood with the gin bottle and tilted it high, heavy throat pulsing. He lowered it and looked at Sandy. The tension was there, and it was building, and it made the pit of my stomach crawl. Shack's eyes were small, bright, hooded, vulgar—with long lashes, reminding me of the eyes of an elephant.

"How about it, Sandy? How about it?" he asked.

"Shut up a while," Sandy said.

Nan brought Helen back. Gray was coming in the windows, enfeebling the lights we'd turned on. There is a way a woman stands, and there is a way a child stands. Helen stood, toeing in slightly, chewing the first knuckle of her right hand, plucking at the side of her skirt with the other hand, regarding us solemnly. Her diamond caught the light, refracting shards of color. Her white skirt was fleece. It had two big slash pockets, with a large, green, nonfunctional button on each pocket. Her green shoes were very pointed, with those tall spidery heels, tipped with brass.

"Sit down, honey," Sandy told her. "Join the group." She sat in a wicker chair, plumping herself down as a child does.

"This isn't home," she said accusingly. "You promised."

"Be a good girl or you'll get a spanking," Sandy said.

Nan sat in another chair and pulled her legs up into the chair and watched the scene with sullen amusement.

I know that the Wister girl's traumatic regression to childhood kept her from sensing the special tensions in that drab sitting room. She was beautiful, and helpless. She had no chance of any kind. I could sense the pattern forming. Sandy would stall, tormenting both me and Hernandez, though for different reasons, and then he would give her to Hernandez, just to see what I would do.

"Get away from her, Shack," Sandy said to Hernandez. And he turned to grin at me. "She's your kind, college boy. Wouldn't you like to protect her from the monster? Wouldn't you like the Galahad bit?"

I manufactured a yawn. I couldn't risk his guessing how the pattern was sickening me. "You've been rationing all the goodies," I told him.

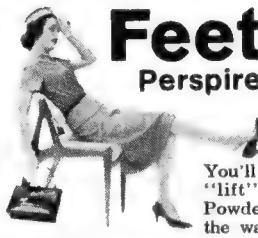
Had Shack waited, it would have gone his way. But out of his impatience and desire, he started an insurrection—and our bespectacled dictator was ready to quell any revolt. Shack cursed Sandy and yanked the Wister girl out of the chair, hurting her so that she began to cry as a child cries, her face all screwed up. Shack turned away from us, forcing the girl toward the bedroom. Sandy darted across the room, snatching the half-bottle of gin from the table on the way. He slammed it against Shack's head and it rebounded with a dull sound of impact, unbroken. Shack released the girl and wheeled slowly, his face empty. At the second blow Shack went down onto his knees. Sandy swung the bottle with both hands and, at the third blow, it shattered and Shack slid forward onto his face.

Nan chuckled. Sandy beamed at me. Helen Wister was sobbing and hiccuping. We dragged Shack over to the living room couch and rolled him onto his back. Nan put a pillow under his head. Sandy took a dusty artificial flower from a chipped vase and put it on his chest.

"Go comfort your debutante," Sandy told me.

"How about when he comes out of it?" I asked.

"I had to do the same thing in Tucson,



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and when he woke up, he loved me," Sandy said. "Just lock the door and don't worry."

I went through the doorway. Helen was standing by the window staring at me, tears running down her face, shiny in the first pale light of day. As I closed the door from the inside, I looked out at Sandy. He smiled and shrugged as I closed the door and locked it.

I went toward her slowly, smiling to reassure her.

"He's gone, dear. He won't bother you any more."

"I'm scared of him. Why won't you take me home?"

"It's a long, long trip home, Helen. It's time to rest up now."

"Really?"

"Really and truly."

She tried a small smile, and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. "All right, then."

"You better go to bed."

"I haven't got any pajamas or anything."

"You better just stretch out, dear."

"Will you stay here?"

"I'll stay here. Yes."

"Okay, then." She crawled onto the bed closest to the window and stretched out and gave a great yawn and rubbed her eyes. "He hurt me," she said in a little voice.

"It won't happen again. Go to sleep, honey."

I sat on the other bed, a few feet away. She had turned toward me, her clasped hands under her cheek. I noticed something about her eyes. I know that in cases involving head injuries, one of the things they look at is the eyes. The pupil of her left eye was visibly larger than the pupil of the right one. I wondered what it meant, how dangerous a symptom it was.

The long hours passed. Bright spots of sun came through the chinks of the blinds and moved across the floor, the bed, the girl. Outside the cottage I heard the sounds of summer vacation, the rasp of outboards on the lake, the squalling and shrieking of children, music too far away to be identified, men yelling commands, women yelping with jackal laughter.

I did not want to think of what could happen to this girl.

I was standing at the window, looking out through a crack in the blinds at a small slice of blue lake, when I heard her make a slight sound, and heard the bed creak. I turned around. She was sitting up, looking at me. She had a puzzled look. Her eyes were clear and aware.

"Who are you?" she asked in a woman's voice.

I sat on the foot of her bed. She pulled her feet away and looked warily at me.

"Back to arrogance," I said. "Back to imperious demands. Ring for the waiter, Helen."

"Are you trying to make sense?" she asked.

"You'd be very smart to keep your voice down, Helen. Very smart."

"But who are you? Where am I?" With cautious fingertips she touched the place where her hair was black-matted with her blood. "Was I in an accident?"

"Sort of an accident. You're somewhere in western Pennsylvania. Seven Mile Lake, if that means anything."

"It doesn't. Was I on a trip?"

"Keep your voice down, please."

She looked beyond me, frowning. "Wait a minute! They didn't want me to see Arnold, and I shouldn't have. He was mad. When he started up, I jumped. I could feel myself falling . . ." She touched her head and winced again. "I did this then?"

"Probably."

She looked at a tiny gold watch. "Four in the afternoon?"

"Yes. You hit your head last night."

She stared at me with obvious anger. "My God, do I have to pry all this out of you bit by bit? What am I doing in Pennsylvania?"

"You're kidnapped," I told her. It sounded like bad television.

"Do you mean that?" she asked me.

"Yes."

"You're asking my father for money?"

"No. It isn't that organized, Helen. There aren't any special plans. You're just . . . kidnapped. We came along and you were knocked out, lying on the road. So we brought you along with us."

"You were drunk?"

"No."

"How many of you?"

"Four of us. One is a girl."

"What's your name, anyway?"

"That wouldn't be pertinent."

She sat, biting her lip, staring at me. I could tell that her mind was working.

"Kidnapping is a very stupid idea. Don't you think you made a mistake?"

"It's possible."

"If it was just . . . a sort of joke, you could let me go, couldn't you? If you're not after money. I'd make sure you didn't get into any trouble. I'd say . . . I'd hitched a ride with you."

"The others wouldn't let you go, Helen."

"But they're not here. You could unhook the screen and let me out that window and tell them later that it was the smart thing to do. You *do* look and sound too bright for this sort of thing, really."

"You wheedle real well, Helen."

"Well, if you're not after money, what good has it done you to lug an unconscious girl around?"

"You weren't unconscious. You acted like a polite nine-year-old child."

"Why can't you let me go?"

I looked directly into her eyes. "They wouldn't like it and it wouldn't be a good idea for me, either. We killed Arnold Crown."

She closed her eyes. For long moments she had a pasty color. As the glow of health began to come back, she opened her eyes again. "The way you said it, I believe you. But what a foul thing! Why did you do it?"

"That's a very good question."

She tensed suddenly and sucked her lips white, and her eyes went round. "Three men and a girl. Are you the ones . . ."

"We've had a lot of publicity lately, Helen."

That's when I expected her to fall apart, when the full realization of her situation came to her.

To my surprise she forced a smile. "Then I'm in a bad spot. You people don't have anything to lose, do you?"

"That's the general idea."

"So it didn't make any difference whether you picked me up or left me on the road, whether you killed Arnold or didn't kill him."

"No difference at all."

She frowned. "They know I'm missing?"

"I'd say eighty to a hundred million people know it."

"And they know . . . who has me?"

"Yes."

"What pure hell for my people! And Dal." She stared at me with obvious conjecture. "All right. I want to get out of this. Is there any chance at all?"

"Hardly any."

"What if it were up to you? You alone? It wouldn't happen then, would it?"

"You're judging the book by the cover."

"I'm asking you. Do you have any desire to help me? If you don't, I'll have to take any chance I can. It would be the same with me as it is with you—nothing to lose."

No tears, no begging, no hysterics. Yet a complete awareness of mortal danger. This was a woman. A woman in the same sense that the Spanish call a man *muy hombre*. A bright spirit, the kind you can't break.

"Maybe I can help. *Maybe*. But you have to be one hell of an actress."

"I guess you can say I've got one hell of a motivation."

"We'll be leaving at dusk. You've got to be barely able to move. You've got to be semiconscious. The head injury is getting worse. You're almost in a coma, and going deeper. You cannot let yourself respond to anything. Do you think you can do that?"

"Yes, I can do that."

"When the time is right, I'll give you a signal of some kind, and then you have to start to die. We'll be rolling along in the car. I don't know how you should go about it, but make it convincing. Then it'll be my problem to get you out of the

car without injury. As far as I can see, it's the only chance you have."

She thought it over. "Suppose, because of the way I act, they get careless and give me a good chance to make a run for it. Without high heels, I can run like the wind."

"It could be okay for you, but bad for them and bad for me. I'll watch so you don't get a chance to do it that way. It has to be my way."

"What if I started screaming now?"

"I'll knock you cold. And if you think you've picked a good time to start screaming when we're in the car, the girl with us will have a knife into your heart at the first bleat."

"What are they like?" she asked me.

"You'll see."

"You aren't what you look like, are you?"

"Not lately."

"Please, please help me," she said.

"I told you I'm going to."

"It would be such a crummy stupid way to die."

I heard somebody stirring around at dusk. Then I heard Nan's voice. Somebody rapped on the door. I unlocked the door and opened it, after signaling Helen to lie back. Sandy looked in and said, "Kiss her awake, sweet prince."

"She doesn't seem to want to wake up," I said.

"Get her up, man!"

I shrugged and went over and shook Helen. She simulated a return of semi-consciousness. I got her up into a sitting position and slipped her shoes onto her slack feet. She mumbled incoherencies. I pulled her up onto her feet and, half supporting her, walked her out into the sitting room.

Shack looked at her and said, "Bad shape, huh?" He seemed much the same as usual, his old surly self.

Nan took Helen to the bathroom. I hoped Helen would not forget my comment about the knife. Of the four of us, Nan would perhaps be the most dangerous to try to escape from.

While we waited for the two women, Shack said humbly, "We going to get us another car, Sandy?"

"Leave it up to me, Robert. Leave everything up to me, and you will be a very happy young man."

When Nan came out with Helen, the blonde girl's eyes were almost closed, and her head lolled loosely. She was doing well. We put the meager luggage in the trunk and got into the car, Nan in front between Sandy and Shack, with Sandy at the wheel.

Within a half-hour the happy pills had built all of us back up to our usual level of joy.

After we stole the Mercury in suburban Pittsburgh, we found a big auto dump, ran the Buick far back into the clutter, stripped off the plates and threw them into the night.

"Let them figure that the hell out. It's like confusion, man," Sandy said. "How's baby doing, Kirboo?"

"I don't know. Maybe not so good," I answered.

We had another hot fast car. We moved east, digging deeper into the night, never missing the little, back-country roads that Sandy had looked up on the map and remembered, staying away from the main stream.

I had to have an empty road. If another car came along, it could go sour. Finally we were on a hilly road that suited me. I took her hand and squeezed it hard. She squeezed back. And suddenly she began to breathe in a deep, rasping way, articulating each exhalation.

"What the hell?" Nan said, looking around.

"I don't know," I said. "I think she could be dying!"

The great raw breathing went on, very audible over the sound of the motor and the tires and the night wind. It stopped abruptly.

"Is she dead?" Sandy asked.

Before I could answer, the breathing began again, slowly at first and then picking up the previous tempo.

"The next time," I said loudly, nervously, "it may stop for good, and the last thing I want back here with me is a dead blonde. Let's leave her the hell off, Sandy. This looks like a good place."

He slowed the car, then suddenly swung off into a wide and level dirt road. He deftly worked the sedan around until we were heading out, and turned off the lights and the motor. The breathing seemed three times as loud.

"That's a terrible noise," Shack said.

I got out quickly and went around the car and opened the door on her side and pulled her out. She was completely limp. I took her under the armpits and dragged her. Her shoes came off. I could see them, and the tracks her heels made by the light of a high half moon.

Sandy was beside me. "Where you taking her?"

"Off in the bushes."

Nan and Shack stayed in the car.

And that cut the problem down. I had been nervous about Nan and her little knife, and the pleasure she took in using it.

I heard the sound of a brook as I pulled her into the bushes. Suddenly the ground dropped away and the girl and I went crashing and rolling down a short steep bank into an icy stream. I cursed and hugged my elbow and got up onto my knees, in about five inches of water.

I suddenly realized that the harsh fake breathing had stopped. I took hold of the girl and wrestled her clumsily over to the muddy bank. There was an entirely new quality to her inertness, and I realized that this time it was genuine. She had gone headlong onto the rocks.

"You okay?" Sandy called in a hushed voice. He came cautiously down through the brush.

"Got wet and hit my elbow. Let's get out of here."

"Hold it," he said. He bent over the girl and put his ear on her back. "Heart's still thumping, man."

He found a rock the size of a softball and forced it into my hand. "Finish it up, man. Take it all the way."

NEXT MONTH'S NOVEL

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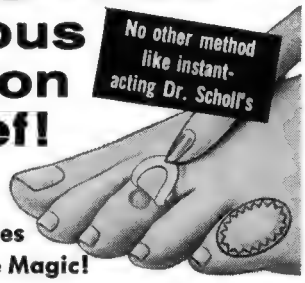

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End of Night (continued)

I balanced the heavy stone in my hand. I touched the roundness of the back of her head with my other hand.

Sandy made a noise like a chicken.

I turned in a way that partially blocked his vision, and I struck down hard with the rock. I hit the hard mud beside her head. It made a convincing noise that would turn stomachs.

I stood up so abruptly I knocked him back against the slope. "Let's get the hell out of here."

"Is she . . ."

"Get moving!" I yelled at him. We scrambled up the bank. Sandy kicked Helen's shoes away into the brush. We got back on the highway, and soon we were keening around the curves of a long and dangerous hill.

A long time later Nan asked, "Is she dead?"

"Like stone cold," Sandy said.

"And I'm living," Nan said.

"She had better legs, man," Sandy said.

"So where is she? Walking, running?" Nan asked.

We went on, speeding over the small hills, drifting through the silent, ugly, sleeping towns.

The Victim

On the third day of April, Dallas and Helen Kemp had an early spring picnic on the land where they would build their house one day. Snow lingered in the low, shadowed places, and the earth was moist, the first buds showing. He lounged on evergreen boughs, his back against a tree trunk, watching her. She wore a slate blue ski suit and sat on her heels with her back towards him, prodding the fire. He admired, most fatuously, the lines of her, the look of her hair in pale sunlight.

As always, when he looked at her and thought of her, he could feel a soft explosion of thanksgiving close to his heart. It had been so close, so Godawful close. He could not pick out any special segment of it and label it as the worst. The time when they didn't know where she was, was horrible. And when the first garbled message came through, and it sounded as if her dead body had been found, it was equally horrible. As they were waiting for the flight, word came that she was in the Johnstown hospital, still alive but sinking fast. Dr. Paul Wister had been able to call upon the best man in the country for the type of cranial surgery indicated. The six hours of the operation itself had been total nightmare, but nightmare in neither greater nor smaller degree than the eight days of coma, constant emergency attention, and intravenous feeding that followed. You could not know if it would last for eight days, or eight months. Or if it would slowly deepen until it became death.

Only after she came out of it, weak, confused, her memory fragmented, were they able to reconstruct it. She could remember falling and a flash of great pain after Stassen had dragged her away from the car. It was that final fall, pitching forward, that inflicted the major damage.

They were married in December. Superficially she seemed unchanged. But there were times when she would become very quiet—pensive rather than moody.

"Stop being primitive and come and get kissed," he ordered.

"My lord and master." She sat beside him and was kissed as all brides should be kissed. They talked about the house they would have on this splendid little hill.

After a time of comfortable silence he said, "They . . . uh . . . got rid of those people today."

She sat erect and turned and stared at him, her face changing. "Today! I didn't know!"

"They do it in the morning. I didn't let you see the papers."

"I . . . I wish you hadn't told me, Dal."

"Why?"

"Today was special in another way. I don't know. There are days you'll remember, not for any great important special reason. Now . . . it's changed."

"It was going to happen."

"Then we shouldn't have come here today. It means that one little part of what this place means to me is spoiled, and I didn't want any part of it to be spoiled."

"For God's sake, Helen, are you *sorry* they executed those animals?"

"Yes. No matter what they did, it seems like a poor answer. It seems barbaric and nasty."

"My kindly wife. Bless you."

She frowned. "Has a tiger ever looked at you, right at you?"

"What? I guess so."

"He looked like any boy, you know. A boy I might date. But something had changed his eyes, Dal. And I was in the cage with a foolish kitchen chair and a silly little whip that snapped, and I was trying to get him to jump up onto the pedestal, and I couldn't let him see my terror. If it hadn't been for him, I'd be dead. Don't ask me to dance because he's dead."

"I am grateful to the deceased. Okay?"

She stood up with her quick, lithe grace that never failed to stir a little pang of wonder and envy in his clumsier bones.

"Let's go home, Dal."

"But we were going to stay until . . ."

"Please, darling. This place isn't any good today, not any more. It'll be good when we come back again."

"Sure," he said, and he got up and they doused the fire with snow and took an proprietary look at the view and drove home, sitting close, but finding nothing to say to each other. THE END

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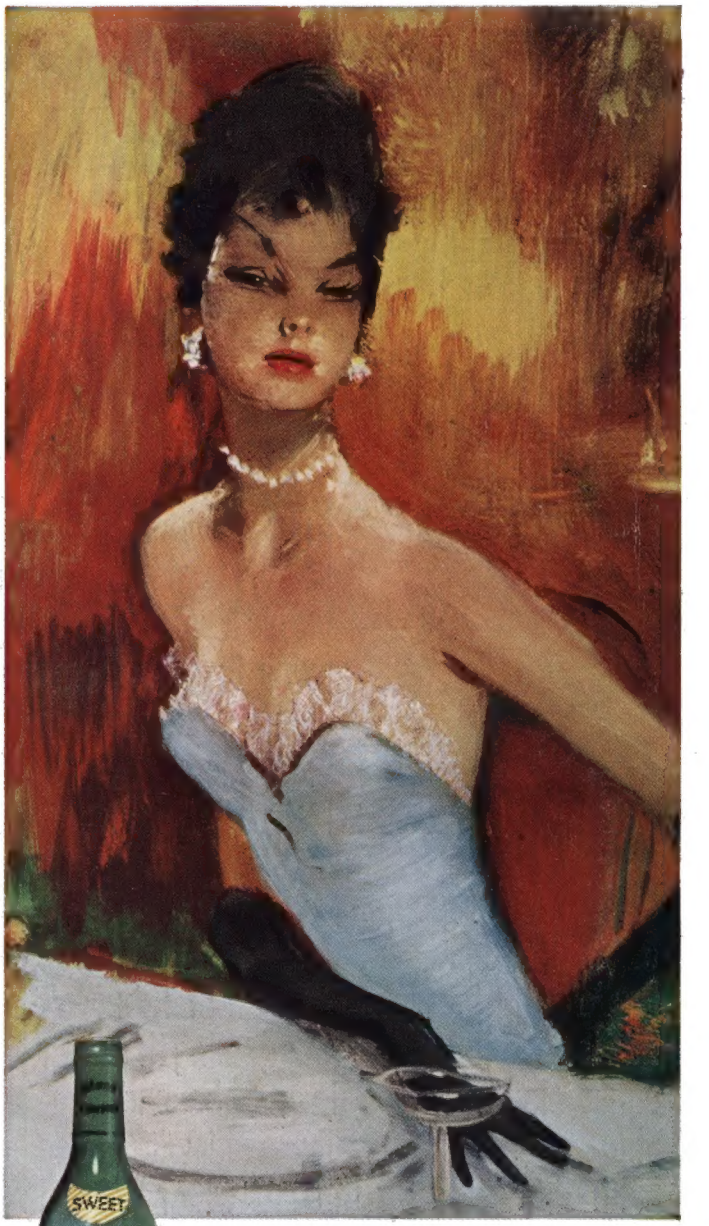

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